

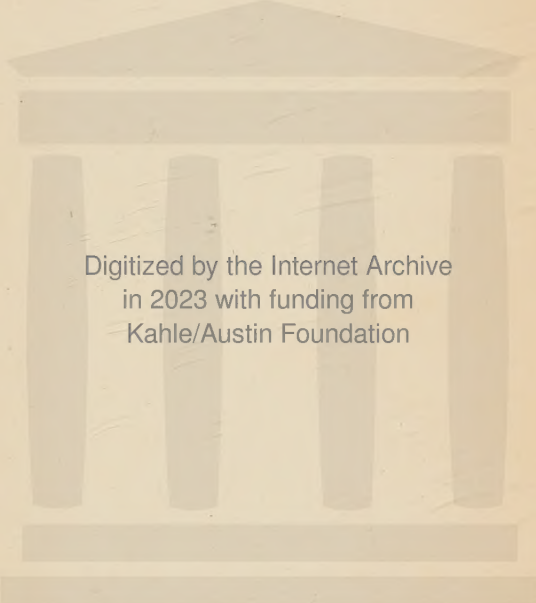
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MODERN PILGRIMS.

THE MODERN PILGRIM:

THE IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAVEL

BY THE

REVEREND FATHER JOHN W. B. WATSON, OF THE

CELESTIAL CITY.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY

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1851.

MODERN PILGRIMS:

SHOWING

THE IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAVEL,

AND THE

NEWEST METHODS OF REACHING THE

CELESTIAL CITY.

These things I write concerning them that seduce you.—*St. John.*

BY GEORGE WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "PETER SCHLEMIHL IN AMERICA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.

13 Winter Street.

1855.

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TO

REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

IN presenting to you these volumes, I fulfil the wish you expressed to me in April, 1850, that I should resume the pen I had laid aside, after the publication, in 1848, of "Peter Schlemihl in America."

The plan of my book was suggested to me by Hawthorne's inimitable allegory, "*The Celestial Railroad*," and for many years I have wished to produce this work. But the difficulties attending its execution deterred me from attempting it; and, when commenced, my "Modern Pilgrims," from time to time, have been mired for months in Sloughs of Despond.

Whatever faults and failures may be apparent, they will, doubtless, be differently estimated according to every reader's stand-point. I rely not on its detail for your approval, or that of the public; but on its general scope and bearings.

And, sir, whatever may be the fate of this long labor of mine, it gives me the highest satisfaction to acknowledge my obligations for the encouragement which you have given me, and for your distinguishing friendship.

THE AUTHOR.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, July 4, 1855.

To the Reader.



WOULD I haue thee understande, that I wrote not these thinges for hatred, for ambition, for deceite, or for erreure : neither a wicked desire, nor the arrogancie of a lewde minde, haith moued me to write this : but the cause of all men, moste iuste and righteous, bycause I see many waye proude in Mūmane learning and knowledge, that therefore they do despise and lothe the Sacred and Canonickall Scriptures of the *Molie* Ghoste, as rude and rusticall, bycause they haue no ornamentes of wordes, force of sillogismes, and affectate perswasions, nor the straunge doctrine of the Philosophers : but are simply grounded vpon the operation of Vertue, and vpon bare Faith : beside this, they haue it in greate contempte. We see other also, the whiche although they seeme to themselves very Godlye, notwithstanding will proue and confirme the Lawes, with the decrees of Philosophers, attributing more to them, than to the *Molye* Prophetes of God, or to the euangelistes, and Apostles, they beyng as contrary to them, as *White* is from *Blacke*. Furthermore, in many, and almoste in all places of studie, a peruerse custome, and damnable vse is growen, in that they binde with an othe, the schollers which they receiue to teache, neuer to speake against Aristotle, Boetius, Thomas, Albert, or against any other of their Schollers, being accompted as a God, from whome, if any man differ a fingers breadth in thought, immediately they wil call him *Meretike*, a sinful person, an offendour of godly eares, and worthy to be burned. These then so vnaduised Giants, and ennemies of the *Holy* Scriptures, are to be assaulted, and their

TO THE READER.

Fortresses and Castles ransacked, and to declare howe greate the blindnesse of men is, with so many Sciences and Artes, and with so manye Maisters and Authours, alwayes to erre from the knoweledge of the Truth: and how greate a rashnesse, and presumptuous arrogancie it is, to preferre the schooles of Philosophers, before the Church of Christ: And to set before, and make equiualent, the opinions of men, with the Worde of God. Finally, what a wicked Tyrannie it is, to hynde the wittes of Studentes to certaine appointed Authours, and to take fro Scollers, the libertie to searck and trace out Truth. All which thinges, sith they

are so apparant that they can not be denied, I must haue pardon, if to any I shall seeme to haue declaimed some what largely, and peradventure sharpely, against any kinde of Learning, or against their professors.

(..)



Extracted from a *black-letter* edition of "Henrie Cornelius Agrippa, of the Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Artes and Sciences: Englished by Ja. San. Gent. Imprinted at London, Anno 1575."

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MODERN PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER I.

A HOUSE IN BABYLON THE LESS, AND ITS INMATES.

A LONG succession of hot days in June had powdered with dust the trees and shrubbery of the city of Babylon the Less. The sun had gone down, and the moon's radiance was becoming more and more apparent. Servants belonging to a residence on the Fifth Avenue were occupied in watering the trees and pavement. Upon the platform of the entrance lay, at full length, a large Newfoundland dog, who, restless with heat, had rolled out of the spacious hall, and thrown himself down upon the door-step with all the recklessness of despair.

The open hall wore the marks of great wealth; the mellow light of the hall-lamp showed the busts and statues with which it was adorned. The parlors were opened to the evening breeze, which, through windows rising from the floor, found free access. It was something to see, to watch the play of the rich embroidered lace drapery of the windows, swelling out and sending streamers into the room, and then declining more and more to a point of rest, soon to be disturbed, and to swell and fall as the zephyrs of

evening came thronging in to enjoy the perfumes of flowers filling the rich vases, and play in the mimic moonshine of shaded lamps. Everything in this spacious saloon told of the wealth and taste of the owner. The piano was open; the harp was uncovered; and books lay about the tables, some upon their faces, as they had been laid down from the hand of the reader, — and these were books of worth — “books that are books.” And, too, the visitor here found everything in its place. No tiny shoe was slipped off in the corner of any of its many luxurious chairs; no doll, with its nose defaced or an arm broken, told of the rosy child snugly sleeping in the nursery above. No! this home had none of those sweet proofs of childhood — a disorder one loves to see.

And now an open barouche, drawn by noble horses, was driven up to the carriage-step, when two young gentlemen, with two young and lovely ladies, alighted, and, with a languid air, walked up the steps. One of the ladies stooped down to caress the dog, while the others looked on, amused with his look of *ennui* and exhaustion. The dog raised his head, and kissed awkwardly the fair hand of his mistress, and then threw his head down upon the floor of the pavement. Stepping over him, the party from the carriage entered the house. This party consisted of Frank Trueman, and his cousin Oliver Outright; Gertrude Trueman, and her cousin Annie Outright. The house belonged to Frank Trueman.

On entering the parlors, Frank threw himself into an easy-chair, putting his feet upon an ottoman; and Oliver seated himself upon a sofa. The ladies gave their bonnets and scarfs to a maid, and entered together.

For a while they walked, arm-in-arm, up and down the rooms. Then separating, Gertrude went to the harp, and commenced playing a polka, while Annie sat down to the piano, and played an accompaniment. At first they seemed quite in the humor for it. But, a string breaking, Gertrude left the harp, and, rolling up an ottoman, seated herself by her husband; Annie, with a slide of her finger upon the keys, whisked herself off from the piano-stool, and seated herself near to her husband, who sat in a brown study, while Frank was impatiently fanning himself.

"How insufferably hot it has been for a whole week! I think *this* must be the hottest day of the year. What day of the month is it?" So spoke Frank Trueman.

"It is the 25th of June, Anno Domini 1850," replied Annie; and here the conversation rested a while.

"Did you call on the Van Dykes when you were down town this morning?" asked Gertrude of Annie.

"Yes, and found them all gone to the sea-shore," was the reply.

"I wish we were there; and why don't we go?" said Frank.

"I wish we were; and why can't we go?" said his wife.

"This city is as stupid as it is hot!" said Frank.

This was a general remark, addressed to no one in particular, and so no one saw fit to answer.

While thus occupied, an old gentleman came in unobserved by the party, who had now arranged their seats fronting the windows so as to get the breeze directly in their faces, and sat with their backs toward the doors opening into the hall.

As the new comer drew near, stealthily, to the circle, he was first seen by Frank, who, rising, stretched out his hand as he spoke:

“Ah, my old friend Conscience! what brings you here? But first let me present you to my sweet wife, Gertrude. And here, too, are Oliver and wife. You see we have followed your advice, and in doing so have given hostages to society for our good behavior.”

The old gentleman was welcomed as an old friend, and received the salutations of the young wives with distinguished courtesy.

“And now,” asked Frank, “I am curious to know what has brought you here at this time. Have you any very libellous charges to make against us to our wives? You may as well tell us all, for I know you have an errand of some sort.”

“My young friends,” replied the old man, in a tone of great kindness, “I rejoice to know you have given yourselves into the care of these ladies,” — bowing to them as he spoke. “It is the first step towards safety, purity, and peace.”

The ladies rose, as by one impulse, and kneeled before the old man, who laid his hands upon their heads and blessed them; which so pleased Frank and Oliver, that they shook the hand of the old man, and, wheeling up a chair into the circle, earnestly begged him to be seated. With an air of expectancy they sat in silence for a moment, when Frank addressed Mr. Conscience:

“I know, my dear sir, you have something to tell us; so speak out. I am ready to listen. You can’t say anything about the worthlessness of the pursuits of fashionable life, that we will not acknowledge.”

“O, yes!” cried Annie; “we are at our wits’ end to know what to do next, and, if you can save us from the misery we suffer, I shall be glad. Our husbands love us dearly. Don’t you?” said she, turning briskly round to Oliver, who patted his

wife's cheek, and bowed his acquiescence. Gertrude made a like interrogatory of Frank, by lifting her head from his shoulder, and looking him in the face; and he answered her mute questioning by kissing her forehead, when she resumed her position. All this pantomime, expressive as it was, and pretty to behold, being over, Annie continued her address to Mr. Conscience: "But, dear sir, we are not able to make our husbands happy. They told us we could, and we hoped we might; and I am sure we've tried to do so, have n't we, Gertrude?" who assented by a bow, looking once more into Frank's face for a response. "But now," said Annie, and all the gladness of her silvery voice was gone, "they are restless and unhappy; they hate to go out, and are miserable at home. If they go to a party with us, it is to come back exhausted without effort, and fatigued without labor. Surely, something must be done, — and what can we do?"

"O, yes!" said Gertrude; "it is all true. I am willing to go anywhere, so I can see Frank once more look bright and happy."

"I am happy, you little gypsy," said Frank.

"O no, dear Frank, you are not! Not *so* happy as you were before we were married," said Gertrude.

"Don't believe a word of it, Mr. Conscience!" said Frank. "*I unhappy*, because I have attained to the highest happiness! How strange, Gertrude, it is in you to say this!"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Conscience, "listen to me! You sigh for happiness, and it is not here. Wealth is yours already; and fame is hard to be attained, and is rarely reached by the rich student. The stimulus of necessity is wanting to success; you cannot compete with men whose intellectual strength

is brought up to its height by the promptings of poverty, and it may be the claims of children. But you, my friends, have a crown to gain; a life to win, or a life to lose; and all depends on your being pilgrims to the Celestial City. Are you ready?"

This was an address which made them silent. Oliver spoke first:

"It is a pilgrimage I have always dreaded to think of; a dreary pilgrimage, commenced by many, only to be relinquished as utterly hopeless. I do not like to put my hand to the plough and turn back."

Old Mr. Conscience replied, with some sternness: "Oliver, I have known you from a child. You know, in your inmost soul, that your only hope of happiness is in living the life of a pilgrim; and the sooner you all commence this pilgrimage, the happier for all."

"But how can we be sure of taking the right road?" asked Frank, who knew very little about the matter. "There are a multitude of guide-books, and who is to tell which is the best?"

"There is no such question," replied Mr. Conscience; "the Lord of the way has himself left us a Guide-book. That is our directory, and that only. The path is straight, and those only fail who turn aside to paths of their own selection. Is there nothing in a crown of life to stir up your souls to a sacrifice of the present for the future? When, too, you are each of you sadly conscious that all the gifts of youth, love, and wealth, fail to fill up the wants of the soul!"

"Dear Mr. Conscience," said Gertrude, "I shall be glad to go; but will not you be our guide?"

"Here, my lady," said Mr. Conscience, taking a small book

from his pocket ; “ here is the Guide-book ; read this : make it the man of your counsel. It will be of itself sufficient ; let this be the light to your path, and you need fear no evil.”

Gertrude took the book, with her thanks, and promised to read it faithfully.

Mr. Conscience rose to go. Frank urged him to remain and make some stay with them ; but he excused himself, saying he had other friends to see during his visit to the city. Promising to see them again soon, with benignant smiles and courtesy, expressed especially toward the ladies, he took his departure.

The hour of retiring having come, our ladies withdrew, after having obtained the accustomed promise from their husbands not to sit up talking till past midnight.

The gentlemen, thus left alone, sat a while in silence. Oliver spoke : “ I have had longings from my childhood to go on a pilgrimage ; but I have hoped to find happiness nearer home.”

“ As for me,” said Frank, “ happiness is never to be mine. In boyhood I looked forward to be a man, and then I said, ‘ I will love and be loved ; ’ now I am a man, loving and beloved, and yet the malady of my soul is unrest. Who knows but the very sacrifices and perils of a pilgrimage may afford that excitement to effort which all the world beside fails to supply ? ”

“ I think,” said Oliver, “ such motives are unworthy of the end to be attained. If we set out on this pilgrimage, it should not be because we are dissatisfied with the present ; but our motives should take their rise in a supreme love to the Lord of life. But how to get this love ! It is not in us by nature, nor can we create it. A blind man might as well talk of seeing the beauties of nature, as we those of faith.”

“Do you think so, Oliver?” said Frank, musingly. “Where did you get these thoughts? Have they just now originated in your mind?”

“Self-originated!” exclaimed Oliver; “no, indeed! They are the teachings of the Guide-book.”

This idea of a pilgrimage was new to Frank; it was something to struggle for, and it excited his mind greatly; and, on his way to his chamber, he was induced to take from the library a massive folio, richly bound and firmly clasped, which when a boy was taken down occasionally only to admire its typography and old illustrative pictures. But since the days of childhood it had become a sealed book to him.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESULT OF MR. CONSCIENCE'S VISIT.

THE next day the family circle at Mr. Trueman's began a careful examination of the Guide-book, with reference to its claims upon each and all of them to become pilgrims to the Celestial City.

A pilgrimage, when the thought occurred, was regarded as a journey to be undertaken in old age; and with all the facilities for travel of late years, it never seemed to them a matter of importance when it should be commenced. The thought that the only ground of success depended on an instant setting forth,

and that, even then, it was only a perhaps,*—since it might be the golden hour of opportunity had slipped away unheeded,—this took deep hold upon all their hearts.

The vastness of the interests at stake for the first time seriously occupied their thoughts. Then, too, they read as they had never read before the fate of those who, in other ways than the one way trod by the Lord of life, sought admittance at the City of God; and were startled by the denunciations of “blind leaders of the blind.” These were dread thoughts, and as new as they were terrible.

While thus occupied, one morning, Mr. Van Dyke called with letters from his daughters, whom he had left in fine health at the Ocean House, and of whose pursuits and enjoyments the amiable father spoke with all kindness and love. When he left, the letters were read aloud. They were full of entreaties to lose no time in coming and sharing in their delightful, health-inspiring amusements on the sea-shore. They enumerated various groups of mutual friends, from various cities, who had already arrived; and mentioned others expected, whose rooms were already bespoken. Miss Julia Van Dyke, with an *abandon* suited to the subject, described the various assemblies, and of waltzing with “a real, live lord;” and, above all, the recently-introduced custom of sea-bathing in company with gentlemen. Her delight was sweetly expressed, as she pictured the wildness of the waves rolling up and sweeping her off her feet, while she was upheld by her attendant beaux; one gentleman, in particular, Miss Julia described as a handsome French count. She was especially anxious for Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Outright's presence; for, she

* Acts 8 : 22.

wrote, "Mamma will not let us go down to the surf without a married lady to matronize us."

Mr. Conscience came in as they were reading these letters, and at once brought before their minds the terrible truths of the Guide-book. He said he regarded this ocean-bathing one of the pit-falls of modesty and propriety. He advised them to go at once to Oliver's cottage and farm on the banks of the river, where, amid scenes of sylvan beauty, they could pursue the study of their Guide-book. This advice they adopted the week following; and it was with new thoughts and aspirations they looked abroad upon the works of God and read the word of God.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR INTRODUCES HIS FRIENDS TO THE READER.

WHILE our friends are enjoying the health-inspiring occupations of the country, we shall more formally introduce them to the reader.

As we have already said, Frank Trueman and Oliver Outright were cousins, natives of Babylon the Less, inheritors of large fortunes, the reward of their fathers' enterprise. They had been brought up at the same schools, had graduated at the same college, with fair reputation for scholarship. Frank had read law, while Oliver studied medicine, at the same university, — not because they purposed to practise their professions, but they deemed this course as necessary to a complete education.

Frank was six feet high, and finely formed, with a bright, speaking eye, and a smiling face; his head was well shaped, and set proudly upon his shoulders. Oliver was an inch or two below Frank in height, with a genial air and open countenance, which at once secured the confidence of a stranger. His mouth, when smiling, showed him possessed of a beautiful set of teeth, and his laugh had a charm in it which failed not to enliven the circle around him. These gentlemen had just commenced their twenty-fifth year; and, as they had been paired so perfectly in their studies, so they stood together at the same altar, and at the same moment pledged their love and fealty to their young and beautiful brides, of whom we shall now speak.

Annie was almost tall, — beautiful in form and feature. Her hazel eyes shone like stars under a full forehead. But it was her voice that was felt: that truest test of the unseen soul was as musical as the melody of birds. Her step was proud and buoyant, and in every movement there was grace and dignity. Her cousin Gertrude was not so tall as Annie; nor was her soul so buoyant; nor had she her enthusiasm. Her form was not less beautiful; but hers was the grace which won the heart by its gentleness, and reliance for love and protection. There was a mild radiance in her blue eye, often dimmed by a tear gushing up from a sensitive and generous nature. It was her trustfulness which won the sympathy of generous minds, — a kindliness she delighted to acknowledge and reciprocate.

These young ladies had been trained with great care, and were eminently distinguished for their perfect acquaintance with modern languages. It was not simply a facility in talking common-

places in foreign languages, — a mistake made by some who “talk French.”

In their nineteenth year, in all the completeness of youth, beauty, and cultivated minds, they returned to Babylon, with a fixed determination never to be married — until they had been in society as young ladies for two seasons. But at the first party these young cousins met Oliver and Frank, who fell in love at first sight, — most happily, not with the same lady. An earnest courtship of a whole year ensued, and a happy year it was, when the ladies reluctantly consented to appear at the opening of their second winter season as brides. This event had taken place just eight months before our story begins. Mrs. Honour would have said these marriages, like that of Sophia Western and Tom Jones, were “made in heaven, and all the justices of the peace on earth could not prevent them;” for they were all young, well educated, endowed with beauty, and, more than this, being orphans, they had a right to do as they pleased; and most fortunate it was that they early made their election for life so wisely and so well.

CHAPTER IV.

OF MODERN PILGRIMAGES.

Two centuries prior to the day of which we write, pilgrimages to the Celestial City were regarded as vulgar, and left entirely to the ignorant and obscure, who were greatly interested in such

matters. But these topics had become, in modern times, extremely fashionable, and the momentous question was everywhere discussed, "Who is your leader, and what bridge do you cross?" Now, then, to understand all these matters, the reader must be told that there was a river to be crossed in setting forth on a pilgrimage, which stream the citizens of the city of Babylon had, with eminent appropriateness, named "Spuyting Teufel Creek,"—a narrow river, with a rapid current, flowing over a bed of sand.

It may seem strange to our readers that it should matter much what bridge was to be crossed, or what caravan was joined, so the traveller really made the pilgrimage with all zeal and diligence. But so it was. Exclusiveness was the order of the day; and it was a question to be met at the start, "Which bridge do you cross?" and "What badge do you wear?"

The border of the river was marshy and destitute of rock, and the bottom was a quicksand; so that, in constructing the first bridge, the "old Romans" were compelled to rely upon the abutments laid in the bank. These were of great extent along the line of the river, and were built of weighty "decretals," as they were called,—great masses of lead and brass,—which were imbedded in the banks. The arch of the Roman bridge sprung from side to side; and it stood the wonder of the world. To be sure, the abutments sometimes showed signs of giving way; but new decretals of great power, and heavier than those before used, kept the bridge in its position. And so it stood until the era of the Reformation, as it was called by many, when the Episcopal bridge was erected alongside the Roman bridge, resting on the same abutments, and with the same curve of the arch, so that there was little to choose between the two, only that the last was

most modern in its appearance. But when those great master, workmen, the two Johns, of Edinburgh and Geneva, set up a separate party, they determined to have a bridge of their own. Now, as they would not use the decretals for abutments, they must needs rely upon a pier, and for this they needed a foundation in the river itself. There had once been a rock in the middle of the stream, called the *Rock of Abraham*, by means of which the great prince whose name it bore was authorized and enabled to take himself and his infant sons across the river. This stood until the days of Paul the Iconoclast, who, finding the early pilgrims greatly attached to this Rock of Abraham, blasted it, and blew it into fragments, as he thought, to its very base. But, so soon as this necessity arose, by sounding the depths carefully, the ridge of this old rock was reached, and forthwith, in despite of the denunciations of stockholders in the Roman and English bridges, the famous Presbyterian bridge was built upon a single pier. This was, however, found to be a subject of constant anxiety and repair; for, as the abrasion of the water was incessant, it became an instant necessity to discharge around the base cart-loads of lead, about the size of a book; though, of late years, sheets of lead as thick as a sermon or pamphlet were found sufficient to keep the framework steady. It was found, indeed, by long experience, that nothing but a constant supply of lead could be confidently relied upon; for the material, being heavy, slid off from the extremely narrow surface of the rock, and sunk to depths unknown.

So much for the bridges. Now, to understand the importance of these bridges in modern times, it must be here told that, at first, only adults set out on pilgrimages, leaving their children to grow up to man's estate before undertaking them, which was a

great grief to the loving hearts of parents. So, then, these bridges were built; and children, as soon as they could say the *creed*, became pilgrims. But so many died before they could walk, that the great casuists, doctors of divinity, as they are now called, set their wits to work and made a discovery, which has been called in these days "Constructive Journeys;" that is to say, an infant who appeared at the toll-gate in the arms of its parents, and was registered, if he died in infancy or childhood, was held as having, in the eye of the law, made the pilgrimage in his proper person, and entitled to the rewards promised to all true pilgrims. But it was held by the Roman and some of the Episcopal divines that no infant was benefited in the least unless duly registered at their toll-gate. "Our bridge" became a synonyme for "our badge;" the one was consequent on the other.

Modern politicians, availing themselves of the casuistry of the great doctors of the church, claimed their mileage upon the principle of constructive journeys, whenever the contingency arose where the claim was applicable. And not only so, the laws for the naturalization of aliens held that a declaration to become a citizen being duly made in the courts, and properly registered, was to be regarded as valid as the registry of a child to become, in due time, a denizen of the Celestial City.

CHAPTER V.

MR. TRUEMAN AND MR. OUTRIGHT, AND THEIR WIVES, DETERMINE
TO SET OUT ON A PILGRIMAGE.

It would be a narrative of no small interest to delineate the progress and development of the religious sentiments of our friends in the seclusion of their cottage in the country. As Mr. Conscience had said, they found this retreat every way favorable for the calm consideration of the great truths in the Guide-book.

To Gertrude the truth had but to be properly presented, to be received into a good and honest heart. With Annie there was strife and conflict; and her understanding was at war with many things most plainly revealed,—a state of feeling in which Frank and her husband deeply sympathized.

We shall not attempt to portray this rising of the morning star, and the day-dawn of the soul. The more faithfully this is done, the less likely is it to be understood. But we may say so much as this: Annie never questioned the fact of a revelation, which was the pivot on which all turned in the mind of Frank. Oliver found no other objections than those of a historical kind; but Frank, who at the law-school had become indoctrinated in scepticism, and who was wont to repeat as his creed, "I believe God is matter, and matter is God, and that 't is no matter whether there be a God or no," now became conscious not only of his utter scepticism, but of an enmity of soul never before thought of. It is in the night the stars are seen; and in the darkness and terror into which the soul is sometimes

brought, Frank, Oliver, and Annie, fell upon their knees, crying for mercy. The sovereignty of Deity which they had so hated became to them the only hope of safety ; and to it they clung as their last plank in the ocean of eternity.

The question then presented for consideration was this : Must we become pilgrims ? The more they thought of giving up all the pleasures and enjoyments of Babylon, the more repulsive such a pilgrimage appeared. And yet, all this while their convictions daily deepened, and the words thrilled through their hearts, " If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." It was cogitations such as these that so fully occupied their hearts, that it was seen in the sobriety of their demeanor, and a preoccupied air, which was remarked upon by all their neighbors who had been accustomed to share their hospitality and gayety. These whispered, one to another, that something must have happened ; either something was wrong, or they must be going crazy.

Among their neighbors was Mrs. Candide, whose cottage *ornée* was about a mile distant. She was a lady who had been very pretty ; had married an old man for wealth, and lived childless. She was envious of all happy wedded wives ; and, having no resources in herself, no love of books, no love of art, and no love of nature, it was the most natural thing in the world for her to make mischief. She had only to express to her neighbors, in a significant tone, her hopes " that no domestic infelicity had saddened the circle at Hope Cottage," and by degrees a story of estrangement, all made up, little by little, pervaded the circle for six miles around. When, therefore, these neighbors came to make a call, and witnessed the subdued tone of conversation, especially

in Frank, who had been full of frolic, the belief became fixed in the minds of all.

"'Tis a thousand pities!" said Mrs. Harcastle to her husband, as they drove home to Ravenswood from a visit to Hope Cottage.

"What is a thousand pities?" asked the old captain, who was just then thinking what a miss his daughter Lydia had made in not winning the admiration of Frank, who, as a college-student, had shown himself pleased with Lydia.

"Why, that Frank Trueman don't live happily with his wife," said Mrs. Harcastle, who had gone over expressly to see how matters stood with her own eyes. For, unconsciously to herself, she was pleased to find all that had been said verified by personal observation; for she had a feeling of resentment that the admiration of Frank, as a boy, to a young girl, had not ripened into love for her Lydia, — a joyous, buxom, hoyden girl, whom they found it hard to marry.

"Who says they don't?" said the captain, briskly. "I see no ground for the infamous rumor. Did you ever see more courtesy expressed, and so sweetly too, by that gentle, loving wife to Frank? It is all nature, and is spoken in every modulation of her voice, and every glance of her eye. I wish to heaven there were more such wives in the world, and that I had one of 'em!"

"Mr. Harcastle!" replied his lady, with most marked distinctness, so he was in no danger of losing a single syllable: "I have been your wife for twenty-eight years, the mother of six boys and three daughters, — not to speak more particularly, — children of whom you are proud, as you may well be! And am I to be spoken to in this way? Such a wife as I've been to you,

and married you when you had not a whole coat to your back, in spite of everybody, and at all hazards!"

"My good old wife!" commenced the captain.

"I am not old!" replied Mrs. Hardeastle.

"Well, dear, I am your old husband; you can't deny that; and, all I want to say to you is just this: If our Lydia had married Frank, as we once thought and wished would happen, would you have thought it kind in Mrs. Candide to set this rumor afloat, because, for some reason, we know not what, Frank's spirits seem all gone, and a general sadness pervades the circle? How do we know but he has been beguiled into an endorsement which may have brought him to the verge of ruin? I know, for certain, he has had large dealings with the house of Cuttlefish and Dodge, who have all gone to the dogs, and won't pay ten cents on a dollar."

No sooner had the captain ended his sayings, than it was all as clear as daylight to Mrs. Hardeastle, and she said to herself, "How very wicked it is in Mrs. Candide to give such a turn to this great calamity! — A bankrupt! Poor Frank! I am really sorry — and glad, too, that Lydia didn't get him. Ah! We never know what's best for us!" and, with such busy thoughts, Mrs. Hardeastle was kept silent till they reached home.

Mrs. Hardeastle was a warm friend, and a very busy woman; and "she made a conscience of it" — we use her very words — to go round the neighborhood to correct the falsehoods of Mrs. Candide. The neighbors, wives and mothers especially, all agreed that she was a very dangerous woman, and that henceforth they would be upon their guard and keep away from her as much as possible; the which every lady believed to be the duty

of her next-door neighbor, though, in her own case, she thought it best, for the sake of neighborhood, not to break with Mrs. Candide, lest she too should be victimized. And so it was Mrs. Candide never guessed of the change that had come over her spotless character. But one neighbor said to another, about others, who, as usual, kept up Mrs. Candide's acquaintance, "Such people seem friendly; but, whether they are so, who can tell?" Such was the neighborhood of Hope Cottage, — how very like other neighborhoods in the country! How soon would all these rumors have been silenced by a renewal of the dinners of last year, and the pleasant pic-nic parties our friends got up with such liberality and success! But, all this while, the inmates of Hope Cottage were absorbed by great thoughts; and, by various processes, under the discipline and guidance of the grace of God, they formed the purpose to become pilgrims to the Celestial City.

Mr. Conscience came down; and never was he so welcome as now. He listened patiently to all they had to say, and sought with affectionate sympathy to calm Annie's fears as to the perils and trials of the way; for Annie did not scruple to say she did not like to leave Babylon, while Gertrude spoke up, — "I am willing to go anywhere with Frank."

"O, no!" said Mr. Conscience; "suppose Frank should lead you into the world of sinful pleasures?"

"O, then," said Gertrude, "I would go and win him back."

"You are an angel!" exclaimed Frank, as he took the hand of his wife and drew her to him.

"What folly!" said Mr. Conscience. "You are in danger of changing your mercies into idols, and worshipping them!"

“No, indeed!” said Annie; “not a bit of it! If you were to hear Oliver talk to me sometimes of a morning about my wilfulness, — yes! my wilfulness,” said Annie, turning to her husband, who had been pulling at her sleeve to stop her, — “you never would think he had any belief in my divinity; and, as for worshipping *me*, bless you! there’s not a girl that comes here in whom he does n’t see some grace he finds out a way to hint to me for my especial edification!”

“Ah, my dear children,” said old Mr. Conscience, “I certainly wish you to love each other fondly, and with all constancy; but it seems to me that actions speak louder than words.”

“What do you say to this?” said Annie, placing her arms round her husband’s neck and kissing him, and then looking up with an air of triumph.

Mr. Conscience, to save his gravity, rose to go.

“Where are you going, sir?” said Annie, as he was making his bow and leaving the house.

“I have something to say to Mrs. Candide,” replied the old gentleman.

“Please say to her, from me,” said Annie, “that you have my word for it, if Frank and Gertrude don’t live happily together, that Oliver and I do.”

“What does all this mean?” asked Frank, as Mr. Conscience mounted his horse and rode off.

“Only this,” replied Gertrude: “Mrs. Candide, seeing a great change had come over us, and you especially, raised a report that we lived unhappily together; and Miss Spooner, the authoress, while on a visit to her, wrote a story for the Ladies’ Magazine, entitled ‘The Estrangement,’ all about us.”

"Is not that grand!" cried Annie. "I expect to be shown up in the next number. One thing I know: unless she comes into my chamber-window flying on a broom-stick, and overhears Oliver's curtain-lectures, she can't say we are not as happy as cooing doves."

Oliver laughed at his happy wife's frolic, and here the matter dropped and was forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR FRIENDS RETURN TO THE CITY. — OF MRS. STANDTOLYES AND HER DAUGHTER MISS MIMOSA STANDTOLYES' VISIT.

THE woods had lost their golden hues and orange tints, and the deep brown of winter had deprived the forest-trees of their beauty, when Mr. Trueman and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Outright, returned to the city.

Their housekeeper, aided by the upholsterer and his workmen, had made all preparations for their return to their mansion-house on the Fifth Avenue. O! who that is possessed of a home, but welcomes the breezes of coming winter! Who does not rejoice in the pleasure of meeting pleasant, gay and happy circles, around the centre-table, where the sunshine of "lamps that never burn dim," and the warmth of the cheerful fire, are in beautiful contrast with the clear, cold, wintry sky without! And who that is new to life but looks to the approach of winter with pleasing hopes of new friendships, of new purposes, and new plans! —

while, to the gay world, the *grand party*, the *ópera*, the theatre and the assembly, are full of gayety and life.

Our friends were happy once more to be in Babylon, — to hear the roll of equipages; to open morning papers at the breakfast-table wet from the press; to meet with mutual friends, and to hear of their happiness, — what they had done, and what they hoped to do.

A very few days after their arrival, Miss Julia Van Dyke and her sister Euphemia Van Dyke called in their carriage, accompanied by a foreign gentleman, whose mustache was perfect, his dress finically fine, and with an excess of jewelry. Miss Julia presented him to our ladies as Count Elie de Gassiot. He was received with all that ceremony which assured that gentleman he would be kept at the extremest distance the laws of courtesy permitted. The count strove to be witty, but our ladies could not get up a smile; and Miss Julia, evidently piqued, took off her count to try the value of her endorsement of an unknown foreigner into the home circle of other friends.

As the Van Dykes were leaving, Mrs. Mortimer Standtolyes and her sensitive daughter Miss Mimosa Standtolyes entered. No joy could be more warmly expressed by the nearest friend than by Mrs. S. One would have believed the friendship had been the growth of years; but it was not so, for an exchange of calls last year was all they knew of each other. This lady belonged to the ultra upper circle, in the right of her family, who had held a high rank for a century in the city. For some good reason, she had determined this season to enlarge her circle by patronizing these young people. Their wealth was undoubted; and the great parties and charming dinners

of their first winter had been highly spoken of; and for these, and other reasons known only to herself, she determined to be intimate for the winter at the Trueman house. Mrs. Standtolyes was a woman of fifty; but her eyes, teeth, and complexion, were all in such fine preservation, that no one could have believed her yet forty. Miss Mimosa was her youngest daughter; the others were all married away out of the city; and, in order to increase her infantile appearance, though full seventeen, she still wore pantalettes. Her voice was as simple as her dress; and, if it would have been best, she could have "died of a rose in aromatic pain" at a moment's warning.

The mother, followed by her daughter, came in, all of a breeze of delight to meet again Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Outright, and talked with fluency of all she had done and seen during her visits at the Springs and at the Ocean House; and, though she assumed an air of virtuous indignation in the recital of what she saw there, it was evident her imagination was like a troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. While Mrs. Standtolyes was in full current of conversation, Frank and Oliver entered, and that lady greeted their coming with many pleasant allusions to her former relations to their parents, and to the pleasure she felt in renewing this acquaintance with their sons and their lovely wives, while Miss Mimosa's sweet smiles and approving nods came in as so many responses. Our gentlemen were extremely cold; and the lady's eye, with lynx-eyed keenness, watched Frank and Oliver, exchanging a glance full of meaning with her daughter. Mrs. Standtolyes, recovering the thread of her discourse, spoke of the new customs introduced at the Ocean House; and Miss Mimosa, thinking the time had come for her to shine, expressed

herself shocked at the impropriety of ladies going out into the surf with gentlemen, and especially by moonlight.

“What harm can come of it?” asked Oliver.

Whereupon Miss Mimosa went into such a description of the embarrassments arising from playing with the wild waves, that Gertrude felt her cheeks burning; and Frank broke in upon the enumeration of the lady-bathers and their guardians by asking Miss Mimosa how she came to be so well acquainted with all these matters, if she herself had not been one of them.

“O,” said the mother, to save the girl from making the reply, “it was in everybody’s mouth, and nothing was talked of at the Ocean House but bathing and waltzing.”

“Do you waltz, Miss Mimosa?” asked Frank.

“Only with Fred,” replied Miss Mimosa, with an air of extreme modesty.

“And who is Fred?” asked Annie.

“Fred! O, he’s my cousin!” replied Miss Mimosa.

The visit came to an end at last, and Mrs. Standtolyes, as she entered her carriage, ordered the servant to drive to Mrs. Candide’s. Something rested upon her mind which she could not analyze as to this visit, and she determined to see her friend Mrs. Candide next. After the usual courtesies were over, she told Mrs. Candide she had just made a call at the Truemans’; and as she had hoped it would be, so it was.

“Ah, have you?” said Mrs. Candide; “and have you read the tale written about them?”

“Not a line of it!” replied Mrs. S., earnestly; “pray tell me all about it. What is it called?”

"It is called 'The Estrangement,'" replied Mrs. Candide.
"Did you see nothing like it?" asked that lady.

"Who are the guilty parties?" asked Mrs. Standtolyes.

"I don't know of any guilt," replied Mrs. Candide; "but it is said that a French teacher was inclined to enact the part of Abelard. It is so in the story."

"Mother," exclaimed Miss Mimosa, "didn't you see how coldly Mr. Trueman treated his wife on coming into the parlor? — She so glad to see him enter, and he so cold, and almost repulsive! I thought something had happened!"

"Surely, surely," cried Mrs. S., "and so did I; but I thought it was at seeing us there. But now it is all cleared up."

And when Mrs. Standtolyes left, Mrs. Candide loaned her the magazine, and begged that lady not to speak of it "as from her;" and they parted equally happy, — each having the other for authority of a whispered rumor of estrangement in the family of one whose only crime was in withholding, during the last season, invitations to these ladies, and which in their secret hearts they had set down as an affront, for which, if not repented of this season, they would in due time take their revenge. Now we will return to our family circle.

"I abhor that woman!" exclaimed Frank; "she is dark, designing, and depraved!"

"Why, Frank!" cried Gertrude. "Pray, what evil has she done? — any to you, to Oliver, to Annie, or to me?"

"No, dearest!" said Frank, "we are out of her reach; but she is a bad woman."

"This is very novel in you, Frank!" said Annie. "Now, tell us on what grounds you judge; for I won't allow myself to be influenced even by you."

“Nor do I desire you to prejudice your mind,” said Frank.

“Well, then, please help us out of this labyrinth,” said Annie.

“I don’t like her looks,” said Gertrude. “There’s something cold even in her warmth; something sinister in her eye; and I felt happy when she was gone. Some unhappy influence rested on my spirits in her presence, which I could neither shake off nor define.”

“Let me help you, my dear cousin,” said Frank. “This lady is full of compliments, gracefully expressed; they come tripping off her tongue, and show the freedom attained only by frequent repetition. This lady and her child may have never read La Rochefcault’s maxims; or, if they have, they think those before them at the time unable to discover their cheater. Now, mark this: whenever you see a woman who receives with avidity tales of scandal, who has, in one word, a poor opinion of her sex, then be sure you have in your presence one whose heart is the home of sensuality. One single glance of her eye stamps her as dark and dishonest.”

“A simple glance, Frank!” said Gertrude.

“Yes, a single glance,” continued Frank. “And then, if I wanted proof of her character, piled Pelion upon Ossa, I could find it in that glib-tongued young lady, the counterpart of her mother.”

“I thought, Frank, you were almost rude to her in the abrupt inquiry you made,” said his wife.

“I designed to put an end to her deluge of scandal,” said Frank, — “her last recitation, I hope, here. *She* to talk of waltzing with her Cousin Fred! Now, Ned Hardecastle told me he has been at the Ocean House, on a visit to his cousins, the Van Dykes, and stayed there a month, hoping to save Julia from

that gew-gaw of a count, whom I saw in the carriage with her this morning —— ”

“He has been here with Julia this morning,” interrupted Gertrude.

“I am sorry for it,” said Frank, and went on. “Julia is a good girl, and will come to her senses before the winter is over. But, to return to this young sensitive plant; young Hardcastle told me she was bathing every day, by sunshine and moonlight, with that young *millionnaire*, Tom Greatrake, and her mother sitting in her carriage on the beach, a half mile off! and here, without the slightest change of color, or deflection of tone, she tells us she never bathed in company with gentlemen, and never waltzed, except with Fred, ‘Cousin Fred!’—a sweet nut for the devil to crack!”

The ladies rose and ran upon Frank, and stopped his mouth, crying “He is crazy!” So strange did it seem *now* for Frank to say such odd sayings, which had before been as familiar to him as breathing. But we must explain how all this happened.

Frank had met on his way up town an old friend, who seemed embarrassed in his inquiries about his family; and Frank asked him “what he meant by all this round-about way of asking of the health of his wife, and Annie, and Oliver;” when his friend, relieved by the honest, unconscious air of Frank, said: “My dear Trueman, I came to town a day or two since, and was told that some difficulty had taken place between you and your wife, and that a separation was hinted at. Now, you see my cause of embarrassment.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Frank, “this is as new to me as to you. Ah! I do now recollect to have heard of a tale in the

Ladies' Magazine, which has been thought applicable to me and my wife; but I really was so occupied at the moment with other matters that I supposed it was confined to the neighborhood of our cottage, and in the circle of our country neighbors."

Frank was enlightened at once when he was told this tale of "The Estrangement," with marginal notes, had been extensively circulated at the Springs and various watering-places, leaving no room for mistake as to the persons referred to.

"This is some of Mrs. Candide's labors of love; or, perhaps, some such Thersites in petticoats as Mrs. Standtolyes, or Miss Prudence Bramble, whom I have kept at arm's length, and mean to do so."

"Invite them all to your next party, or make a grand dinner for them all," replied his friend, "and they will unite in one voice, like a pack of hounds, and run the scandal down as cheerfully as they have scared it up."

"Thank you for your advice," said Frank; "but I will"—he paused—"think of it."

His friend saw him on the brink of an explosion, and, laughing at his suppressed anger, shook the hand of Frank, and promising to call and see his lady that very evening, passed on. Frank, returning homewards, met Oliver walking in the square, collecting leaves for his herbarium, and in a great fever Frank told him of what he had just heard. Oliver, calm as a summer's morning, thought it was hardly worth repeating, and said:

"So long as we are in society, Cousin Frank, we must expect such little expressions of vexation from those, who, in some way or other, are slighted by us, or who claim to be so. This is one way such people take to be revenged for our neglect."

It was in such a state of mind as this that our Frank and Oliver entered the parlor, and there found Mrs. and Miss Standtolyes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE TIDINGS OF THE INTENDED PILGRIM AGE IS RECEIVED BY THEIR FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

THE "gay season" opened with its scores of parties. To all these our friends were duly invited; but they politely declined. They had purposed passing the winter quietly at home. This was not so easily done as determined upon. Their friends came around them with remonstrances against such a course as very unwise; it was so very marked. They were told, by their particularly amiable acquaintances, that if they did so it would go far to confirm all that had been whispered of family troubles by the gossips of Babylon; and that Frank and his wife must live down the slander by being seen in society, as they had been seen last winter.

All this had been talked over to Frank one day, by Mrs. Smith Bryant, one of the sparkling ladies of the day, who thought it a thousand pities society should be deprived of the presence of such pleasant people.

Frank replied: "I have ceased to care what the world thinks or says of me, or of my family. We are in it, to be sure, but

not of it; and it is our purpose to go on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City."

"A pilgrimage!" cried Mrs. Smith Bryant. "What folly! Are you an old man, without fortune, that you should think of such a thing? But why leave Babylon? You have only to book yourself at the Oxford office; or, if you please, get letters of naturalization from the Bishop of Melipotamus, and it is just as well as if you should go all the way on your hands and knees."

"I shall go as the Guide-book directs. I shall never trust my eternal destiny upon any devices of the sort you speak of," replied Frank.

"My dear Mr. Trueman, where did you get such fantastical notions? I pray heaven your lady has not been drinking of the same fountain!"

"We have but one heart in this matter," said Frank.

The news went the rounds, after the first grand party was given, that the family of Mr. Trueman had withdrawn from society. It was regarded as a great grievance, and to be complained of as such. The dinners and parties given by Frank during the last season, though very select, were reputed to be the best in all that constitutes charming society; and there was not a family of rank, who, as they listened to the reports of these pleasant parties at the Trueman mansion, did not purpose with Mrs. Standtolyes to stand on the list of those to whom an invitation could this year be sent. Indeed, the world up town had confidently counted upon, at least, two grand parties in that house during the season. It, therefore, became a matter of remark and regret—such sympathy as is only felt in the world of fashion when bereavement compels wealthy families,

at the opening of a season, on note-paper edged with black, to express their regrets while they decline invitations received.

"I believe that story of the Estrangement is true, and explains the true cause of all this seclusion," said Miss Armine Golightly to her aunt Mrs. General Montgomery.

"Poor lady!" replied the aunt, a lady of forty-five, and who was a leader of *ton*, "she's greatly to be pitied. I felt sure she would create a sensation so soon as her innocent soul had become satisfied with her husband's attentions, and her vanity woke up her powers of fascination. She is capable of doing a great deal of mischief, if she could only gain the *posé* requisite to make her beauty effective. And, too, 't is said Annie Outright and her husband have declined every invitation yet out."

"Now, that astonishes me," said Miss Golightly, "for she seems made for society, and to be in her element when surrounded by gayety; and how she can consent to mope all these long winter's nights in the chimney-corner, snuffing ashes, in company with her penitential cousins, is past all my comprehension. You will see she won't stand it; and I mean to help her out of her prison-house. As for your favorite, Mrs. Trueman, my dear aunt, she is pretty, and sometimes forgets herself in conversation, and then she is beautiful. But, for the most part, she is so reserved, that her best recommendation in society is her elegant house and her handsome husband. I meant to have experimented on him myself this winter!"

"You did!" said Mrs. General Montgomery. — "You?"

"Yes, indeed, I did, in a quiet way!" replied the niece; "just to see if I couldn't make him feel there were at least two attractive women in the world! Do you know, Aunty, I never

see a man in love with his wife but I feel he throws down his glove and dares all the ladies in his circle to the contest. Now, then, I was fully determined to try the temper of his steel; for I think it is one of the most delightful of all excitements to lead a man like Frank Trueman into a labyrinth in which he does n't know how to go on, or how to get out; — and the more of conscience he has the better; — to witness his attempts to break away; and then the joy of abandonment to the fascinations of the moment! O, it is too sweet!”

“My dear niece,” replied Mrs. General Montgomery, “I am a little fearful for you. You may go too far, and find yourself ensnared, when you only think of ensnaring; and, too, I should dread the loss of your hold on Major Harcastle. Men are jealous, and mischief-making women are all around you, who hold the pen of ready writers, and can tell tales upon you. And then his brother Ned is in society, and the old man and wife are on the alert in all matters affecting their son’s happiness.”

“That’s very true,” replied the young lady; “but I told Harcastle I would flirt when he was away, and he understands that perfectly.”

“Wait until you are married, dear,” replied the aunt.

“Ah, that will be too late!” said Miss Golightly. “Harcastle is not the man to allow me any sort of license after the knot is tied. I expect to be under martial law from that day onward; and so you see, Aunt, I mean to ‘make hay while the sun shines.’ And, too, I consider it as a special offence done to me by Mrs. Frank Trueman, to keep her husband out of the sphere of my attractions. I will yet get into that circle; and, if by no other means, I will turn saint along with them all!”

“It won’t be the first time spirits of darkness have worn the robes of angels of light!” said the aunt.

“O! how can you say such things, Aunt! You know it is a common cause to break in upon this charmed circle, to dispel their illusions, and bring back to life the beautiful women and bright gentlemen who, by some strange influence, have been changed to stone. I do believe the blood circulates warmly there; and I hope to show you my capacity to win this fine gentleman, and to make him as much my own as my new winter bonnet is mine!”

Our readers will now see the state of feeling in fashionable circles at the uncalled-for closing up at the commencement of a season of one of the handsomest houses in Fifth Avenue. For such a mansion to be closed without the apology of a bereavement, was a matter of general marvel; and when their purpose of becoming pilgrims in earnest was spoken of, the circles up town were at a loss whether they were most to be censured or pitied.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REV. DOCTOR UPATREE VISITS OUR FRIENDS.

THE Rector of All Saints, the Rev. Doctor Upatree, hearing the tidings of their change of sentiments, hastened his call upon the Truemans, wishing to secure to *the church* all the advantages morbid states of mind supply when skilfully managed.

He was a tall gentleman of forty-five, whose airy manner on the sidewalk would have been befitting a young man. The white band around his neck was nicely starched, and, as a cleric, his dress was faultless. The coat was buttoned close up to the chin, and its long skirts draggled down to his heels, after a truly Catholic fashion. His mien was imperious, especially in the desk, where his method of reading prayers was in so patronizing a style, it was clearly seen that, in his view, the Almighty God was under the highest obligation to him for his condescension. O, it is painful to witness such a rehearsal of the most perfect and appropriate ritual of public worship in all the world; — a ritual demanding, in every act and every prayer, an unction from the Holy One. Such a ritual is heaven-high above such men, who enter the sanctuary but to repeat the sins of Nadab and Abihu, of Uzzah and Uzziah.

The ladies were at home, and received the doctor with distinguished courtesy. After other topics had been spoken of, Doctor Upatree, in his quick, authoritative tone, addressing himself to Gertrude, said :

“I am extremely happy to hear you purpose to unite yourself to the church, in view of a future pilgrimage to the Celestial City. As it is my happiness to hold the records containing the pledge made by your sponsors and parents at the altar on your behalf in holy baptism, I have deemed it my special duty to call upon you at this time.”

Gertrude replied, meekly : “It is our purpose to commence our pilgrimage early in the spring.”

“Do you contemplate anything more than your registration at the office for seats in the Oxford line?” asked Dr. Upatree.

"O, yes!" said Gertrude; "we mean to set out on our travel for the Celestial City."

"By all means, — by all means!" replied the doctor; "but you can only go over our bridge by taking your seats in our coaches. *Ours* is the only apostolical bridge crossing 'Spuyting Teufel Creek;' you don't need me to tell you this."

"I don't know whether we shall go over your bridge, or any bridge," replied Gertrude.

"Madam," said the doctor, with some severity, "you are little fitted for a pilgrimage not to know everything depends on the first step. — '*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*' It is of stupendous importance. Not to go over *our* bridge, is to fail of reaching the end of your journey. Let me tell you there is but one way, one road; and that way, in all its length, is under the supervision of the church and its curators. You may go, as thousands go, by some way of man's devising; but what is the end? — ay, madam, the end!"

"What do you think of letters of naturalization, which are offered to pilgrims by the Bishop of Melipotamus, *in partibus*?" asked Annie, who was provoked by the tone and manner of Dr. Upatree.

"Madam!" replied the doctor, "I have the highest respect for that eminent prelate, and for the church to which he is attached, — an apostolic church, madam; but I must say, the letters you speak of have never, as yet, been recognized by our House of Bishops, and I cannot commit myself to speak concerning them. But I think all they secure to you may as certainly be secured in our communion as theirs. As for the pilgrimage, it is all very well. You can go as far as Vanity Fair, — a city well worth a

visit,— and, if you please, remain there for a while; and then, on your return to Babylon, give yourself up to your church duties; and, when the time of your departure comes, you can go to the Celestial City by our *fast line*, which we ‘express’ at a half-hour’s notice, if need be.”

“What are these church duties?” asked Annie.

“And are you ignorant of them, madam? Your cousin ought to have told you ere this, by her example at least, that these are matins and vespers, fasting on Fridays, and keeping Lent. It is in the sacraments of the church that she conveys the salvation of souls to all who drink the milk her bosom supplies.”

Annie was greatly inclined to push this figure, so frequently used by such divines, to its absurdity; but, putting herself under restraint, she asked if this was all the church required.

It was evident the doctor was a little puzzled, and at a loss how to reply.

“We think it best to withdraw ourselves from the theatre, and balls, and the opera, during Lent; but we are happy to give our countenance to all social circles, and to consecrate by our blessing the social feast.”

“Doctor, will you dine with us to-morrow?” said Annie; “our husbands will be most happy to see you, and you can talk to them fully on this subject: it is one of common interest to us.”

“With great pleasure,” replied the doctor, rising; and, with a gratified bow and pastoral presentation of the hand to the ladies, he withdrew.

“What could induce you to bring him here to-morrow?” said Gertrude.

"O, it was to see how he and my dear old pastor, Doctor Goodwin, will get on together."

"I am sure Frank won't like it," said Gertrude; "and I don't think it kind in you; nor do I believe Oliver will like it."

"Pish!" said Annie; "what do I care!"

And Gertrude was right; for, when the gentlemen returned, and were told of Doctor Upatree's call, and of Annie's invitation for him to dine with Doctor Goodwin, Oliver spoke: "You gypsy! what spirit of mischief could have prompted you to such a thought?"

Frank said: "It will never do to bring these adverse parties together; it will be a mortal offence to both. And it is wanting in courtesy to Doctor Goodwin, who has so kindly notified us of his intention to dine with us to-morrow."

"The mischief is done, and we must abide by it!" said Annie, gayly.

"It is far more serious than you can be made to see," said Frank, seriously; "and I can't consent to make my table a snare to any one. This must be remedied, at all hazards and at every sacrifice, however awkward it may be."

"Dear cousin," said Annie, "don't be so grave; wait a minute, and I will show you a way of escape." And she skipped off into the library room, and soon returned with the following note, addressed to Rev. Dr. Upatree:

"Fifth Avenue, Monday.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I must pray your pardon for not saying to you, at the moment of inviting you to dine with us to-morrow, that the Rev. Dr. Goodwin had notified my cousin,

Mr. Trueman, of his purpose to dine with us. I deem it due to you, sir, so to advise you. And, if it shall better please you, will you name a day when it will be agreeable to you to favor us with your company? Mr. and Mrs. Trueman and my husband unite in sentiments of respectful consideration.

“ANNIE OUTRIGHT.”

“There!” said Annie, as she held up the note in triumph; “there is the gordian knot cut by the stroke of a pen!”

The note was instantly dispatched; and during dinner their servant brought back the following note:

“The Rev. Dr. Upatree acknowledges the note of Mrs. Outright with pleasure. He is gratified by this expressive and proper appreciation of the relative positions held in society by himself and Mr. Goodwin. For this gentleman, as a scholar, he has the highest respect, but cannot recognize him as a clergyman; and not to do so, might be offensive to Mr. Goodwin and embarrassing to Mrs. Outright. The Rev. Dr. Upatree will dine with his parishioners, if agreeable, on the festival day of the *Holy Innocents*.

“St. Thomas’ Day, Parsonage.”

“What does this mean?” said Annie, scrutinizing the seal. It was evidently symbolical; but how to interpret the symbol was beyond all their skill. It was the seal of the Ecclesiological Society of Babylon, — the meaning of which would have surprised our friends, had they guessed it.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS FATHER'S PARTNER, MR.
TRUSTWORTHY.

THE dessert being on the table, Frank directed the servants to retire. "I have this day," said Frank, "received a manifestation of affection which has greatly gratified me. I have ordered the servants out of the room that I might tell it you alone. It seems that, as a counter-rumor of the cause of our seclusion from society, there has been told a story of my being involved by endorsements on the paper of Cuttlefish and Dodge, and that my fortunes are on the verge of ruin. I heard of this a month since, and it helped me to understand the shyness of some of my friends in Change Alley. It was only yesterday my father's friend and partner, old Trustworthy, returned to the city from his foreign tour; and, as he made instant inquiry after us, was told the sad tidings of my fallen fortunes, and my consequent contemplated departure from Babylon. His informant was particular and confident; and the old man went home, as he told me, 'with a heart heavy as lead.' He went to bed, but he could not sleep for thinking about me; and the recollections of my father's friendship came up before him so vividly that he could not sleep. He rose and paced the room, until, as he said to me, 'when in full view of all I could do, I felt myself willing to do all I could, I lay down and slept with the quietness of a young baby, and woke at early dawn, impatient for day.' On rising, he wrote me a note, saying he wanted to see me at ten o'clock at his banking-

house. This note I received from his man just as I left the door, and I went down the city, supposing, as he had just come home, he wanted to see me, as has been his custom. ‘My dear Frank!’ said the old man, after the first greetings were over, ‘I hope I am not an hour too late to serve you! Now, my dear boy, say, will two hundred thousand help you? How much do you need to make good your losses? Whatever the sum is, you shall have it! I know, Frank, what I offer; I know my ability; and, by George! I can do it, and I will!’ These sentences came out in a stream, and, astonished, I said to him: ‘Why should you make me such an offer? I have no need of money. I am richer this day by thousands than when you placed me in possession of my fortune from my father!’—‘Do you say so, Frank!’ exclaimed the old man, with delight.—‘I do, upon my honor,’ I replied.—‘Thank God!—thank God! I was told by Hookem that you were on the point of breaking up, having mixed yourself up somehow with those swindling scoundrels, Cuttlefish and Dodge, who have sunk in a sea of ink and infamy!’—I told him it was true their paper due to me, to a large amount, lay over in the banks; but it was for real estate, the title of which remained intact with me.—‘So you don’t lose by them?’ said Mr. Trustworthy.—‘Not a single dollar; but I am the gainer by all this, in the proof of your love to me for my father’s sake.’—‘For your own, Frank, and for your father’s sake,’ replied the old man, taking me by the hand. I assured him this was one of the happiest hours in my life, and the tears in the old man’s eyes told the depth of his emotions. At this moment a merchant popped his head into the private room where we were sitting, and said: ‘What will you take a ton for that cargo of hemp?’ The old

man at a bound rose and bade me 'good-by;' and I left him all absorbed in bargaining and selling, with the eagerness of a young man. He is one of nature's noblemen; and I thank God for his great goodness in giving me this proof of the nobility of man's nature."

"Dear Frank! it is delightful!" said Annie.

"It was a noble expression of sympathy," said Oliver.

Gertrude could say nothing; but her tears told how much her heart had been affected by her husband's narrative.

CHAPTER X.

OF BABYLON AND ITS SOCIETY.

It was said of ancient Nineveh, "that great city," in the days of Jonah, as significant of the greatness of its population, that there were "six-score thousand who could not tell their right hands from their left." Now, in Babylon, though not so great a city as ancient Nineveh, and with all the improvements made by statist, no reliable census could ever be made of this class; for, the number increased from noon to night, and diminished from dawn to noon, and was an invariable law of change which defied computation; and, too, this constituted a class of innocents peculiar to modern times.

Babylon was the great mart of commerce, and the monetary centre of the continent. Merchant princes and bankers had built

up the upper section of the city in palaces of red sandstone and patent brick, and their country-seats were seen lining the banks of the river, — peeping out from every shady nook, and crowning every height around the city, for a wide circuit of miles.

The ruling passion of these people was money-making, and this was followed, as it must ever be, with a love of money-spending. And here lay the test of classes existing among Babylonians. At the mart they made no distinction by what means money was made, — whether in rags imported from Smyrna, or these rags nicely made into thin paper, bearing vignettes of naked women and Indians, and duly signed, which thence took the name and style of money, — the very thing sought for. And, although this was, of all other methods, the most successful way to wealth, yet it required a sleight of hand which only a few could command. But money, when acquired, must be spent; though some few contented themselves with investments in real estate and state stocks, despising every other way of being happy. In spending money lay the touchstone of gentility; and many, who found no difficulty in making money, were at their wits' end to spend it in such a way as should secure them a position in the best circles of fashion and refinement. These two circles, refinement and fashion, were not one and the same; but, like orbits of other bodies moving in elevated spheres, though lying along the same plane, one cut the other. Money was a requisite for both, — essential to the one, and very desirable in the other. It was possible to be refined without money, but it was not possible to be fashionable. It was a contest which of these circles should out-rank the other. But, inasmuch as the circle of refinement had prerequisites which money could not

command, arising from birth, education, professional distinction, scientific and sometimes literary eminence, it demanded to be recognized as the best; a claim acknowledged by those who most earnestly disputed it.

Among this second circle of the aristocracy of wealth, there was an intense jealousy of any one entering and taking rank in the highest walks of social life in Babylon, whose only claim was founded on the charms of intellect and manners. Especially was this true of women. It seemed as if each one felt such intruder taking something from herself, and, in some way, shading her individual brightness. It was a rare occurrence; but yet such achievements were most conspicuously and beautifully accomplished, as when, for example, at the time of which we write, Miss Gray, an orphan of a revolutionary colonel, rose to eminence by the force of talent, and by charms of intellect acknowledged by those who could admire what they had no power to imitate; for grace and goodness do make themselves felt everywhere. It was by such power of fascination this young lady drew around her men of genius, men of literature, and lovers of art. These men, one by one, acquired knowledge of a home, always bright with unaffected courtesy, and with the presence of minds who here found an atmosphere congenial with their taste; where it was not out of place to talk of subjects of their long study,—a circle in which all sought to please, and none to shine.

We have said the tests of gentility in Babylon were the manner in which the possession of wealth was made manifest to the world; the style of their houses, their furniture, pictures, plate, vases, mirrors, and last, not least, their libraries. In pictures

the "old masters" were mostly preferred. Indeed, a lady of eminence told a visitor from abroad, who was admiring a fine old picture, "that she and her husband thought alike in all such matters, and never would hang up in their parlors any but old masters, and intended going to the continent next summer, with their two girls, expressly to be painted by the old masters." The libraries were for the most part massive creations of the cabinet-maker; and the old authors very like prisoners bound, appearing at the plate-glass doors.

But, above all things else, the highest *ton* was expressed in their notions of piety. Pietism was the rage; and the centres of fashion were the gorgeous, spacious, splendid churches of the apostolical High Church of Babylon. In this, as in everything else, they sought to be very "re-churcha," as that eminent person, Mr. John Brown, sexton of Grace Church, was wont to say. This gentleman was equally distinguished by his position as a leader of *ton*, at parties, at balls, at weddings and funerals. Indeed, his services were in constant request; and it was his favorite phrase, when called upon to employ his talents by some ambitious lady or gentleman, "It shall be done neat and very *re-churcha*." We will give a single illustration of the power exerted by this distinguished gentleman over the circles of the moneyed section of the aristocracy in Babylon. By some accident in putting up his sign as sexton on the church, the bar on the shield on which his name and street was emblazoned was painted *sinister*; and, without further investigation, magnificent palaces along the Fifth Avenue and elsewhere all bear, carved in the rich entablatures over the entrance, shields

like those of Mr. John Brown, with bar sinisters thereon ; and, unless erased, there they stand to this day.

On a Sunday morning, if the weather was fine, it was a beautiful sight to see these votaries of fashion, in elegant costumes, attended by gentlemen as faultless in dress as themselves, going to church, and then to witness their demeanor in church. Piety is always beautiful, and the affectation of piety is very pretty ; for it affords the sweetness of contrast, — the levity of the last ball, with its waltzes, comes up to the mind in sweet relief to the serenity of devotion, transforming the Circe, with her witching smile and significant glance, into the loveliest Magdalen. These contrasts (whether defined or not) are not the less captivating, and felt most by those who themselves are most innocent.

In the *haute monde*, as we have said, and as was befitting, the piety was that of the high church. Topics the most delicate to be treated of, by some odd turn of the kaleidoscope of fashion, became questions of the first necessity and notoriety ; and such of our readers as would like to know all that can be said, in the most attractive manner, are referred to “The New Una, or Lady Alice,” whose popularity solely rests upon the treatment of topics of saintly interest and extremest delicacy by the author, who has shown himself a worthy scholar in the school of Sanchez, Liguori, and other sainted writers on subjects occult and difficult to manage by most men, — in a pious way.

And now, this brings us to the subject-matter of our story, — the shortest and surest way to reach the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. GOODWIN DINES WITH OUR FRIENDS.

ACCORDING to appointment, the Rev. Doctor Goodwin, at three o'clock, rang the bell at Frank Trueman's. The old doctor, as he crossed the square leading to the Fifth Avenue, stopped to talk with the boys at play. His heart was with them in their sports; and the air of unconscious power which marked his presence assured the passer-by that a great man and a good man stood before him. Such was Annie's "dear old pastor," who, respected by all, was loved with fond affection by his own people.

Seeing him coming up the steps, Annie and Gertrude ran and opened the door. "How kind you are, dear doctor, to dine with us!" said Annie, as she took his hat and cane, while Gertrude aided him in divesting himself of his cloak.

"Thank you, my dear friends," said the doctor, as they led him into the parlor, and wheeled up the most luxurious of their easy-chairs for him to seat himself. The ladies then drew ottomans beside him, and the doctor began by saying:

"It is a source of sincerest satisfaction to learn that you contemplate a pilgrimage to the Celestial City. I hope it is so."

"Yes, doctor," said Annie, "we all purpose to set out next spring. For myself, I don't feel prepared just now to commence such a journey."

"What do you hope to gain by delay?" asked the doctor.

"I want to become familiar with the trials and perils of the

way, so that I shall not be discouraged and fail of the end," said Annie.

"There is more of speciousness than fact in your reasons for delay. The heart is deceitful, and cannot be trusted. Instant obedience to a known duty is always wisest, safest, and best."

"My dear doctor," said Annie, with deep feeling, "I never expect to know myself. Every day I make such strange and surprising discoveries of my waywardness, that I look upon myself as some being other than myself."

"Is it so strange, then?" said Doctor Goodwin. "Have you never, when a child, played with a bucket in the well filled with water, and wondered that, though you could play with it *in* the water at will, yet, when you tried to lift it up out of the water in which it floated, then came the tug and the strain? And do you not read in the Guide-book, 'When the strong man keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he cometh upon him,' then cometh the conflict?"

"And is my whole pilgrimage to be a conflict?" asked Annie. "What, then, is meant by the 'full assurance of faith'?"

"You are a very young pupil in the school of the heart, my dear lady," replied the doctor. "Every new day brings a new lesson; every new leaf presents new ideas, new hopes, and new fears. The assurance of faith is the last attainment of a Christian."

"It is very discouraging to hear you talk so!" said Annie, in a most desponding tone.

"You will attain it when you have spent a life in 'following on to know the Lord.' The vista of life looks distant, but how brief at last!"

"But, doctor," said Gertrude, "a life is not measured by years, but by emotions; and how long that life will be which is so full of new states of feeling, — of hope, of sorrow, and, worst of all, of temptation and sin! Why cannot we, or why was it not so ordained, that, so soon as we were willing to enter the Celestial City, we might, by a volition, be taken there? This is, I suppose, the mode of angelic beings in flying from world to world."

The good doctor smiled at the progress his young friend had made in such matters, so common to young disciples whose imaginations, awakened to new ideas, become familiar with worlds above, while the world within is just in the day-dawn, and lies all untravelled and unknown.

"It is not wise, my dear Mrs. Trueman, to reason and speculate on matters so high above us. 'We are of the earth, earthy.' Our first queries are rarely those which should be first. Let me tell you, our first duty is to love God, our Creator, our Saviour, our Sanctifier, and to assure ourselves and others that we do so. Our second duty is, warm sympathy for the highest interests of all around us, and charity wide as the circle of human misery."

"O yes!" sighed Annie, evidently recurring to what Gertrude had said, rather than the doctor's reply; "but it is strange that, knowing so much, we don't know any more!"

"If you knew more," replied the doctor, "there would be less exercise of faith."

"There it is! — faith! faith! — when what I want is certainty!" said Annie, petulantly.

"Let me tell you, my child," said the doctor, somewhat

sternly, "in the words of the great and good Lavater, '*The last attainment of a Christian is, to say, — I can wait !*' "

Oliver now entered, and the current of conversation was changed to the common out-of-door topics of the day. Frank too came home, and welcomed Dr. Goodwin, assuring him that his presence was regarded by him as a distinguished favor conferred. And it was so. If ever we attain in this world a foretaste of the pleasure arising from intercourse with holy beings, it is in the society of gifted and pure minds. As Cowper has sweetly sung :

“ When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings !
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'T were vain inquiry to what port she went —
The gale informs us, laden with the scent ! ”

At the dinner-table the conversation was various, easy, graceful, and at times mirthful. Frank had some foreign news to tell, and Oliver to speak of his visit to the hospital. This provoked Annie's witticisms about Oliver's love of cutting up people, and it soon became a most delightful dinner-party. When they rose to return to the parlor, the doctor tasked our ladies to play for him. This being over, the good doctor turned the con-

versation upon the pilgrimage. He spoke of the glorious destiny awaiting them, and the certainty of success. He spoke of the provisions made for pilgrims, and urged the necessity of a union to one of the caravans they would find in their pilgrimage over the Great Desert. The carriage was announced at eight o'clock, when Frank and Oliver accompanied the doctor home. The good man was not less happy in receiving than in conferring favors.

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR UPATREE DINES WITH OUR FRIENDS.—THEIR COLLOQUY.

THE day assigned to the Holy Innocents, in the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, was all unknown to our friends. "When would it come?" was asked of several callers-in; but none knew, and no calendar of the saints could they find.

"Perhaps," said Frank, "the doctor has some meaning in selecting the day, as in selecting his symbol on the seal of his note. What do you think, Annie?"

"I hope he will find us quite as innocent as we are simple!" was the reply of Annie.

That day Frank bought an almanac which contained a full registry of all the saints, and the color to be worn on that day, which was set down as red; and the ladies undertook to see that, in arranging the table, the finger-bowls and doilies should be red

or scarlet; a courtesy which was gratefully noticed by the reverend doctor during dinner.

The day was clear and cold, and the ground glazed with ice, so that it was a labor of love for the doctor to fulfil his engagement; but he was a man never behind time. On this occasion he wore a black dress coat, "all buttoned down before," which, during the labors of the repast, he so far opened as to disclose a diamond cross on his bosom, the gift of a saintly lady whom he had recently *expressed* in the fast line to the Celestial City; and on the forefinger of his left hand was that mysterious symbol which he affixed to all important notes and papers.

The conversation at table took the direction Dr. Upatree gave it. Books and reviews were alluded to, — the opening of the gay season, the parties to come off; and Mrs. Gen. Montgomery's fancy party was spoken of as likely to become a masked ball, which Dr. Upatree regretted, inasmuch as Mrs. Gen. Montgomery was a prominent church-member of "The Annunciation." Ordinations to take place, and visitations of the bishop, were topics of which the doctor spoke at large, but not a word about the pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

Frank led the way to the subject as soon as they had taken coffee in the saloon. "We have been engaged of late in studying the Guide-book, in order to determine our route to the Celestial City," said Frank.

The doctor bristled up in an instant. There was something offensive to him in the calm, confident tone in which this was said. "Surely, surely, sir, you do not presume to follow the teachings of your own judgment in a matter of this sort! Sir, 'the sacred volume was never intended, and was not adapted, to

teach us our creed ; however certain it is, we can *prove* our creed from it, when it has once been taught us.' " *

" Why, sir," said Frank, " I had supposed that the saying of Chillingworth, 'The Bible, the only rule of faith and practice,' was the acknowledged stand-point of all Protestants."

" Protestants!" exclaimed the doctor; " I abhor the name! 'The very name of Protestantism, cold and negative and sceptical as it is, ought to be abolished among us.' † Your Guide-book 'I acknowledge as the record of necessary truth, but the church Catholic's tradition is the interpreter of it.' " ‡

" Tradition!" said Annie; " and who knows what tradition is?"

" The church Catholic," replied Dr. Upatree.

" And the church Catholic?" asked Oliver.

" The Anglican church," replied the doctor, proudly.

" That is not the name of our church," said Gertrude, with some timidity. " Our prayer-book claims for us the title of 'The Protestant Episcopal church.' "

" It does so, my dear Mrs. Trucman," said the doctor; " and it is a most mischievous error, associating our church with the heresies on the continent; 'as if our church was but one among many Protestant bodies, and that the differences between Protestants are of but little consequence.' § 'Odious Protestantism!' || That hateful 'schism' ¶ 'to which the perverse anti-eccelesias-

* I. H. Newman. — "The Arians of the Fourth Century."

† Quarterly Review, vol. lxi., p. 235.

‡ Tract for the Times, No. 71.

§ Tract for the Times, No. 71, p. 32.

¶ Froude's Remains, vol. i. p. 322.

¶ "Then many a schism overleaped the banks

Genevese, Lutheran, and Scotch diversities."

tical spirit of the Reformation on the continent gave birth.* ‘Really, I hate the Reformation and the reformers more and more.’†

“What you say, doctor, is all very new to us,” said Frank. “I have been accustomed, for one, to think of Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, and Knox, as standing alongside with Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Jewell, among the chief of modern apostles.”

“You have been under a most miserable delusion, sir,” said the doctor, petulantly. “‘I have just been reading a good deal about the Reformation in Queen Elizabeth’s time; it is shocking, indeed.’‡ ‘I dislike Wickliffe,’§ and, as to the other reformers, I think worse and worse of them. ‘Jewell was what I should call, in these days, an irreverent dissenter. His Apology has disgusted me more than almost any work I ever read.’||

“Let me assure you, my friends,” continued the doctor, “all you need for your safe-conduct, in life and in death, is the teaching of the representatives of the apostles now on the earth; from whose communion you may obtain grace, as the first Christians did from the apostles, ¶ who are constituted the only conduits of the grace of God; and to whom was given the power of the keys.”

The doctor now rose to his feet, and, with the greatest force of gesticulation, went on: “The power of the keys! There’s

* British Magazine, vol. ix. p. 359.

† From Froud’s Remains, vol. i. p. 389.

‡ Froud, vol. i. p. 325.

§ Froud, vol. i. p. 250.

|| Froud, vol. i. p. 380.

¶ British Magazine, vol. ix. p. 365.

no denying this. Dissenters and schismatics may well disclaim all such power; but the church Catholic has never ceased to control the gates of heaven and hell. This is faith — a faith which never fails to inspire emotions of a most persuasive and transporting character.* The highest attainment you can reach is, to be as sure that the bishop is Christ's representative, as if we actually saw him work miracles like St. Peter and St. Paul." †

The doctor bowed, and, with a solemn air, withdrew, as if anxious that the effect of his last words should rest, in all their power, upon the minds of our friends.

"Was there ever such arrogance expressed before?" asked Annie, as Oliver and Frank returned to the parlor, having aided the doctor to his cloak and cane.

"And yet it cannot but exist with such opinions," said Frank. "I don't think, dearest, we shall go either in the Old Oxford Slow-and-Sure, or even by the express, or over your bridge." This was said by Frank to his wife, who was sitting in silent amazement.

"In what line shall we go?" asked Annie.

"We must foot it, my dear," replied Oliver, "if we follow the footsteps of the great Master."

* Tracts for the Times, No. 10.

The following lines show the safety of such power in the hands of men :

"Behold your armory ! sword and lightning shaft
Culled from the stores of God's all-judging ire,
And in your wielding left, the words that waft
Power to your voice absolving, point with fire
Your awful curse !"

Lyra Apostolica, p. 214.

† Tracts for the Times, No. 10.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. GENERAL MONTGOMERY AND MISS GOLIGHTLY'S VISIT.

ALL this while, the gay world of Babylon was full of excitement and joyousness. Miss Golightly called with her aunt, Mrs. General Montgomery, upon the family of Mr. Frank Trueman. The husbands and wives were at home, so the wishes of Miss Golightly were so far all realized. And the aunt fully met the wants of the niece; for she absorbed the attention of the ladies and Oliver, and allowed Miss Golightly (under pretence of examining a picture in the other end of the parlor) to draw Frank to her side. Now we may here state the fact, that this young lady had thrown her fascinations around Mr. Frank on his entrance into society, and, as she believed, with good prospects of success, when she was called away to attend the dying bed of her father; and, before her return to the city, Gertrude had made her appearance, and Miss Golightly found herself supplanted. It was true, Frank was as unconscious of any plans entertained by this lady then as he was now. It was sufficient that she had plans and purposes, all of which she believed would have been matured, but for her most unhappy withdrawal just at that time.

Having obtained her point so far, Miss Golightly began by a criticism on the picture; and, letting her voice fall quietly to a safe key, she commenced her attempt to awaken in the mind of Frank the idea of there being one other attractive lady in the world beside his wife. Her glance rivetted Frank in an instant.

This done, she spoke her regrets at his seclusion from society, of the pleasure she had expected from meeting him often this winter — her “*last winter* ;” and she looked tenderly in Frank’s face.

“Do you go on a pilgrimage ?” asked Frank, with awakening interest.

“Alas, no ! I am about to go on a life-long voyage, on a sea called Matrimony, full of shoals and sunken rocks, swept over by storms and whirlwinds, under the guidance of Major Hardcastle, a friend of yours.”

Frank laughed, and tendered her his congratulations.

Miss Golightly put her finger to her lip. “I hate to hear that laugh from *you* ; but no matter — there was a time when such an event would not have been to you a subject of mirth, as it is not *now* to me ; but my heart is silent, it must not speak. But will you come to my party on Thursday evening ? It is a fancy party only. I shall change my dress, however, three times ; and, in the last, shall be so masked as to be unknown to all but you. Now it is my last request : will you not come ? It will be so delightful for me to have you all to myself once more ; and then, too, I have much to say which I have long wished you should know.”

Frank’s color came to his cheek, and his heart beat under the influence of the Circe ; but he was able to say, in a calm tone, “Since we parted, great changes have come over me.”

“O yes !” interrupted the lady, with a reproachful tone, “you are married.”

“I was not thinking of Gertrude, then,” replied Frank.

“Indeed ! of whom were you thinking ?”

"Of no one," replied Frank. "I was about to tell you of my purpose to become a pilgrim."

"And what of that? Are there not hundreds who, assuming the name and style of a pilgrim, never leave the city of Babylon? And why should you become a stranger to the circles you once enjoyed, and which were made brighter and happier by your presence?" And, assuming an air of winning confidence, she whispered: "My last dress is to be that of a veiled nun. You *must* come; and, while I may do so, let me tell you of all that lives, and burns, and brightens in my inmost soul—for you." There was a pleading look, a depth of tenderness, which was hard to withstand.

The glance of Mrs. Montgomery's eye attracted the attention of Annie to Frank. Unconsciously to herself, Miss Golightly had indulged in some pantomime, some little expression of witchery in her movements, and Annie was impelled to put an end to all this whispering; so she called out, "Why, Frank, how selfish you are, to keep Miss Golightly all to yourself."

That young lady wheeled round, and, with an air of gayety, said: "Indeed, I think so, too; and beside, I have something very special to say to you,—and also to you, Mrs. Trueman. I am to give a party at my aunt's. It is *her* party, but she allows me to manage it as I please. It will be very select, and I ask you so far to break in upon your charmed circle as to spend *one* evening with me. I have some claims upon Mr. Trueman, and he will come — if you will accompany him."

"Indeed!" said Gertrude. "Does he accept your invitation on this condition?"

"He has not," said Miss Golightly; "but I know him so

well, that, unless he is greatly changed, he will never fail in courtesy."

"I hope he has changed, then," said Gertrude.

"Indeed! that is a strange speech for you to make," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"It is a fitting speech for my wife to make," said Frank. "I respectfully and gratefully decline your invitation, as we have all those we have received this season," said Frank, bowing to the visitors.

The ladies rose up to go. Miss Golightly maintained her air of courtesy and gayety until they were seated in their carriage; then she broke forth: "Frank Trueman has become an icicle, How I hate him! I hate them all; and most of all, I hate his wife!"

Thus the winter passed away, and spring opened. Our friends were more and more absorbed by their plans of a pilgrimage, while the world around them were seeking to find stability in bubbles, and joy of heart in the vain amusements of fashionable

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PILGRIMAGE IS COMMENCED.

EARLY in the month of May, Mr. Conscience came to see our friends off. They had placed their property under the care of Mr. Trustworthy, the son and partner of the old partner of Mr.

Trueman, Senior, and invested all their personal estate in state stocks, as is the custom of all modern pilgrims. The ancient way was, to leave all, or to give it to the poor; but this was long before the discovery of Letters of Credit and Bills of Exchange, which are now carried about the person without any inconvenience.

Mr. Conscience was delighted with their quiet and settled purpose to take the Guide-book for their counsellor, and encouraged them to believe their path would always be made plain, though it would sometimes take them through very rough places.

Having taken leave of their friends, to the surprise and astonishment of their fashionable acquaintances, they forded the river, and thus commenced their pilgrimage to the Celestial City. Everything was bright to them, as they came up out of the water, and went on their way rejoicing.

They travelled with an elastic step over a green sward, covered with flowers of spring. They wondered, as they went forward, that they came to no Slough of Despond, nor did they see any Wicket-Gate, nor any sign of Beelzebub's Castle. And, as the day advanced, they hoped to reach the Interpreter's House in good time for dining, and confidently believed it must be over the hill lying just ahead of them, and closing in the landscape as far as the eye could reach, forming the spur of mountains beyond, and which stretched along the horizon like distant clouds. They were now overtaken by a pilgrim, whose cheerful air made it easy to address him, hoping he might solve the doubts that had perplexed them all.

"Are you on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City?" asked Frank.

"Yes, I hope so," was the reply.

"Where is the Wicket-Gate, and Beelzebub's Castle, and the Interpreter's House? Can it be that we are in the right way?"

The pilgrim smiled, and said: "Ah! you have in your mind the Pilgrim's book, written long since by the great Bunyan. You forget two centuries have elapsed since he started on his journey, and great changes have been made in that time, not only in the manner of making the pilgrimage, but in the route. His road lay directly up into the hill-country, a very rugged way; but the path which you followed lay over the smooth and verdant plain. For a long time pilgrims would take the rough road, 'because,' they said, 'it was the shortest, safest, and most direct;' but their successors made a grand discovery when they determined that the bale of a kettle is just the same length, whether it stands up or lies down. So they preferred going round hills to climbing them; and, more recently, the various methods of staging and railroads have come into general use. But the poor find hills to climb, and I think we are in sight of one which must be climbed; for there is no getting around it."

"And don't we go through the Wicket-Gate?" asked Annie.

"Shall we not visit the Interpreter's House?" said Oliver.

"Is there no Castle Apollyon?" asked Gertrude.

All these questions came upon the pilgrim at once, and he confessed his entire ignorance. "I really do not know. It is an untried path to us all. I have been told the way is much longer than it was, and that there are no chariots of fire now-a-days to help pilgrims upward and onward; but dangers, equally difficult to meet as in the days of Bunyan, await us. But what

they are, and how they are to be met, I know not. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I think, from appearances, we shall soon have our sinews tested."

For now they came along the base of a steep hill, coming out into the plain like a bold headland upon the ocean. They skirted it along for a mile or so, to find an easy place of ascent; but it only grew more and more steep, until they came in view of the great line of travel of stage-coaches and railroad cars, and found these ran into a vast tunnel, broken, at great cost and labor, through the hill. Here they all paused. There was a sign of great size, giving the prices of passengers on foot. The charge was very high, and so was the hill. Now, then, while Frank was unbuttoning his coat, the poor pilgrim buttoned his up.

"You don't mean to climb when there's a plain pathway before us!" exclaimed Frank, laying his hand on the pilgrim's arm.

"I have no money to pay tolls," replied the pilgrim. "My way lies up this hill, and I shall meet it as best I may."

"My dear sir," said Annie, "we are well supplied with money, and why will you not let us pay your toll? We want your society."

"Thank you, lady," said the pilgrim. "I must be self-reliant at some time, and I choose to face the first trial of my strength; and here it is."

So saying, he began his ascent; and they stood gazing on with admiring eyes until he had reached the top, when, bowing to them, he disappeared, and they saw him no more.

"What difference does it make," asked Frank, "whether we climb up or go through?" looking through the tunnel to the

clear sunshine, which shone like a diamond at the end of the dark cavern.

"I am sorry that poor man was so proud," said Annie. "Our money was his, as truly as our own; and, he being a pilgrim, and we pilgrims, should confide in each other."

"I like his manliness," said Frank. "He is most to be respected, who, without pretension, respects himself."

So they paid the toll; "for," said Annie, "if they have bridges, why not tunnels?" And, sure enough, why not? But they forgot that, while they were so very careful to ford the river, the same reasons should have made them follow the example of the pilgrim, who, though he had come over the Presbyterian bridge, as he had told them in a colloquy we have not recorded, would not take the tunnel. Alas! so it is with modern pilgrims.

On emerging from this underground passage, they continued their journey, not a little puzzled which path to take; for these were as diverse as it was possible to be. After a pause, they took the one which looked to be most trodden. As for the stage-lines and railroad track, they swept to the left, to avoid the gentle slope of a long hill in front. The day was now declining, the sun but three hours high, and no sign of a house was to be seen. On their way up the hill, Gertrude expressed a fear lest they might be shot at from the battlements of Beelzebub's Castle. This thought excited no small alarm in their minds. Frank said he would go up and spy out the land; when Gertrude, pale with fear, begged him not to go. Annie, taking hold of his arm, sent Oliver up the hill, which he ascended with alacrity, while Gertrude wept, under the censure of Frank for her selfishness.

Oliver beckoned them to come up. On reaching the summit, they stood in admiration of the beautiful country before them. It was verdant and undulating; clumps of trees were scattered over the plain, and herds were grazing about showed it to be a cattle-growing country. They saw the cars in the distance careering onward to a magnificent arch, resembling *Arc de l'Etoile*, and on the right a château of the mediæval age; but whether it was ancient or modern, such was the rage for a Gothic style of building in Babylon, that they could not tell; and beyond the arch were buildings of different orders of architecture, of great extent, whose windows flamed with the reflected rays of the setting sun.

The château was nearest to them, and the iron fence of barbed spears ran parallel with a road beautifully macadamized, circling the walls and fence as far as they could see. This road to the château lay through an arched way once forming the grand entrance to some feudal castle, of which this central pile of frowning towers alone remained.

"Can *that* be the Wicket-Gate of modern times?" asked Oliver, pointing out the *Arc de l'Etoile* to his party, who stood in silent admiration of the scene.

"If it be so," said Frank, "where is Apollyon's Castle?"

While they stood thus perplexed which way to go, an open landau, with four splendid black horses, containing a gentleman, rolled along the road. He no sooner saw them than he pulled the check-string and alighted, and, bowing to our party, awaited their approach; and they, with a feeling of embarrassment, advanced to meet him.

This gentleman was apparently about sixty years of age: his

hair was slightly gray, and his head bald on the crown. He was of a medium height; his face round, with a large mouth, which had a smile about it sinister and repulsive to our ladies. His gray eyes were keen and quick; his style of dress and mien were alike perfect, and nothing could be more seductive than the tones of his voice. These assured them of his high breeding and finished education.

"Pilgrims, I presume," said the gentleman, raising his hat and bowing.

"Yes, sir," said Oliver. "We are just now in some perplexity as to our way to the Interpreter's House."

"Ah! you are too late to reach it before dark," was his reply. "May I beg the honor of your company at my château for the night? In the morning," bowing graciously to the ladies, "I will myself direct you in the right way."

The ladies bowed gracefully, but with a most non-committal courtesy, leaving the question, as was fitting they should do, to their husbands' decision. Frank accepted the invitation, with the grateful expression of his thanks for this most opportune offer of hospitality.

This matter settled, the gentleman introduced himself as Count de Ville, and was introduced in due form to our party. He proposed that the ladies should take seats in the carriage with Oliver, and he would walk with Frank. This was acceded to, and Annie and Gertrude found themselves once more careering rapidly onward, with a swinging, joyous motion; and as the soft evening breeze played with their tresses, they could not but speak of the superiority of all other ways of making a pilgrimage to footing it; and Oliver, at the instant, being jounced over a stone,

uttered something which sounded very like "ay," as both the ladies believed him to have said, but when he was told of it months after, he insisted it was not "ay," but "ah!" and so this became one of those little vexed questions forever to be disputed about among husbands and wives. Sometimes it served to point a witticism, and then it was very charming; and sometimes to barb a sarcasm, and then it was not charming, but the very reverse, and so it was intended to be. We are sorry to say it, but then such things do exist, in good society, and among loving hearts, and will be so, for some time to come.

The count entered into a free conversation with Frank, as they leisurely walked along, on the spirit of the age, which he contended was, *par excellence*, the age of progress. He spoke of motive power, especially, and its perfection, in this age of steam and gas; of railroads, in contrast with the best lines of stages. He said he had been for a long time interested in staging along this road, and still was largely interested in all the various companies, but, as fast as he could, he bought up the stock and put down rails; "for," said he, stopping and gesticulating gracefully, as he pointed to a train of cars just winding their way through the *Arc de l'Etoile*, "railroads are such thoroughfares; they carry at prices to please everybody; there need be no stoppages on the way; it is optional, of course, with travellers to stop at the great centres, as at Vanity Fair, for example; but, if they prefer it, they can take a sleeping-draught in Babylon, and wake up in the Celestial City. This is commonly preferred. We have," continued the count (as they recommenced their walk forward), "cars for paupers, centre cars for common folks, and cars of splendid rose and satin wood, lined with silk,

for the aristocracy; and you know how extremely averse our friends in the upper circles are to mix themselves up with everybody."

Frank bowed his assent. It was all the count needed, for he was becoming earnest in his tone and manner.

"Well, sir," said he, with one of his peculiar smiles, "I have met that sentiment to the utmost; for I have, beside all I have spoken of, extra trains, and cars to match, when wanted; so that the most entire seclusion is felt, and, indeed, is perfectly attained, as though rails and cars, engines and all, were for the sole benefit of the extra trains; and some are such simpletons as to believe this monstrous absurdity." The gentleman laughed heartily at the thought, and Frank, seeing it was a matter of mirth, politely joined in the laugh, though he did not comprehend the subject of it; but that is the way with pilgrims, who are induced to laugh, and approve of what they do not understand, led on by the society in which they find themselves.

"It is really amusing," continued the gentleman, "to see these extra trains when stopping at a station-house; the groups delighted with their ride, and so glad they are all by themselves — no vulgar people to be seen."

"But don't they stop at the Interpreter's House?" asked Frank, somewhat surprised that the old resting-places of pilgrims were not spoken of.

"By no means," replied the count; "why should they? When one takes a seat in a railroad-car, does he ask about the way? Not at all. It is only the time it takes to go from one place to another. The valleys are all filled up, and the hills are tunnelled, and the only questions are those relating to the time

and cost. Now, as I have said, our cars are for all classes, and at all prices, and they warrant to arrive at the minute ; and, more than all, I never ! ” and here the count stopped, and struck his hands together, by way of emphasis, “ I never, sir, make any extra charge for baggage. Nor do I permit any company of mine to shirk off responsibility by the miserable fetch we see on tickets of some companies I could name, if I chose, — ‘ *Baggage at the risk of the owner.* ’ No, sir ! no, sir ! never ! Our lines have no extra charge for rich or poor people’s baggage. None, sir ! none ! ”

Frank was greatly won by this upright, outright, and downright honesty. It was so unlike all the stage lines and railroad and steamboat companies which he knew anything about, that he felt the count was an honor to the stock companies of which he was a member.

But, though Frank was deeply interested in all the count had to say, he was not unobservant of what was around and before him.

At the entrance of the arch, beneath the central towers, massive gates of iron were thrown back, with a clang which told the weight of material of which they were wrought. Once within the walls, the taste of the count was revealed. There was every variety of undulation in the lawns, little silver lakes of water, clumps of trees, and marble statues, whose pedestals were so near the ground that, as they came in sight, by the turnings of the road winding up to the château, Frank stood at gaze to see if the lovely forms of females were indeed marble, or were mortal beings, clothed in life and beauty.

Trooping over the sward were herds of deer, with their fawns

bounding and playing on the rich carpet of green grass. On the rising ground stood the château, with wide-spreading wings for offices and conservatories. The portico was lofty, and Corinthian columns, intercolumniated, upheld the roof, on which was painted, in fresco, Apollo and his attendants. There was a flight of twenty steps to the pavement of the spacious porch, from which the whole sweep of country, and the park, with its lawns, lakes, fountains, and statues, were seen at once. It was here Frank found his wife, Annie, and Oliver, seated in luxurious chairs, which had been wheeled out of the grand hall of entrance, for their comfort, by the servants.

The host stood with his guests, listening, with a pleased air and gratified attention, to all they could say in admiration of his taste, and, especially, to all that Annie had to say; this done, he called their attention to some points of view, some combinations of statuary and shadow, which, when pointed out, they at once saw to be beautiful. One of his servants now came to the door, and the host, on seeing him, begged to be excused for leaving them. Our pilgrims gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of congratulating each other on their good fortune in finding such a home for the night.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR PILGRIMS DINE WITH COUNT DE VILLE.

WHILE they sat in their easy-chairs, enjoying the serenity of the scene, a servant-man appeared upon the porch, dressed all in

white, which strongly contrasted with his Moorish brown skin. His eyes seemed to gleam, as he scanned our party and requested them to follow him. In the hall of entrance they were received by Count de Ville, who invited them to their rooms. It was a noble hall, full of pictures and statuary. They paused, to look around and admire. Their host then led the way up the grand staircase to the second story, and, bowing, he pointed to an open room for Oliver and his wife, and on the opposite side a room in all respects similar, for Frank and his wife. The count, bowing, said, "We shall sit down at half-past six, precisely; this will give you an hour." On entering their rooms, every want was anticipated and provided for.

At half-past six, a silver bell was jingled at their doors, and they descended. Their host stood at the foot of the stairs, ready to receive them, and offered his arm to Annie, who chanced to come down first, and led the way to the dining-saloon.

Here new wonders of art and taste rivetted their attention. The pictures, statuettes, and busts were all beautiful, and so disposed as to produce the most perfect effect. They were reproduced and reflected by immense mirrors, with which the walls were panelled; but the table, at the instant, hungry as they all were, was the object of chief interest. It was covered with plate of the richest workmanship, and most exquisite forms, sculptured with a skill which the graver of Benevenuto Cellini could not excel. Before every plate was a little donkey, in whose pammiers was salt, and every donkey in some way was unlike all the others, and yet any one would have graced the cabinet of a prince. So of every article upon the table; each was in itself peculiarly striking and beautiful. The vase on the plateau

was of golden filigree-work, supported by the Graces, in gold and silver, of workmanship not only beyond all they had ever seen, but tasking their imaginations with its varied beauty and effect. This was filled with exotic flowers just culled from the conservatory, which exhaled a grateful odor. The servants also demanded their share of wonder. Five were dressed in white and silver, their coats and vests richly embroidered, and the effect upon their faces and eyes was wonderful; never were there such gleaming eyes as these men had; at least, so thought Gertrude. Five were black as night, and dressed in a full-suit uniform, covered with gold lace, and a marshal's scarlet badge crossing their breasts from right to left, tied over the left hip with ends deeply fringed with gold. The Moorish-visaged servants in white attended to the plates, while to these appalling Africans was assigned the changing of the wine-cup — a duty discharged with a military flourish and precision, as they advanced from and retired to their stations, not unlike artillerymen loading and firing a cannon. These men filled Annie with dread, by their military manœuvres and warlike appearance.

Although all these objects of interest, curiosity, and wonder fixed the attention of our pilgrims, in spite of their good-breeding, the count was himself too well-bred in any way to notice their surprise. His manner was quiet; leaving his guests to his servants, he said little, and ate like a man possessed of a quiet conscience and of a good digestion. A valet, elegantly dressed in black, stood behind his chair, to whom he addressed a sentence or two; but our guests, with all their facility in language, did not catch a word they could understand. The count, in this way, authorized his guests in like manner to talk with each other,

sotto voce; and it added much to the luxury of the repast to have all reserve thus quietly laid aside, and to be left at liberty to eat and drink, without thinking of the speeches to be made to keep up the ball of conversation. It is really a serious affair to dine well.

The dishes were all foreign and various, but every one of exquisite delicacy. They ate by no card, but by selection of their servant, who, as he changed one plate, presented another of quite a new pattern, whether of porcelain or plate. So, also, the field-marshal of the wine-cup. Every glass sipped was withdrawn, and a new cup or new glass, more beautiful in its sculpture or its crystal beauty, was placed before them; and as, with a flourish, the wine was poured out, the name was announced by these modern Ganymedes.

During the dessert, conversation gradually arose without effort. The sun's last rays lit up this saloon, so full of objects of beauty, with radiance. The lamps were already lighted, and, as the daylight grew less, these increased in intensity of light, so that night advanced upon them unconsciously. The host now began to task his powers of pleasing, and soon a happy joyousness circled the table.

To some remark made by the count, contrasting the pleasure their presence gave him to the gloom of being solitary and alone, Annie, in her happiest manner, said :

“Ah, count! you have so many things to win the love of ladies, that I wonder they do not come down from those great houses yonder, and take your château by storm; and you would then be compelled to capitulate, and purchase your liberty by wearing such silken chains as they shall see fit to impose.”

“My dear madam,” said the host, “I assure you the very first lady I had the happiness to entertain, after entering into possession of this property, was one of the most attractive beings I have met with anywhere. I sought by all means to win her. She accepted my gifts ; but it was to share them with her husband.”

“I should think you a very bad man, if you sought to separate a wife from her husband by any means,” said honest Annie, with unwonted earnestness.

The host seemed astonished. He roused himself, as by a start, so great was his surprise ; and, recovering himself gracefully, he spoke in a tone of utmost gentleness, and, with a smile almost benevolent, — he doubtless designed it should be such, — bowing to Annie, and putting his hand upon his breast to give every possible force to his words, said :

“My dear madam, believe me, I never had such a thought. I pledge you my honor, I was ready to adopt them both as my own, and to give them all this property ;” and, turning to Oliver, who sat on his left, “you see, sir, how little hope there is of an old man like myself detaining any ladies here, when once they have a notion of a pilgrimage to the Celestial City. By the way, are you acquainted with any one at Vanity Fair who can introduce you into the best circles ?”

Oliver replied, “He supposed he should meet with some of his friends who had gone on a pilgrimage ; but none who had become settled there for life.”

“Then I shall be glad to give you letters of introduction to some of my friends,” said the count.

“We shall be greatly obliged to you,” said all.

"Will you spend a week with me?" said the count, with a most frank and winning manner. "I have some friends on their way, to whom I want to introduce you; for they, too, are pilgrims."

Frank replied, they could not stop short of the Interpreter's House; he thanked the count for his very distinguished courtesy and kindness, but felt that they must go forward the next day. The conversation then turning upon the route, the count intimated it was unsuitable for persons of their rank and refinement to be seen on foot; and, seeing Oliver was all ready for a discussion, he hastened to speak of Vanity Fair, its churches, operas, theatres, and assemblies, all so mixed up that it was quite confusing, to our ladies especially. He spoke of the Delectable Mountains, and the view from them; also of the Phalanstery, and its wonderful results; and would have talked on until midnight, but, finding his guests dead with fatigue, he rose, a movement they gladly met by rising. Four servants presented themselves, each bearing two massive silver candlesticks with lighted candles; and, the count preceding, led the pilgrims into the hall of the grand staircase, at the foot of which he stood, and, laying his hand on his heart, bowed profoundly to each as they passed him, saying, "Good-night, fair lady; good-night, my dear sir," as wives and husbands passed up the stairway to their chambers.

Never were they so wearied before. They said their prayers hurriedly, and hastened to their pillows completely worn out with fatigue. Only Annie had life left to say one word, which she whispered into Oliver's ear as he was all but lost in sleep; but

the thought would not stay ; it was too vivid in her mind not to be expressed.

“ Oliver ! Oliver ! I say, Oliver ! listen to me ! ” pulling him by the ear as she spoke, — a discovery most wives make as the surest way of being replied to by sleepy husbands, who, sometimes, without some such persuasive method, cannot be made to listen to the most reasonable and necessary truths.

“ What is it, dearest ? ” said Oliver.

“ Were you not frightened at those black slaves, in their military dress and bright scarlet badges across their breasts ? I was really frightened.”

“ Why ? ” asked Oliver, in a most sleepy tone.

“ O, their red sashes were so like streaks of lightning on a thunder-cloud ! ” said Annie.

Oliver was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PILGRIMS BREAKFAST AT THE CHÂTEAU. — THE LIBRARY OF
COUNT DE VILLE.

THE day was far advanced before our friends awoke ; and, on descending to the first floor, the count's valet presented them a packet of letters, with a message from his master, expressing his regret at being called away on urgent business, and saying the carriage was at their service whenever it should be ordered to the door.

Their breakfast-room was beautifully shaded and cool. The day was bright and warm, so that the subdued light of the room was in pleasant contrast to the fervid sunshine on the portico, where they had been standing for half an hour, admiring the scenery by a morning light. This room was unique in its furniture, and unlike the other rooms into which they had entered. It was an oval; a section of which was part of the external wall of the edifice, so that three windows, rising from the floor, opened upon the flower-garden. The pictures were all of a cabinet-size; and these, with statuettes, and busts, and mirrors, covered the walls. All were so disposed that the symmetry, though felt, could not be defined.

At the breakfast, only the Moorish servants, in a neat, simple white dress, waited upon them. Everything was pleasing in their manner and appearance but their eyes. These were coal-black and fiendish,—so thought the ladies. The service was of the purest china and gold; and the coffee was nothing less than nectar. Never had they tasted anything so perfect before.

After breakfast they visited the saloons, and carefully examined the pictures; and from the house they walked into the gardens. Weary with all they had done, they ascended to the library, a large hall on the second floor, where another surprise met them. It was the extent of the count's library and its character. The compartments devoted to history and literature seemed disproportionate to those filled with theology, church history, and criticism; and most of all were they surprised at the vastness of the contributions to the count's library made by the Catholic church; and of that church, those made by the Jesuit fathers.

Frank and Oliver's attention was especially attracted to this fact; for, until now, they had not known that such men had lived. On the same side of the library which contained the writings of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Cyprian, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, Peter Chrysologus, Gregory Nazienzen and Gregory Nyssen, Augustine, Jerome, Leo the Great, Anselm, Bernard Albertus Magnus, Bonaventura, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, to say nothing of all the biographies of the Benedictines, also were found the *Exercitia Christianæ Perfectionis* of Rodriguez; *The Imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis; *The Sinner's Conversion*, by Salazar; *The Spiritual Meadow*; *The Garden of Roses*; *The Sinner's Check-rein*, and hundreds of the like, whose titles afforded our gentlemen no little amusement.* But next they came to a compartment where great folios stood like a park of heavy artillery. There were some of the great casuists, as Bauny, Escobar, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Amicus, Lessuis, Fillintius, Sanchez, Hurtado, Azor, Layman, Tambourin, Tolet, Dicastillus, Celot, Posa, Reginaldus, Maldonet, Caramuel, Petrus Michael de Sauraman, and others, whose writings sanction every crime and palliate every lust man and woman can perpetrate. Nor were these books, like the busts over the cases, merely for ornament. Not a volume was there but had paper-marks in it, to show it had been consulted.

Now, while Frank and Oliver were examining the books, our

* The Catholic church is very rich in works of this sort. Rabelais (vol. I., p. 314, Bohn's edition) ridicules the taste of writers of his day (A. D. 1500) for quaint titles, in the catalogue he gives, in chap. VII., book II., "of the choice books of the library of St. Victor," found by Pantagruel in Paris.

ladies most naturally took upon themselves to examine the papers and letters lying loose and covering a long table. And they found no little amusement in guessing the character of the count from what they found lying before them. Here lay an interleaved copy of Den's Theology, with the count's interlineations and emendations; there, a *Concio ad Clerum* which he had interlined extensively, making passages in it so very nice by his emendations that it was utterly beyond their guess what it meant. And here were pastoral letters, more or less interlined, and piles of letters from the Very Rev. Doctor Pusey, his Eminence the Cardinal Wiseman, whom the count, by a brief endorsement in pencil, called a very foolish man for his course in England. Then, too, there was a letter from Henry of Exeter, full of wrath against somebody therein alluded to; and, indeed, all the *movement men* of the Anglican and Anglo-American church seemed to hold a very active correspondence with the count.

Annie picked up a letter which lay on the floor, and had been trampled upon. Amused by its contents, she called Frank and Oliver to the table to listen to it. It read as follows:

“ St. Bartholomew's day.

“ MY EMINENT AND DISTINGUISHED FRIEND, COUNT DE VILLE:

“ I am at my wits' end to find some new way, suited to my episcopal functions, by which to pay old debts. May I beg you to help me out with a hundred and fifty thousand, on a bond payable without grace? Something must be done; my creditors are numerous, taking in the entire circle, from cooks, confectioners, butchers, bakers, up to wine-merchants. I really cannot go up to the city but they follow my steps, and gaze on me with

an anxious earnestness never surpassed by the cripple in the temple upon my worthy predecessors, St. Peter and St. John, as though I could give them something! But, dear count, like those fountains of episcopal power, rich in all things else, 'silver and gold have I none.' And now what remains to me? What have I left with which to pay my debts, unaided and alone? Pray help me to a reply.

"With sentiments of high consideration,

"Yours, always,

"† GEORGE."

This was endorsed in pencil :

"BRASS!

"DE VILLE."

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY REACH THE INTERPRETERS' HOUSES.

THE wheels of the carriage grinding the gravel now notified our pilgrims of their departure. They had ordered it to be at the door at one o'clock. The valet appeared in the library and announced the carriage. They now felt sorry that they had not put off the time for an hour or two later. With many lingering looks at the pictures, the statues, and the splendid suites of rooms, they took their seats in the open landau, and once more admired the grounds, which stood well their severest scrutiny under a noonday sun. When they reached the Gothic towers, the great iron gates were once more heaved open by the four giant men

who acted as porters, and the carriage swept through with a loud echo of the walls, and turned up the road toward the "*Arc de l'Etoile*,"—so Frank had called it. As they drew near, they pulled the check-string, wishing to examine it. The coach coming to a stand-still, Frank asked the driver the name of this arch.

The man replied, "It is called the Wicket-Gate."

"The Wicket-Gate!" cried Oliver; "where, then, is Castle Beelzebub?"

A smile, all but a sneer, was on the face of Jehu as he replied, "O, that's long since pulled down, sir!"

"I am glad to hear it!" said Frank. And then, addressing his companions: "It will never do for us *to ride* through the Wicket-Gate,—we must get out here." And, as they alighted, Frank addressed the driver once more: "Which of those buildings is the Interpreter's House?"

"Choose for yourself," was Jehu's reply, who smiled as he wheeled his horses round, and, with a crack of his whip, was gone.

Our pilgrims stood gazing up at the arch. It was Egyptian in its style, built of granite, bearing the symbol of eternity on the plinth. All was massive, and impressed awe on the beholder.

The houses of the Interpreters were three in number. The one nearest was separated by a wide ravine from two others, which stood near to each other. They all had tall sign-posts, with sign-boards swinging, on which their symbols were painted.

"Can it be," asked Frank, "that we have reached the Three Taverns, where Paul met his friends, and thanked God and took courage? I hope it may be so in *our* experience."

"I rather think not," said Oliver.

"They are all grand-looking buildings," said Annie; "and, I

take it, a good tavern is always considered by travellers a good subject for thanksgiving."

"Time has surprisingly changed the aspects of this route since Bunyan wrote," said Frank.

"I have no idea he ever came over this road at all," said Gertrude.

"Let us go on," said Frank; and they soon came so near as to scan the sign of the first, which bore the name, in gilt letters, of "Tremont House." The picture on the sign was a crystal vase of floating island. And here we will describe this house.

The Tremont House, as it stood before them, wore an attractive appearance. It was modern in its style, and encircled by a spacious veranda. It had been built, as they afterwards were told, on the naked granite, and was then only one story in height. But, about fifty years before, the children of the family, not finding it suited to their taste, by the aid of jack-screws and like contrivances, had raised it up into the air, and put piles under it, which, being lathed and plastered, and dyed and spotted, made, at a distance, a very excellent imitation of hammered granite. These changes were much opposed by the old folks; but the young ones would have it all their own way, and still they were not satisfied, for many of them wished the old house was burnt down to the ground; for then, they said, they would rebuild it in accordance with the march of modern improvement.

In this respect, the other hotels were entirely different. The Hotel d'Italia was an ancient building, and greatly resembled a modern structure built after an antique fashion, for "the diffusion of knowledge among mankind," which ignorant persons have insisted was a sort of architectural castor, placed on the table-

land of the city, containing a miscellaneous collection of mustard-pots and pepper-boxes; and which, to show the wonderful skill of the architect, who is well known for his Gothic structures, fell, under his hands, into a heap of ruins. This remarkable event stands unrivalled in the history of architecture, — a modern building, of an antique fashion, falling into ruins in the process of erection! No wonder his name has become famous in the annals of Babylon! The Hotel d'Italia bore the sign of the Roman cross, with a crown of thorns around it; and the Oxford Tavern, as it was called, was so very like it in external appearance, that our pilgrims, at first, thought it was all one and the same edifice; but they found, on a nearer view, there was no actual connection, though one wing of this building was so very close to it as to admit a wire-drawn bridge to be stretched across the space out of the upper stories. This wire bridge, being painted sky-blue, at a little distance could not be seen, it was so like the sky, or a gossamer web; but, by frequent experiment, it was found able to bear very weighty and eminent persons, who held constant intercourse with the residents of Hotel d'Italia. Such, however, was the competition between these rival houses that this was not done openly, but always in the dark. These "perverts," as they were called, were attracted by the high wines and *liqueurs* distilled and drank freely by the *habitués* of the d'Italia; and they really went so far as to propose to knock down the end of the partition-walls in the wings, and unite the two houses, placing them under the same governing head, with a general supervision only; but the proprietor of Hotel d'Italia would consent to no union of the sort. The symbol of the Oxford Tavern had never been agreed upon. In former days, it was held to be a

bowl of hot punch; the handle of the ladle was seen over the end of the bowl; above, a cloud of vapor gracefully curled. But the more recent opinion, and that which obtained in the day of our pilgrims, was, that it symbolized a tureen of turtle soup; the ladle being equally necessary for soup as for punch. The symbols of the Tremont House and Oxford Tavern, however significant to antiquarians and ecclesiologists, were to most persons as dark as the glyphs on the Luxor obelisk to the people of Paris.

As our pilgrims approached the Tremont House, the appearance of the company upon the veranda was eminently attractive; and, having no better motive to govern them, they determined to put up at this home of the Puritan Fathers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PILGRIMS REACH THE TREMONT HOUSE.

WE have anticipated somewhat the knowledge subsequently acquired by our pilgrims, and have advised our readers of what they then, and for some time afterwards, were ignorant.

Frank and his party were met by a clerical-looking gentleman at the entrance, who introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Tollman, and to him they introduced each other. He led them into a sitting-room, and went for the host, whom he presented as the Rev. Mr. Hopewell. Frank, addressing these gentlemen, told them they were a party of pilgrims in search of the Interpreter's House. The host smiled very kindly, and said he should be gratified to

render them any aid in his power; and both the host and Mr. Tollman expressed their pleasure that the Tremont House should have their preference.

"How do you purpose to reach the Celestial City?" asked Mr. Tollman.

"We purpose to follow the Guide-book," said Frank.

"Indeed! That path has somewhat fallen into disuse, and I doubt if even honest John himself could now find it out," said Mr. Tollman.

"We are sorry to hear you say so," said Frank; "but if it can be traced, we mean to do so."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Tollman. And, turning to the Interpreter (as our pilgrims regarded the host), he said, aloud, "How very refreshing!" and added in a whisper, which Annie caught, 'How remarkably green!'"

Frank inquired if the hill they had come through was called the Hill Difficult, and was told it was so very like it that the tunnel had been cut, at great cost and labor, as equally convenient and necessary for travellers. Annie asked if the great building next to them was the Palace Beautiful, and if those young ladies, Piety, Prudence, and Charity, lived there. At this Mr. Tollman could hardly keep his countenance; and the Interpreter, in an amiable tone, replied: "My dear friends, those are opposition houses to our hotel, and, indeed, they are rivals of each other. Those who love the mediæval style call them beautiful; but they are ill-contrived, and have none of the modern improvements. As for those young ladies you speak of, they kept up a 'House for Pilgrims' a great distance off, — a long way beyond here, — years ago, which was called 'The Palace Beautiful;' but

after so many houses of entertainment were opened this side of them, they became discouraged, and, taking their porter and lions, they set out for the Celestial City, where you will find them. As for the house itself, it has long time since rotted down to the ground.”—To all which Mr. Tollman bowed his acquiescence.

The silence of our friends touched the sympathy of Mr. Tollman, who bade them rejoice “that the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places.” “I refer,” said he, “to the underground railroad, so called from the numerous tunnels of the way. By taking an omnibus, in two hours you can reach the station-house, and arrive at Vanity Fair by sundown.”

Our pilgrims made no reply; but now began to understand that the way to the Celestial City, out of Babylon, is very different from the way out of the City of Destruction; and this caused a feeling of great perplexity. So soon was their joy obscured by doubt!

“Shall I show you the rooms we have vacant?” said the Interpreter, rousing them from their reverie.

“Thank you, sir,” said Frank, “by all means. And let us have a private parlor, if possible.”

Rooms every way pleasant for sight and for comfort, with a large private parlor, were duly selected and agreed on. They fronted the Wicket-Gate, and commanded a fine view of the Château de Ville and the country around.

There were about a hundred and fifty guests at table in the dining-hall, whose appearance showed them to be, for the most part, of the gay and fashionable circles of Bostonia and its vicinity, and from Babylon. Towards sunset, the Roxbury omnibus came out crowded: returning, it took as many back as it brought

out, as did the Cambridge line of coaches. This Cambridge line was poorly sustained since the Roxbury opposition line had been set up. Those who came out in the "Cambridge Hourly" were elderly people, both men and women, and maidenly ladies who wore caps. Day after day, as these lines drove up, they attracted the attention of Frank and Oliver, who wondered that the proprietors of the Cambridge coaches should keep up a line evidently running itself into the ground.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE INTERPRETERS' HOUSES.

THE Oxford Tavern and Hotel d'Italia were about a quarter of a mile off, on the other side of the deep ravine we have spoken of. As this had never been bridged over, neither the Hotel-d'Italia nor Oxford-Tavern guests held any intercourse with those of the Tremont House. One road led up to the Tremont House, and another to the Hotel d'Italia and Oxford House. But, though they all came through the Wicket-Gate, so called, they separated at that point.

We will here say that the old "Slow-and-Sure" Oxford coach came regularly to the minute, and showed more arrivals than the Cambridge Hourly. The clerics were easily known by the cut of their coats, fashioned after the pattern worn by Doctor Upatree; and the young lady travellers were marked by their fashion, and by a pious air, such as the Saints of the Annuncia-

tion wear on Sundays, and during Lent. But the Roman line was always full on the outside, though the inside was rarely crowded. These last were persons of fashion and refinement, but the outsiders were Irish, Germans, and Swiss, new to the country, and to whom all was as strange as new. Frank was one day walking around the Hotel d'Italia, when an Irishman came out of the basement story, where this class of travellers dined, pell-mell; coming up the steps, in a great passion, the man cried out, "Poor benighted hathen!"

"Why benighted, Patrick?" asked Frank.

"Poor hathen divils! they don't know how to cook *praties* here."

"Indeed, Patrick, very few know how to cook *praties** anywhere," replied Frank.

Our pilgrims noticed that guests of the Tremont House, whether they returned to Bostonia, or took the omnibus which transported passengers to the station-house of the underground railroad, had no badges of any sort, nor rolls; but, having paid their bills, they either tore them up or carelessly pocketed them; and yet, these were the only rolls known to such pilgrims. A young gentleman presented his to Annie, saying, "Here is a certificate for you; make good use of it; I don't want it, as I go back to Bostonia direct." It was an elegantly engraved tavern-bill. At the top was a perspective view of the Celestial City, seen resting on the clouds, and it read thus: -

* Some years since, the cook of the Carlton Club-House died, and applicants from every city on the continent appeared. A committee examined them as to their qualifications. The first question asked the astonished *artiste* was this: "Do you know how to cook a potato?"

"HENRY ALLEN GOODHUE, Esq., TO TREMONT HOUSE :

"For Entertainment, \$35 00.

"Received payment,

"THOMAS HOPEWELL, *Treasurer.*"

And under this, in old English text, these words :

"Directions to Pilgrims going to the Celestial City —
Keep to the right as the Law directs."

As these pilgrims' rolls were objects of great interest to our travellers, they made special inquiry as to them, and we here state the result of their observations and inquiries. The Oxford rolls contained a certificate of their baptism and confirmation. These were written on parchment, and tied with ribbons. The Romans had these, and beside these, the certificate of their first communion, which their young ladies especially prided themselves in, greatly, as they were now eligible to enter upon married life. Nor in this were they left behind by the fair pietists of the Oxford Tavern; for, as in the pocket Bibles of old Christians the worn edges of the leaves show you at a glance where to find the Psalms of David, so, in the Prayer-book of these ladies the tarnish of the gilt points you to "the Service of the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony," in proof that they too gave this subject their careful study. Indeed, one of their young girls one day asked Annie to tell her what was the meaning of the words, where the minister declares the parties married "Man and wife." She had been puzzling herself to guess what wonderful transformation came over the groom. With a simplicity and earnestness indescribably amusing to Annie, she asked, "What was he before?" Annie smothered her laugh in kisses, and said: "Dear girl, he was nobody. The Prayer-Book teaches you the great

truth, it takes a wife to make a man." A reply which saved Annie from all further questionings on this head. And now we will introduce our readers to the acquaintances made by our travellers during their sojourn at the Tremont House.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY DINE WITH SOME STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

It so happened that several important anniversary meetings were about to come off, and the Interpreter of the Tremont House was greatly pressed with his duties. He excused himself, therefore, from devoting his time to our pilgrims, as they hoped he would. Mr. Hopewell introduced them to many of the guests, by whom they were received with kindness and courtesy. A meeting was about to be held at the Tremont Hotel, preliminary to the "Woman's Rights Convention;" and the house rapidly filled up with very eminent ladies and gentlemen, whose hearts were alive to the melancholy condition of women.

Our pilgrims found plenty of occupation in the new circles into which they had entered. They almost thought themselves among the best circles of ancient Athens; for, like those people, the topic of interest was "some new thing." The more odd, absurd, and startling to all received opinions, the better; and if it should be suggested as a doubt that all the experience of antiquity had been just the other way, the answer was at hand, "so much the worse for antiquity." There was no depth they

could not sound, no infinity they could not measure, and no obvious fact they could not ignore. Nothing could be more various than their subjects of discourse, within the range of topics they deemed worth their notice; the chief of which, we may here say, was the last lecture, the newest poem, or the newest revelation of the Seer of Poughkeepsie, or the last rappings of the Rappers.

Among the latest arrivals whose coming produced a sensation among the guests, was the Rev. Dr. Spearum; Mrs. Deborah Samson, a splendid, able-bodied, as well as strong-minded woman; Mrs. Emily Cutting, a charming person to look at; Mrs. Schmidt, an *earnest* lady, from Tübingen, very latitudinarian in her opinions; and Mrs. Doctor Harry Hunter, who, though given to the practice of medicine, for herself, in every turn of her face, said, "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it." In company with these ladies, there came their shadows, a set of retainers who follow them in all their peregrinations in "the new crusade." Among other guests who happened in, was an honorable senator of the States-General, and his lady, with whom our pilgrims formed a most pleasant acquaintance. His humor was infinite, and his good-nature beamed from his full, frank, honest face. It was a long summer's day where he was. When told of the preliminary meeting of the Woman's Rights Convention to be held at the Tremont, the honorable senator requested our friends to be present; for, as they all thought the women were among the oppressed, he hoped Frank and Oliver would each make a speech on the occasion. He insisted upon it; said he should certainly speak, and begged them to do so; until Oliver really began to feel a desire to hear his own voice in a public meeting.

The Interpreter gave a dinner in his private parlor to a few select friends, on the day prior to the meeting, and invited our friends to meet them, which was gladly accepted. They were introduced at this time to Mrs. Samson, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Schmidt, and Mrs. Harry Hunter; to the Rev. Dr. Spearum, the Rev. Dr. Dodge, who, with the Rev. Mr. Tollman, and themselves, made up the party. Of the gentlemen we have nothing to say, but shall let them speak for themselves.

During dinner the conversation was general, but gradually grew to be special, coming closer and closer to subjects familiar to themselves; as, when Dr. Spearum spoke of the last general convention, recently held, and the tendency of a certain person towards the stupidities of the Puritan Fathers. Mr. Tollman feared brother Hammett had hazarded a little too much when he expressed his painful astonishment that the Bible had been called "the word of God," saying, "this is the most pernicious phrase that could be used." The Rev. Dr. Dodge then argued that the book of Esther could not be the word of God, because it did not mention the name of God once. Mrs. Samson begged to save Esther from any reproach; she thought, of all the sacred books, falsely so called, *that* was one to be saved. The Rev. Dr. Spearum said, Dr. Hammett was, in his opinion, to be commended. He had himself, not long since, in a lyceum lecture, delivered in the ancient borough of cordwainers, held that "the character of God could not be learned from his Word; and, further, that that Word can be taken for truth only so far as it has been, and not until it has been, verified by the works of nature; and he contended for the truth of the old proverb, 'actions speak louder than words,' and God's actions or works were infallible, but his Word was not."

“If this be so, sir,” said Oliver, “you must have left your hearers to the inference that ‘none but scientific men, read and skilled in physical science, have satisfactory means of the knowledge of God.’”

“Not so fast, my dear sir,” said the doctor; “I said, not satisfactory, but perfect means; for I hold, that ‘true religion originates in the study of Nature; and that revelation cannot be understood without the aid of natural science. For the revelations of Nature cannot be suppressed, interdicted, or mutilated, defaced, or worn out. And, while the world stands, they must remain the first and last of all the revelations of God, — that, by which all other revelations must be tried, and before which all others must stand or fall, as they agree or conflict with each other.’”

“Permit me to ask,” continued Oliver, as querist, “in what condition do you leave the vast family of mankind, even in this land of ours? They are as ignorant of all sciences as the common people of Athens were of the fine-spun philosophies of the Academy and Porch; they know nothing, and at no future time can they know much, of Geology or Ethnology. And when they find the teachings of God’s Word, as to the origin of the race, upheld by Linnæus, Leibnitz, Buffon, Humboldt, Blumenbach, Cuvier, Pritchard, Owen, Smith, and Bachman, and opposed by Agassiz, Morton, Van Amridge, Nott, and, last and *least*, the Egyptologist Consul at Cairo, what are we to do?”

“Bless my soul!” exclaimed Mrs. Samson, with a beautiful laugh, which was sure to conciliate, and almost to conquer; “it is not possible, my dear Mr. Outright, that you believe the *Primer* when it says, —

‘In Adam’s fall
We sinned all.’ ”

“Yes, madam,” replied Oliver, “that’s my present belief.”

A look of surprise went round the table. Oliver continued :

“I think, madam, with Dr. Smyth, ‘the Gospel must stand or fall with the doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race.’ ” *

“In God’s name, let it fall, then !” exclaimed the earnest lady ; “I have no wish to be kin either to a negro or a baboon.”

“Pardon me, madam,” said Dr. Dodge, with almost as much earnestness as the lady herself ; “we have taken the negro question under our special care, and this language of yours would sound very strangely in our next Anti-slavery Convention.”

This remark induced quite a pause.

“I think,” said the Interpreter, “we should, whatever may be our opinions, and however confident we may be of their truth, follow the example of our venerated fathers, in the manner of bringing in opinions at war with those generally received.”

“I should be much gratified, sir,” said Frank, “if you would relate the conduct of the fathers to whom you allude.”

“It would be repeating what most of my guests would regard as a twice-told tale ; in one word, then, as was said by the sun of our theology, when speaking of his settlement, in 1803, over the Federal-street parish, where he began his brilliant career, it was ‘by most scrupulously abstaining from every expression which could be construed into an acknowledgment of the Trinity.’ ”

* “The Unity of the Human Race,” by Thomas Smyth, D.D. New York. 1850.

"I only wish he had ended as he began," said Mrs. Samson.

"Do you doubt it, madam?" said the host, with an offended air.

"Yes, sir, I do!" replied Mrs. Samson.

"And on what ground, madam?" asked the host.

"You shall judge for yourself, sir," replied Mrs. Samson. "I happened to be at Lenox, in 1842, when he addressed us at an anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, in these words: 'The doctrine of grace reveals the Infinite Father imparting his Holy Spirit, the best he can impart, to the humblest being that implores it.' Does not that smack of the Trinity? Nor is this all. He said further: 'The doctrine of the Word made flesh shows us God uniting himself in a human form, for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfection.' Is that meaningless, and intended to be so, or what does it mean? And, as a climax, he closed thus: 'Come, Friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood on the cross, to reconcile man to man and earth to heaven!' You may, perhaps, be able to reconcile all this with his calling the cross of Christ 'the central gallows of the universe;' but I have never found man or woman who has ever yet attempted it."

There was a pause; matters were getting tangled.

"May I ask, sir," said Frank, addressing the host, "what you deem to be the basis of belief at the Tremont House?"

The Interpreter brightened up at once, with the air of one suddenly released from embarrassment, and, with a benevolent smile, replied:

"That, my dear sir, was laid down in the first number of our *Christian Examiner*, which has ever since been regarded as the

exponent of our faith, in these remarkable words : ‘ He believed enough, who believed no more than the humanity of Jesus Christ, and who deemed the allusions to evil spirits to be a mere indulgence of the language of popular superstition ’ ; in other words, there was no devil ! ”

“ And was that all ? ” exclaimed the earnest lady of Germany. “ Why, the devil was ignored by us half a century since.”

“ Doubtless,” said the host, with something like a sneer, “ we are a century behind you in progress. We have not yet adopted your belief that man is the only God, or humanity is alone divine. *Ladies* have held this opinion privately ; but it has only recently been avowed in our pulpits.”

“ And do you hope to set bounds to progress, and say to freedom of intellect, ‘ Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther ’ ? Let me tell you, reverend and dear sir,” continued the earnest lady, most warmly, “ there is no such thing as fixity of faith. Our belief must depend on a thousand and one accidents of family, condition, country ; and, once for all, I have to say this, — the Catholic doctrine of reserve, in matters of faith, practised in the early history of this house, was equally deceptive and disgraceful.”

“ My dear lady,” said Mr. Tollman, in his soft, persuasive tone, slightly nasal, which added to its sanctity, “ it is unwise thus to speak your opinions before those who may chance, perhaps, to be weak in the faith. We should follow the counsel of Paul ” ——

“ Paul ! Paul ! ” interrupted the earnest lady, “ I hate the name of Paul. I regard him as the Apostle of Servitude ; who, not only held the Unity of Races, but denied the rights of woman. There’s no such bigot as this same Paul ! ”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONVERSATION AFTER DINNER.

FRANK, to change the subject, asked the Interpreter, "What were the present prospects of the Tremont House?" The company were evidently gratified by the tact and courtesy on the part of Frank, in saving them from a dinner-table controversy.

"I regret, my young friends," said the host, bowing to Frank and the ladies, "that this house is not what it once was. When I took it, we were of one mind, united and happy; but, in consequence of a change of hands of our stock, many of the old proprietors selling out and new ones buying in,—matters have so altered that I have little control of it now. The Roxbury Omnibus has tended greatly to the loss of our respectability; and now, the only result we have to dwell upon with unalloyed complacency is the modifying influence we have exerted over the opinions of pilgrims and preachers belonging to other houses. The old fountains of Calvinism have been so mixed and altered by artesian wells of limestone we have opened into them, that they are, for the most part, brackish, and have become what, in common parlance, is called 'milk and water.'"

"Will you please explain to us how this was done?" asked Annie.

The host bowed and smiled. "By liberalizing our Christianity. In order to head us off, the Orthodox, as we call them, sought to sugar their dogmas till they became all sugar. 'The offence of the cross,' to use the phrase of Paul, has well-nigh ceased. In this contest, we could always go beyond them; but,

alas ! that I should live to say it, our sons have gone as far ahead of us as we of the Orthodox ; and we must join the 'movement party,' or become extinct, leaving to our opponents to try their skill in restraining their children within bounds they now deem evangelical. We owe all our success to the sagacity of our fathers, and their skill in mining and sapping."

The splendid lady, whose beautiful placidity seemed beyond being ruffled, now spoke : "And you approve of this doctrine of reserve as practised by your fathers ?"

"Yes, madam," he replied, "I do, upon the plea of necessity. It was vital to success."

"But was it honest? was it manly?" asked the lady.

"It was following the example of Paul, — catching them with guile," replied the host.

"O ! this doctrine of duplicity, which Doctors of Divinity call the *Doctrine of Reserve*, — how I hate it!" exclaimed Mrs. Samson. "And not a single cry of conscience was heard," she added, with a proud look of contempt.

"Why, to tell the whole truth," replied the host, "there were some little misgivings about the misappropriation of old Hollis's endowment for founding a professorship of Divinity ; who required the professor to be 'of sound Orthodox principles.' It was a bitter pill to swallow ; but we found it could be washed down at our corporation dinners before we had drank our second bottle. O, those were famous dinners ; and such wines as we drank !"

Here Mr. Spearum broke in upon the talk : "Those were days of ignorance, no longer to be winked at," said he, winking and grimacing at the bottles of wine opened, and in process of evaporation, upon the table. The host joined in the laugh, and continued :

"The fact was this: we had to hold on to the professorship, or, as the lawyers say, 'confess judgment.' We had to go it, but the Divinity School has never prospered; and, sometimes, our professor, with all his pains-taking and improved *eccaleobian* process, has hatched out but a chicken or two in a year."

"And I think we may say," said Mr. Spearum, "those we have hatched out soon find their work of picking up crumbs which fall from the table of the rich, rather tame and wearisome."

"Yes, indeed; this is most lamentably true," said the Interpreter. "Some have taken to politics, and have preferred the embassies of earth to those of heaven; some to making books; and I have heard of one, famous in his day, who invented a razor-strop."

Here, the initiated burst forth into laughter, while our pilgrims sat by, with a wondering look at the point made. Mr. Spearum, with great courtesy and good-humor, seeing this, said to them: "Our host has just launched a shaft at me; and, to understand it, I must tell you, some of my people were addicted to evil spirits, and lived, to use the phrase of medical men, by their being exhibited. Now, I sought to exorcise them of these vile spirits, and failed. Then, as the next best thing I could do for them, I sought to improve their outward man; for the truth is, they required to be treated with some *barbarity*, so very restive were they under my manipulations; and when, madam, I presented them with my invaluable razor-strop, to my astonishment, they utterly rejected it at my hands."

"And so they remained unshorn," said Annie, with a gay, laughter-loving look.

"Unshaven, lady," replied the doctor; "but really, from the

outery they made under my hands, you would hardly say, unshorn. Indeed, the remark of a professional gentleman, made under somewhat similar circumstances, often came to my mind, — ‘a great cry for a little wool.’ ”

Upon this, the frolic of the company was made manifest in various ways; and our pilgrims laughed, although ignorant of the pungency of the doctor’s wit.

What a charming incident at a dinner-table, when the dessert is on the table, is the first hearty laugh! All little conflicts are forgotten; and the entire company at once rise to the summit-level of the last story. So it was now. The host was warmed up to a bright, happy look, and, in a cheerful tone, said :

“My friends, I must tell you an anecdote related of one of our deserters, — if I may so call them, — who once rose to a cabinet appointment. You are all aware that there is nothing they wish so much to forever sink in oblivion as their relations to the pulpit.

“Soon after this eminent person had been initiated into office, with which he was wonderfully pleased and elated, an old friend of mine, a plain Berkshire farmer, who happened to be at the Federal city, thinking it would gratify the new-made secretary to meet an old acquaintance, called at the department and sent in his name by the messenger. He said he waited a long time in the ante-chamber, till at last the messenger came and told him the secretary was ready to receive him. He found the great man sitting at a table covered with papers and letters. The *naïve* manner in which he told the story I fear I cannot give you. Indeed, it is hard to hit —— ”

“Do let us have it!” said Frank.

“I will do my best,” said the host; “and you must have in your minds a plain, honest farmer, in contrast with the *uppish*, dandified, newly-made secretary, in his navy-blue broadcloth coat and extra gilt buttons. My Berkshire farmer said: ‘After I seated myself, I told him I thought I would call, being as how as I was in the city, and pay my respects, and congratulate him on his *appintment*, which was just as gratifying to his friends as to himself. The secretary bowed, and said he was obliged to me; that the honor was equally unsought and unexpected, and the duties arduous, tasking his poor abilities to the utmost; but he hoped to satisfy his friends and the country, so that they should not regret that this high honor had been conferred upon him. Here,’ said the farmer, ‘I was at a loss what next to say. Perhaps you don’t remember me, Mister Secretary? Your father and mine were in the ministry together.’—‘Yes, sir,’ said the secretary, in a hard, dry tone.—‘And, sir,’ continued my friend, ‘I remember, just as well as if it was only yesterday, the first *sarmon* you preached in father’s pulpit; the text was ——’ and here he said he was bothered an instant. ‘Ah, yes! it was from the twenty-eighth chapter of Proverbs, and the twenty-first verse: “To have respect of persons is not wise; for, for a piece of bread, that man will transgress;” and I recollect, just as plain as day, how much my father was pleased with it, for he said, while mother was pouring out the baked beans into the dish, it was a capital *sarmon*, and, like a sword, it pierced between the *jints* and the *marrar*. Old Deacon Simon Greenleaf *squirmed* under it, *considerable*. Father did n’t name him; but he said there was a good deal in that *sarmon*, which, if he had preached it, would have been called *pinted*; and the deacon was a good

deal *riled*, only he didn't like to say so, or he would have made a fuss about it. Now, you know, Mister Secretary, if there ever was a man that had respect to persons, it was the old deacon. Why, he went down to town on purpose to call on Kit Gore, when he was made governor, just to say so when he came back to *hum*; for a governor was somebody, in them times. Now the deacon was one of your old-times, black-cockade, Adams-and-Liberty federalists, and hated Tom Jefferson as he did *pisen*! But no matter for that. What I was going to say was this: you divided your text into three parts, and closed with a practical application of the whole subject. And first, What it is to have respect unto persons; secondly ——.' The poor cabinet minister found his patience utterly exhausted, and rose from his chair in a passion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I've no time to hear my old sermons rehearsed; and, as you have so good a recollection of my preaching, I hope you have profited by my discourse. Sir, I bid you good-day.' My farmer friend rose astonished. He found himself in the entry, and, to the day he told me the story, he never fairly comprehended how it happened that their interview came so suddenly to an end."

After coffee, the party broke up; and we regret to report no more of the clever sayings of Doctor Spearum, the quiet sarcasm of Mrs. Samson, the impassioned sayings of the "earnest" lady, and the joyous humor of Mrs. Doctor Harry Hunter. But, as brevity is the soul of wit, we must leave off here.

Our friends thanked the host and his amiable lady for the pleasure they had each and all received, and retired.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. TOLLMAN'S LUCID EXPLANATIONS OF MOOTED QUESTIONS.

THE next morning, as Oliver and Annie were walking before breakfast on the veranda, the Rev. Mr. Tollman and Rev. Dr. Dodge came up to them, and, after remarks on the beauty of the scenery, Mr. Tollman said :

"I am fearful you may have misconceived a remark made by Dr. Spearum at dinner, yesterday."

"To what do you allude?" asked Oliver.

"His saying that the Guide-book had no authority, only so far as, and until verified by, the works of nature. He did not qualify it at the time, and I feared it might mislead you in its application."

"Perhaps," said Oliver, "his remark applied only to such subjects as were within the province of natural science."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Tollman, with an air of high satisfaction. "We are very liable to misconception; and it is highly important that all general statements should be carefully restricted."

"But is there not great danger in making such statements before a popular audience?" said Oliver. "How many of those worthy artisans, and their sons and daughters, may have gone home under the very impression you so justly deprecate!"

"It may have been so," said Mr. Tollman.

"And would it not have been modest and wise in Doctor Spearum to have withheld that remark? What do we know of

Geology and Ethnology? These are new sciences, and change with every year. And how readily men seize some novelty of theory which upsets the very basis of all law and religion!"

"It is certainly to be regretted it is so; but science must not be repressed by any fear of consequences," said Mr. Tollman.

"True science," replied Oliver, "has, thus far, always been on the side of revelation. It is your tyros who step boldly in where angels fear to tread. Where is your doctrine of reserve, sir? Would it not be well to use it in all seeming conflicts of science and revelation?"

"Perhaps it might be," said Mr. Tollman, in a hesitating way.

"Let me change the topic," said Oliver. "Our host told us last night that the devil had been sublimed, and the fires of the lower world extinguished. Do you sympathize with Universalists?"

"Have you not misapprehended our host?" said Mr. Tollman.

"Perhaps I may have done so; and if I have, what is the exact position you hold here on these subjects?"

"Exactitude, dear sir in stating our opinions, is a very difficult task. We repudiate all creeds, and all confessions, so that it is easier for me to tell you what, as Unitarians, we do not believe, than what we do. We do not fraternize with Universalists; though, in making up our tables, we count them as on our side. But 'blank and bald Universalism'* is based upon texts, about which the men who wrangle are utterly incapable of giving an

* See Dr. Dewey's Works, vol. III., p. 115, for this phrase.

exegesis which the ripe scholarship of our brethren would indorse."

"But do you believe in a hell in contrast with a heaven? That is the gist of my inquiry," said Oliver.

Mr. Tollman was evidently reluctant to go on with this discussion, and the Rev. Dr. Dodge spoke for him:

"We do not say much about such subjects; and, when compelled, as I am at this moment," smiling as he spoke, and bowing to Annie, who was all alive to the colloquy, "we hold that the language of the Scriptures must be, of necessity, figurative, and hell-fire, the worm, etc., mean remorse. And, when we have thus put out the fire, we suggest a doubt if the terms used for duration are not likewise figurative; and there's a good deal to be said on this score. Then we adventure strongly on the attributes of mercy and beneficence, and so let down the drapery over an idea, which, however presented, is terrible in the extreme."

"But do you not destroy one of the most powerful incentives to repentance by so doing?" said Annie.

"Ah! if our people were of the vulgar class, what you suggest would be of great weight; but they are not. With us, it is only necessary to see virtue portrayed for her to be embraced. For then, sir," said the Rev. Dr. Dodge, with emphasis, "the fluidity of the soul tends towards the Infinite, and then begins the harmony of the Subjective with the Objective,—the adjustment of the Contingent with the Absolute."

"When, sir," asked Annie, in great perplexity of mind, "and under what condition, does all this take place?"

"It is, madam," replied Dr. Dodge, with a sort of afflatus, "when the soul is absorbed into the divinity, and the corres-

pendence of the finite and concrete is established with the infinite and abstract. 'Tis then the soul becomes the seat of the Absolute, and recognizes its subjective Divinity beneath the guises of the normal and apparent. 'Tis then the enthusiasm for the pure and the lofty is awakened, and Man becomes the Shekinah of the Infinite One."

Hereupon, Dr. Dodge and Mr. Tollman, with gracious bows, left Oliver and Annie in a state of amazement. They continued walking up and down the veranda in silence. Annie, seeing Oliver still striving to unriddle these dark sayings, burst into one of her dear, delightful laughs, and addressed her husband in these words: "My dear husband, listen to me and to my words. The question is, What does Dr. Dodge mean, and what does he say? He says, in the language of the philosopher in *Rasselas*, 'To live according to nature is to act always with a due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to coöperate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things.'"

"Dear wife, what does all this mean?" said Oliver, still under the influence of the storm of words he had listened to.

"To whom do you refer, — to Dr. Dodge's parables or mine?" asked Annie.

"Yours, Annie; they are quite as dark as Dr. Dodge's," replied Oliver.

"Ah, well! I was reminded," said his gay wife, "of this famous wise man in *Rasselas*; and I came to the same conclusion in regard to Dr. Dodge, that *Rasselas* did as to the philoso-

pher, of whom he said, 'He should understand less, as he heard the longer.'"*

"Indeed!" said Oliver, waking up at once to the frolic of his wife; "and we, too, may say of all such wisdom as is said of the last chapter of that book: 'The conclusion, in which nothing is concluded.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRELIMINARY MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION AT THE TREMONT HOUSE.

THE company at the Tremont, on the day of the preliminary meeting, had reached its utmost capacity. This important event came off on Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, in the great hall, which had been duly fitted up with a dais, upon which the chair was placed, and before it a table for the secretary. The room would hold three hundred persons with all comfort. Our pilgrims received a printed card, with their names duly inscribed thereon, inviting them to attend; and this was done to exclude certain young folks, whose presence was not desired on this occasion.

Gertrude declared she should not go, for she did not want any rights she did not already possess. She was well content to be the wife of one husband. She thought, from all she had heard young ladies around say, and from what they did, that there was nothing lay so near their hearts as widening the sphere of woman's rights in one direction; and this seemed to be, the right to appro-

* *Rasselas*, chap. xxiv

priate the time and attentions of the husbands present for their own pleasure; and, for her part, she thought Mr. Frank Trueman was just as ready to be led away as they were to beguile him.

“My sweet wife!” exclaimed Frank, “how have I offended?”

“Did you not go out botanizing with that pretty girl from Milton Hill, — not once, but a dozen times?”

“Certainly, I have done so!” said Frank. “That young lady is a botanist, indeed, and I have been greatly instructed by her science, and her willingness to be my instructor.”

“Are you so stupid as to suppose Ada Fay cared for the flowers? No, indeed! it was only a little innocent flirtation she wanted to get up; and you could n’t find it in your heart to refuse to follow this nymph of the woods into all the dells and thickets into which she led you, only for the frolic. Was n’t it so, Frank?”

“Dear wife, it may be true,” replied Frank, with a face so troubled that the sympathy of Gertrude was won at once; and, putting her arm in his, she affectionately asked him to walk with her. “Do you go to the meeting?” asked Frank of Oliver and Annie, as Gertrude and he turned to leave them.

“O yes!” said Oliver, “I must go. We will tell you of all we hear, when we meet after dinner. I’ve no doubt we shall be greatly interested.”

When Oliver and his wife entered, Mrs. Samson had taken the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Tollman was acting as clerk. The room was well filled, with about three ladies to one gentleman. Mrs. Samson rose and stated, that “this was to be an informal meeting, with a view to free discussion, preliminary to their anniversary. She hoped that any persons present who felt impressed would speak their mind. They invited a free expression of opinion, and hoped all

would speak as briefly as they well could, for she hoped to hear from strangers,"—glancing to where Oliver and the senator sat,—“as well as from those who have long been accustomed to act with us.”

We shall briefly repeat some of the points made, or, rather, some of the hard sayings uttered, on this occasion. There was no lack of zeal, fluency, nor of readiness to occupy the floor. A gentleman from Bostonia suggested the expediency of an order to be created, to be called “The Sisters of Honor,” which should be the refuge of those ladies who had married unhappily, and wished to separate from their husbands without the publicity of a divorce.* This plan was very charmingly advocated; but the naked fact, that one tenth of all the married women in the world would be applicants for admission, rendered it utterly hopeless. . . . Mrs. Harry Hunter made some admirable remarks on the importance of good health, vigor, power, nerve, to women who hope to contend successfully for their rights. She said they would find out, some time, the value of the truth contained in the proverb, “An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” But, as there must be doctors, and women would not do without them, she could only say there was no one so well fitted for this profession as woman. . . . A gentleman of eminent refinement rose, and uttered his sentiment: “That, from the ancient statues, it was apparent that a finely-formed woman was much nearer these models than the men of the present day.”* The senator whispered to Frank: “How comes it he knows all this? He’s a minister.” . . . Mrs. Rose said, “that women of our day were obliged to undergo a bleaching process, and to use lemon and vinegar to make them

* By Rev. Mr. Channing.

pale and interesting; and then she was so cramped by mock modesty that she dare not speak of the leg of a table." A lady rose and remarked: "It was, doubtless, within the recollection of some present, that when Greenough's Chanting Cherubs were on exhibition in Bostonia, the cherubs were obliged to be clothed in clouts before the ladies of Bostonia could be brought to look upon them." Mrs. Stanton said: "We can neither have high-minded, noble, virtuous, nor brave women, so long as ignorant mothers and Parisian fools compel the vital organs to perform their revolutions in one half the space required by nature. A woman with lapped ribs and a diseased liver may make a religious enthusiast, a gloomy misanthrope, or a sentimental voluptuary, but not a reformer of stern virtue." Mrs. Abby H. Pierce read a report she had drawn up. She said: "Woman is cramped, dwarfed, cowed down, for want of pecuniary independence, and she is now compelled by poverty and dependence to take off her crown of womanhood and lay it at man's feet. Woman had no rights, would have none, till she had attained the right of voting. The ballot-box was the casket to be won. Until then, men may give, may grant, may endow woman, but woman was without rights till she could command them." Objection being made as to woman's entering into the broils of an election, it was answered: "The remedy is easy. Divide the election districts, or have separate windows for receiving the ballots of women, as at post-offices, till men become humanized."—Oliver rose and asked, "Would you have them hold offices?"—To which Miss Pierce promptly replied: "Most certainly. We would have women to be what God intended them to be, — companions in counsel and in government. Let them sit together in

our national councils, and the violence, rowdyism, and vulgarity which now reign, will be banished. The existence of these characteristics shows us clearly 'it is not good for man to be alone.' " This was a little too much for the honorable senator, who, rising with a glowing smile, full of wit and humor, and bowing very profoundly to the assembly and to Mrs. Samson, commenced :

"MRS. CHAIRMAN AND LADIES : I beg to be permitted to say a few words on the subject now alluded to. I have had some experience of congressional life, and I have known a little of the intrigues of men in high stations. As it is, they are bad enough, and I fear that this enlarging the sphere of woman's activity would add nothing to her happiness or respectability ; nor do I believe her presence as legislator would lessen the intrigues in and around the capitol. For myself, I believe God has made a most marked difference in the sexes, and for us to attempt any subversion of God's plan is being wiser than he who made us, and who has established the condition of our being, so that each sex has its separate and appropriate excellence. And I believe, too, whatever a wife may be, she must never forget she is a woman ; and if things go on well with a husband and wife, it is because they have their separate spheres, which, while they interlock, never come into conflict. Now, Mrs. Chairman" (the honorable senator was very precise in the accentuation of this title, throwing the stress slightly upon the last syllable), "I must say, that I fear this mingling up of men, — base men, corrupt politicians, lobby members, and the like, — and those 'fairer forms,' so styled by men of gallantry, and by some 'sober-minded men,' 'the weaker sex' (Paul, I believe, prefers the epithet 'vessel'),

will be, must be, cannot fail to be, attended with many embarrassments and conflicts, alike disastrous and distressful. One word more. Mrs. Chairman and Ladies : When I married that lady," pointing to his beautiful wife, sitting with Annie, not far off, and whose face was in a glow at this unexpected reference to herself, " this doctrine of spheres was a matter we talked over, and we came to this conclusion : that I should keep all right on the outside of the house, and she should do the same — for the inside. Well, my friends, we have lived together seventeen years, and never jostled each other in the least. We have been a pair of stars, such as astronomers tell us about, which shine with a complementary light, and revolve around each other, and which have done so from the day-dawn of creation, describing orbits in entire harmony, mutually dependent on each other, and without any fear of collision. To be sure, Mrs. Chairman and ladies, I have found my wife, with all her excellences, — and no one knows these so well as myself, — a real daughter of mother Eve, and none of you can know all the temptations I have had to resist. I hope none of you will believe me capable of biting at a naked apple, after what has happened ; but it is the apple still which has been presented to me. Sometimes it comes in the shape of apple dumplings, and sometimes cut up fine, and deliciously made up into mince pies ; and here I am as I am (giving a heavy blow on his capacious waist), standing before you, a pillar, like Lot's wife ; not exactly a pillar of salt, nor yet a pillar of state, but a living monument of what a man may become by a wife ruling in her appropriate sphere ; and in so doing, you all see how greatly she has enlarged mine," laying his hands upon his ample sides as he spoke. There were a great many ladies on the verge of laughter ;

but as for Mrs. Samson, placid as she usually was, her spirit was troubled; and as for the other speakers, they were looking daggers drawn at the honorable senator. "But, Mrs. Chairman and ladies (continued this gentleman), I did n't mean to make a speech, but rose simply to tell you an illustrative anecdote, true to the letter, for I was present at the time. When Capt. Symmes went all over the land, lecturing of spheres inside the globe, — as novel an idea, and as original with him, as the electro-magnetic telegraph to our countryman Professor Morse, which none but pirates have ever questioned, — he came to the town in which I was then a freshman; and we all, faculty, students, and townspeople, went to hear him. For myself, I confess I was greatly interested in what he said; nor can I divine where the reindeers go, migrating to the north as winter comes on, unless his theory is true. But no matter for the theory now; my story has a moral worthy of all consideration. I am aware I am now speaking of the *dears* of our own land, the reigning dears, and not the reindeers; *dears* as hard to rein as the fleetest in the herds which scamper over the ice-fields of polar regions. But to the point. After the lecture was over, the audience, at the invitation of the captain, retained their seats, in order that questions might be asked and objections stated, to all which he replied as best he could; when Joyce, our village tailor, rose and said: 'Cap'n Symmes, I understand your theory perfectly, but there is one little difficulty which occurs to my mind, and it is this: I don't see but as how the atmospheres will get mixed up with the hemispheres, and then how is the heat to be regulated? That's the question, Cap'n Symmes,' said the tailor; — and that's my question, ladies!" and, so saying, he took his seat. The young

ladies laughed to their hearts' content, heedless of the frowns of Mrs. Samson, and the cries of "Order!" "order!" on all sides.

Oliver now rose, to the dismay of his wife, and addressed the chair. He began as follows: "I rise, ladies, to express my sympathy with every effort to promote the happiness of woman. I have long felt that woman has not attained the sphere of highest usefulness, in which she is destined to move, an orb of light and joy." Here the young ladies looked very sweetly upon Oliver, and his poor wife took her first inspiration; she was so frightened at his temerity, and so sure he would break down. Even the mature ladies smiled benignantly. Oliver went on: "We now see women at the antipodes of civilization, the burden-bearers of the poor, or the playthings of the rich; wretched from poverty, or alike miserable from wealth; if poor, too degraded to be elevated by intellectual culture, and if rich, living without object beyond the perpetuation of their beauty. This is the lot of too many,—happily, not of all! There are wives and daughters who are neither drones nor drudges; who grow up into life with high hopes, and earnest purposes of usefulness; who are educated to a high appreciation of the duties as well as the enjoyments of life; and who expect to find life a checkered scene of light and shade, and who meet the discipline of life with a cheerful confidence and a hopeful trust in God. The world has ever been blessed in such women; and the number is increasing of those whose sway is acknowledged and felt, whether amid the busy city, or in the seclusion of a cottage.

——— ' And so it was of old,
That woman's hand, amid the elements
Of patient industry and household good,

Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread
From the light distaff ; or in skilful loom
Weaving rich tissues, or with glowing tints
Of rich embroidery pleased to decorate
The mantle of her lord. And it was well ;
For, in such sheltered and congenial sphere,
Content with Duty dwells.'

"Ladies, such was woman in patriarchal times, and the true sphere of woman's power is in the circle which gathers around her in the quiet and retirement of home" ——

At this instant, Frank Haven, followed by four other young men, entered the room, and, bowing formally and low, approached the centre of the room, and then bowing to Mrs. Samson, asked leave of the meeting to deliver a message from the lower house. Oliver sat down, and Frank Haven, a young man of great promise and position in Bostonia, holding a paper in his hand, which he opened with great deliberation and with an air of solemnity, spoke as follows : "Ladies, certain guests of the Tremont House have held a meeting in the grove, and formed themselves into an association for the advancement of the rights of woman. We have adopted a constitution, and have appointed our officers for the year ensuing ; and a committee of five, who stand before you, are authorized and instructed to present to this assembly a preamble and resolution, which have been adopted without a dissenting voice. With your permission, madam (turning to the chair), I will now read them : 'Whereas, the young men's Woman's Rights Association, held in the grove of the Tremont House, deeply sympathize with the wishes and aims of the young women of the Woman's Rights Convention, now in session in the Tre-

mont House ; therefore, resolved, that any advances they may make shall be met by us with all courtesy, and be gratefully acknowledged." Hereupon this committee withdrew to report to the association in the grove, amid the tittering of the young ladies present, and the severe annoyance of the chair. Oliver rose to finish, when Mrs. Rachel Ramshorn rose at the same instant, and Oliver, supposing the lady had risen to make some parliamentary interrogatory, stood to listen. Mrs. Ramshorn, with a look of indignation at Oliver, began : " Mrs. Chairman, I have no patience left to hear more of the preachment of the person who stands before you. I am really astonished at him ; and I ask, who is this remarkably green man, to come to a Woman's Rights Convention, and quote the Bible and Paradise Lost ? — two books above all others most hateful to every woman who knows she has rights, and has a heart to claim them. Does that gentleman not know so much as this, that his Bible begins with a curse upon woman, and that we are under its ban, and must be to the end of time, or so long as it is regarded as the rule of life ? — a most miserable myth about an apple ! And then, he gilds this all over with poetry. Mrs. Chairman, the days when we can be gulled by rhymes are past and gone. We are not any longer doll-babies to be taken up and put down at pleasure ; nor are we any longer content with having been (a hateful necessity it is !) the wet-nurses of men in infancy, to be their dry nurses in old age. We enter for our full share of life, its honors and its emoluments. Home ! home ! let drivellers talk of home, sweet home ! There is no such home where woman is the slave of a master. Mrs. Chairman, we have had enough of this. I move we now adjourn, *sine die*." At this instant a tall, Meg

Merrilies-looking negro woman, with an enormous turban, rose and addressed the chair. Mrs. Samson begged the company to be seated while Mrs. Sojourner Truth should address them.

"Lord bless you, Mrs. Samson, all I have got to say to you is this: if women want more rights, why don't they take 'em, and not make a long link-um story about it?"

This speech, so pithy, and so to the point, was followed by a storm of applause, and the meeting broke up.

When Oliver and Annie reached the veranda, they met the honorable senator, and his lady, who was taking him to task for talking so of her "in meeting!" The lady was really vexed, only it was of no use; her husband could do nothing but laugh, and she gave it up as hopeless to make him feel sorry, so that she might have the satisfaction of giving him her pardon, on his proper penitence.

Annie, to save the senator and his wife both, for that lady did not know how to give up the pursuit of what she had no hope of attaining, said, "Was it not shameful in Mrs. Ramshorn to speak so of my husband, and *his maiden speech*?" So said Annie, with emphasis, as if everybody must know that as well as herself.

"Your maiden speech!" said the senator, turning to Oliver.

"It is the first time I ever rose to address a deliberative assembly," said Oliver.

"You are very complimentary to the ladies," said the senator, "and when you find an opportunity to finish your speech, of which the commencement was very promising, I hope you will have an audience of lovely girls and loving wives, and not women alike weary of all the relations they hold in society."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PROGRESS OF OPINION AT THE TREMONT.

THE more they knew of the Tremont House, the less they felt like adopting its principles of thought and action. Indeed, to discover what these were was not an easy task. The guests really had very vague ideas of the Celestial City, and of what a pilgrimage was designed to be. And yet nothing pleased them so much as being earnest. O, it was a word upon everybody's lip. Mr. Tollman, speaking of Doctor Dodge, a man of very precise manners, said he was “an earnest minister;” and Doctor Dodge, speaking of the lion-hearted Paul, as the apex of all commendation, called him “an earnest man.”

“Can any one of you tell me,” said Gertrude, addressing her friends, “what meaning is attached, in this house, to the word earnest? Everybody is earnest, and I have no idea of all that is conveyed by the word earnest. It does not mean piety, for Mr. Waldo, whose sentiments seem to me verging on utter scepticism, is called, with complacency and commendation, an earnest man. Now, I have stated my embarrassment, who can help me?”

Frank replied: “So far as I can make out, from all I see and hear, with the religionists of this house, names are things; they care nothing for the *real*, so they secure the *apparent*.”

Gertrude clapped her hands in her surprise, and said: “Pray, let us get out of this place before we learn to speak the shibboleth of these people; it is a jargon I hate.”

And it was then agreed on that, so soon as their month at the Tremont House was ended, they would go over to the Oxford Tavern, a place Frank had himself visited, and where he had met some acquaintances who were very strenuous that he should, without delay, come to that house, where the only genuine Rolls could be had ; all others being utterly worthless.

When their purpose came to be known, they were spoken to by the guests, who urged them to remain, or to return with them to Bostonia ; “ for,” said a lady, “ there are so many varieties of opinion as to this matter, and, as all creeds can’t be true, I believe nothing.”

“ And do you hope to escape all responsibility by such a course as this ? ” asked Oliver.

Doctor Dodge, who was present, said, “ Even this would be less objectionable than to be a follower of some of them ; ” and added, with emphasis, “ ‘ Infidelity itself may shelter a man from a creed which would be worse than utter unbelief.’ ” *

“ I cannot think so,” said Frank ; “ for, in the darkest days of the church, abysmal as the darkness may have been, charities, hospitals, and homes for the wretched have been founded, and maintained, and still live, — such monuments of mercy as no age of Paganism and Infidelity can point to. These mean something. They say something.”

Doctor Dodge replied : “ It is hard to discuss these matters with men whose stand-point is at antipodes to one’s own. Sir, I believe in progress ; and Christianity is one of the steps of progress. But I go one step higher, — it may be, in your judgment,

* Dr. Dewey’s Lecture, delivered in Boston, November, 1851.

a very bold step, — when I say this : ‘ I believe that all beings are advancing and improving ; and that, rank on rank, they are destined to rise and progress in knowledge and purity, through endless ages.’ ” *

“ All beings,” said Frank, “ meaning, of course, all men, — murderers, pirates, misers, extortioners, sensualists, and such like.”

Whereupon, the Lion of the Day spoke up, for he was at first seemingly a heedless listener, as if it was beneath his notice to take part in such a discussion as this. He came forward, and the circle were alive for one of his oracular utterances, his vocation being that of Hierophant of Pantheism. “ Yes, sir, ‘ Man, though in brothels, or in jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true.’ ”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE YOUNG WOMEN’S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

THE group on the veranda dispersed, as it was proper it should ; the oracle had made his utterance, and those who were so fortunate as to have heard it were eager to be the first to repeat it to their absent friends. Our gentlemen took leave of their wives, saying, “ We will go and engage our rooms at the Oxford Tavern ;” and Gertrude and Annie strolled into the house, and along the grand entry to the ladies’ private saloon, — a sort of retiring room, where ladies left their shawls and bon-

* Idem.

nets after a walk. And, on opening the door, they found a conclave of young girls all listening to a lovely girl of twenty, who was standing up, in the act of speaking. She stopped, and our ladies were about to withdraw, when Julia Parsons, the young speaker, cried out, eagerly : " Don't retire, Mrs. Outright, — stay, Mrs. Trueman ; I have nothing confidential to communicate. I am only telling these girls what I think of woman's rights ; so, do come in, if you please."

" Thank you," said Annie ; " certainly, and with pleasure."

" I have been talking to these girls, who have met here at this time, by the suggestion of Miss Helen Hopefull, to discuss the Rights and Wrongs of Young Women. So this is what we call 'The *Young Women's Rights Convention*;' and we think we have wrongs to be redressed."

" Pray, do go on," said Gertrude.

" I was saying, as you entered," said Julia, a girl in all the glow of beauty, and a proud air of conscious power, the natural result of her birth and finished education, " that our 'Mothers in Israel,' these Deborahs, who have sat beneath their palm-trees, possessed of all the endowments of wealth and gratified affection, have no sympathy with us girls, in the real wants of woman. They are striving for honors they must fail to maintain, even if men were to become such fools as to grant them. What intense vulgarity it was in Mrs. Nichols, to contrast the strength of man with that of the Almighty ; and what miserable folly in Mr. Channing, to compliment our beauty at the expense of our brothers. How ridiculous it was for Mrs. Ramshorn to talk of a war of aggression, for women's right to share in the pursuits of men !

“Let those who desire the duties of shipmasters enter the fore-castle as green hands, and see how well they can reef a top-sail in a gale of wind. All this is simply ridiculous ! But there are grievances, great grievances, which are not so much as spoken of, which come home to our business and our bosoms, my young friends. Let me speak out, in this audience of well-endowed, sensible young girls, all I have to say, without stint, relying on your sympathy and candor. I now refer to the restraints placed by the iron despotism of opinion upon us maidens, in avowing our love, as a young man may do, and which young widows never fail to do ; how, I can’t divine, but which I well know from personal — observation.” The young lady had hesitated for a word, and closed her sentence as we have written it.

“All I ask is, liberty to act out the true and earnest promptings of my soul. Why may I not ? Do I love ? Why should I conceal it ? Is it unmaidenly to love ? What folly it is to say so ! For what end and aim were we created, but to love and be loved ? But, alas ! by the conventionalities of society, a poor girl must hide the flame which hallows and glows in the deep recesses of her soul. She must do so, or lose caste and be jeered at. And yet, there is nothing unwomanly, nothing unworthy the purity which heaven loves, and which we long for.

“Let me tell you a story. It will illustrate all I have said, and is a case in point, and I well remember what Shakspeare has said :

‘An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.’

“I have a relative about my own age, who has been most carefully educated, and who has a warm heart and generous nature. Every one says so ; and what everybody says must be

true. Born to wealth, surrounded with its luxuries, she knew nothing of its influences, — its repressing influences on those not so endowed. There came to her father's house a young man of twenty-one; he was the son of an old friend and classmate and a minister; a poor man, rich only in good works, and in a large family of children. This was his eldest son, who had worked his way through college by teaching, and, as a tutor, had saved a little to enable him to pay his expenses while he studied his profession. My father gladly welcomed him as a gratuitous student into his office, and at once introduced him to his family, and said to him, in presence of us all, 'Here you are to come at all times; and at all times you will find a warm welcome.'

"I won't tell you his name, but let him now be known as Alfred Smith. He was possessed of a fine figure, and his face was always beautiful; but his modesty, shyness, and reserve, or whatever else you may call it, resting on a proud heart, which led him to contrast his poverty with the wealth he saw around him, seemed unconquerable. My friend was then but sixteen; and her heart, all unconsciously to herself, became interested in this young man. And years passed away, — I say years: it was three years, but in a girl's life what a symbol of eternity! They met daily, and gradually became mutual friends; she seeking in every way to show him her preference, and he striving to keep his heart from avowing all the power and intensity of his love. She little knew of this conflict, or rather of its cause, — that humility which poverty compels, a feeling she never could dream of. But pride, too, told him he must not win the child of one his superior in fortune, for he knew, in all

things else, he had gifts which would be hereafter acknowledged. And so it was, my young friend came to be to him a 'bright particular star,' shining in a sphere he could never reach, or reach too late. He commenced his career with singular success. He rose rapidly; but, alas! while he was full of intense activity, my friend was living in all the idleness of secret love, — a life of sadness and of dejection, — too proud to tell her griefs even into a mother's heart; and why? because it was unmaidenly. But I am wearying you all. Let me hasten to the close. My young friend went abroad for a tour of six months; Alfred accompanied her down the bay, and returned in the pilot-boat. There were looks reciprocated at parting which sustained her heart during all these months of travel, and she returned full of hopeful anticipations; but her bright castles were destined to be cast down to utter destruction, —

'So quick bright things come to confusion.'

"Alfred had met, at a friend's house, an ensnaring young widow, who dressed sweetly, walked gracefully, and, by enchantments only known to such women, won him and married him." Here her voice faltered, and a tear rose to her eye. She was telling her own heart's history, and it was not only "an honest tale," but a tale which every one felt must be true.

"Now, I ask, is there one here who questions if this cousin, this friend of mine, had lived under a healthful public sentiment of the rights of maidens, as well as of matrons, would she have made such a shipwreck of her happiness? No! she would have saved this gifted, noble soul from the wiles and enticements of a showy, heartless woman, and have told him of her willingness

to share her wealth with him, or by a life of labor, if need be, to test her devotion and love. So help me heaven! I will never submit to trammels rivetted upon me by long ages of degradation of my sex, and of distrust of womanhood; but this is wisdom now all too late!"

With these words, the young lady hastily left the room, followed by Gertrude, who led her into her chamber, where this young heart poured forth its griefs into the bosom of Gertrude, who soothed her as best she could, and told her how deeply she had entered into all her trials.

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "Do you know it was I? And have I, indeed, been so great a simpleton? O, how childish I have been! I thought I could command myself, but I have betrayed my secret. O, what unsurpassed stupidity is mine!" And she wept bitterly.

"Ah! I have not told all," she continued. "I did not reveal that he knows my love, and is as wretched as a man hopelessly bound can be made. It is so, and I regret it is so; for his sake, I would he were indifferent to me; but he is not. He loves me; yes, I knew he loved me, but it was a hopeless love. He thought me cold, when I was putting myself under the severest restraint to act out the concealment prescribed by society, and in conformity with the wretched prejudices of women, — one long-continued lie. One word would have saved him, one word would have saved me; but now all is dark and hopeless."

Gertrude now told her of the Celestial City; that it was, perhaps, in this way her idol had been cast down, and her ties

to the world broken, that she might commence the pilgrimage; and invited her to join their company.

"I could go anywhere with *him*," replied the girl, "if *he* were my companion and guide, but I am too weak to go alone. I ought to go; it would be best *for me*; but my home is where he is, and I cannot leave him behind. Whether I shall ever follow you I cannot tell. It is all darkness in my soul, and I am young, — so young, and yet so wretched!"

The next day, having paid their bills and received a separate bill for each one, with the Celestial City in the clouds, and the direction to all pilgrims, in old English letter, at the bottom, —

"Keep to the Right as the Law directs,"

— they took an affectionate leave of all those from whom they had received the courtesies of the hotel, and went over to the Oxford Tavern.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF DELL' ITALIA AND THE OXFORD.

THE pilgrims were received by the Interpreter of the Oxford Tavern with an air of restrained courtesy, calculated to impress upon them that it was a favor conferred on them to be received as guests into his house. The company was very fashionable, and the range of topics was entirely different from the

Tremont. They cared little or nothing for science or literature, at the Oxford, but matters of taste, fashion, and piety were always current among the guests.

Our party soon made the discovery that there was a great rivalry between the Interpreters of the Casino d'Italia and the Oxford Tavern, and they bandied the epithets "schismatics" and "heretics," whenever they became very angry. And it was all about the House, its foundations, its structure, its furniture and apparel; every one of these topics was a matter of constant crimination and recrimination. The Interpreters dell' Italia contended that their house rested on the Rock of Peter, as it was styled in former days, and covered the entire surface; that it was the *primitive* rock, and that the Oxford Tavern, though very like their house in its exterior, was built on a *secondary* formation. Now, the Oxford people were far more courteous than their neighbors, for they cheerfully and at once conceded that dell' Italia was founded on the primitive rock, but they contended theirs also stood on the self-same rock. And so this question had been a matter of controversy for centuries.

Now, there were other people who chose to have an opinion about all these matters, as well as themselves. And we will here state what our pilgrims learned, little by little, during their pilgrimage, on this head. These "non-conformists," as they were once called, and more recently "dissenters," held that these claims about the rock on which these houses were built had been set forth in the dark ages, before geology had taken its place among the sciences; at a time when the classification of the several stratifications of the earth's surface was entirely unknown, and *rock* was a general

term including all formations, whether primitive, diluvial, or tertiary. Now, then, when these foundations came to be thoroughly scanned, it was the concurrent testimony of the best authorities that Casino dell' Italia had been built upon *trap*; hence the proverbial phrase, "up to trap," signifying the fraud and cunning which characterized its servitors; and the Oxford foundations, though so near, were, as was contended by those of d'Italia, different, being a conglomerate, called by the vulgar pudding-stone, but known in science as *Breccia*, sometimes firm as marble, and at other times having little cohesion. That there were signs of disintegration could not be denied, and there were those who were confident the house would fall down; but our pilgrims saw no signs of this. Indeed, it seemed a very well-built house, and likely to stand for centuries. It was true, there were some cracks which ran down the walls, and some of the towers leaned a little. This was owing to the fact, that, in the erection of the house, the mortar was not all sound, — some parts being built with Roman cement, and other parts of common mortar; while the dell' Italia was all laid in Roman cement, and had become petrified. No change, therefore, in that structure could be made; and there it stood, in all its lofty grandeur, a monument of the dark ages.

CHAPTER XXVII.*

THE BISHOP OF INPINETARIS, AND HIS PENITENTIARY.

THE week opened, at the Oxford Tavern, by the coming in of that very eminent prelate, the Bishop of Inpinetaris, accompanied by his Penitentiary.

These gentlemen wore the semi-sacerdotal garb of the servitors of dell' Italia. Their entrance into the saloon, where the guests were all assembled, in expectation of their coming, was attended with quite a sensation. The ladies, especially the young ladies, went down upon their knees at once, folding their hands over their bosoms, and curving their pretty necks before him, for his blessing.

Our pilgrims were astonished to see this example universally followed. To them it was all new; but they were told it was a custom introduced by the clergy of the Babylonian Convention, who had gone in procession, in all their robes, to the mansion of their diocesan, and, on his entrance into the saloon filled with these modern evangelists, kneeled, and received his blessing; since which, this had become recognized as not only apostolical, but, as Mr. John Brown, Sexton, pertinently remarked at the time, "*very re-churcha.*"

The arrival of a Penitentiary was really delightful, for now the young ladies could be shrived in their own house, and needed not to go slyly into the cloisters of dell' Italia for absolution; for this would have grieved their host, who could not endure

* This chapter was written in December, 1851.

perverts, though he longed greatly for converts, and, indeed, he believed the time would come when the wire-bridge would bring in more than it carried away.

The conduct of our party, in standing while all others in the parlor knelt, drew upon them looks askant, which made them feel very uncomfortable; as singularity of conduct, however conscientious it may be, never fails to do. The company, too, cut them directly and perseveringly all that day and the next. But how little a matter changes the current of opinion at a watering-place, or a grand hotel full of fashionables, as to the character and consequence of strangers. About six o'clock, as the company of the Oxford were out upon the porch, some sitting, and others walking under the trees, a lady descried the approach of Count de Ville's landau; and, so soon as this was told, the guests all stood, awaiting its coming. The count's landau was open, — for the day was very beautiful, — and drawn by six splendid black horses, attended by four outriders in rich liveries. The count sat at his ease on the back seat; while his secretary, in a suit of black, very precise and bolt upright, sat fronting his master. The count took off his hat and bowed gracefully, as he passed on, while the secretary just raised his hat.

"Was there ever such a turn-out?" said Miss Virginia Talbot, addressing Frank and Annie. "You see the nicest discrimination made by his secretary; he did not presume to share in his master's courtesy as he passed, but yet acknowledged the presence of ladies by raising his hat. Ah! it is by such little things as these, you feel that Count de Ville is one of the most polished gentlemen of the age."

When the bishop heard that Count de Ville was approaching, he was sure the visit was in honor of his presence, and had gone into the saloon with his penitentiary to receive him. The landau passed on; but, so soon as the count alighted, his secretary, having received some message, came directly toward the Oxford, while the count entered dell' Italia. The guests all now came into the saloon where the bishop was standing. Our pilgrims went into the saloon as mere "lookers-on in Vienna," when the secretary, having scanned those in the room, on discovering Frank and his friends, approached, with many bows. He spoke in a clear, low tone, as follows:

"The Count de Ville regrets you declined his invitation to meet Father Geriot and his wards last week. He has come out to the Hotel dell' Italia to visit Father Geriot; and will now, with your permission, call upon you, with Father Geriot and his wards, that he may introduce them to the honor of your acquaintance. Count de Ville will be pleased to receive your commands."

Frank answered: "Present our compliments to Count de Ville, and say we shall be happy to see him and his friends."

The secretary withdrew, and our pilgrims found themselves at once "the observed of all observers."

While they are waiting for the count, we will inform our readers that, the day before leaving the Tremont House, three of Count de Ville's servants were discovered by Mr. Tollman and the ladies on the veranda, coming on horseback through the Wicket-Gate.

"I am really curious," said Mr. Tollman, "to know who is to

be honored by an invitation from the count. Such an event is rare, now-a-days. He has, of late years, treated the Tremont and its guests with great neglect."

"Indeed!" said Frank, "I am surprised at this."

"It is astonishing," said Mr. Tollman, "that a man of his taste and refinement, and one, too, who was at the time greatly interested in all the changes and improvements made in this hotel,—all of which were after his own plans,—should now care so little about our success; when, too, our guests patronize his railroad so constantly."

"How was it that we were so kindly entertained?" asked Annie.

"O, that's easily explained: you were on foot. If you had come out in the Cambridge or Roxbury line, you never would have seen the inside of his house,—never!"

"We have heard very many stories about this Count de Ville," said Frank, addressing Mr. Tollman. "Will you please say what you regard as the truth concerning him?"

Mr. Tollman replied: "At the breaking out of the revolution, the count appeared, an *émigré*, with nothing but his talents to help him. Afterwards, it would seem, some portion of his property was restored to him, and there are reasons for entertaining the opinion that he had held a high rank in society and in the government; but what this position was has never been exactly ascertained. Some have said he was a prince. However that may be, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he has been always known in this country as Count de Ville. Probably a higher rank was incompatible with the methods by which he was now building up his broken fortunes."

One of the young ladies spoke up and said, "She believed he was a Jesuit in disguise."

"And why a Jesuit?" asked Frank.

"O, he has never been married!" replied the young lady.

The Moorish-looking servant, with eyes which made Gertrude shrink aside, now came upon the veranda, and Mr. Tollman, with a gratified air, advanced to receive the billet. The servant retreated, bowing, as Mr. Tollman advanced. Mr. Tollman, with the air of one offended, stood, while the servant, taking off his turban-like cap, advanced, and, kneeling to Annie, presented her the note, which she took and handed to Oliver. Oliver was about to break the seal, when Miss Quincy begged him to permit her to cut the envelope open with her scissors, so as to save the beautiful seal, which she desired for her collection. Oliver gave her the envelope, and, to please the group of ladies, who had gathered like bees around him, he read the note aloud, thus:

"Count de Ville presents his compliments to his pilgrim friends, Outright and Trueman, and their fair ladies. He begs them to dine with him at six, this day. Father Geriot, with his wards, Blanco and Angelique Seville, who, like themselves, are pilgrims, will meet them. It is the wish of Count de Ville that they should make the acquaintance of Father Geriot.

"An answer is respectfully requested.

"DE VILLE.

"Château, Friday morning."

This invitation, to the surprise of their friends at the Tremont, they declined. This will explain the message of the count.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COUNT DE VILLE'S VISIT TO THE OXFORD HOUSE.

COUNT DE VILLE entered the saloon, accompanied by two ecclesiastics, and a young man and girl. He greeted our pilgrims with the greatest kindness, and presented Father Geriot next, Angelique Seville and her brother Blanco; and last, Father Gerund. These being all seated, the count, in his own most persuasive manner, which would have adorned the court of Louis *le Grand*, told of his regret at not seeing them again at his château. He said it was "because he had so few attractions, and only his poor self for society;" and, perceiving our friends embarrassed what to reply, he went on directly to speak of Father Geriot and his wards, who were all on their way to the Celestial City. Our pilgrims expressed their satisfaction to make their acquaintance, and returned all thanks to the count for his distinguished friendship. Oliver and Frank talked with the fathers, Gertrude interested the young girl and her brother, and the count made himself happy in talking to Annie. His manners were exceedingly winning. There was such deference, a falling of his eye, as if her glance was too bright for him to look upon; and then a vein of sarcasm, like a thread of silver, ran through his playful replies, keeping up Annie to a most happy conversational excitement, in which she was herself surprised at her own felicity and ease; while the others of the party soon did little more than listen to their war of wit.

Gertrude had time to analyze the looks of her young friends,

while they listened with pleased attention to Annie and the count. Angelique was a fair beauty of sixteen, whose blue eyes and dark eyebrows showed the mingling of the blood of two races in her veins; her brother looked about twenty, finely grown, his face marked with strong passions, and his eye glancing fire as it lit up with emotion. The reverend fathers in their cassocks looked like fiends in strait-jackets. They wore the dress of the order of Jesus, and, Jesuit-like, never permitted one to look them full in the eye, but let their eyes fall to the ground with a reverent air, acquired by long practice; while out of the corners of the eye there shot sinister glances, such as made Gertrude shrink. Father Geriot seemed to be one to whom the year was a long carnival,—himself the impersonation of sensuality and cunning.

The Interpreter of the Oxford approached, and, bowing to the count, said :

“The Bishop of Inpinetaris would be gratified to be presented to you, at your leisure.”

On this, the fathers rose, with their wards, and, expressing the hope of seeing our pilgrims at dell’ Italia, withdrew. The lord bishop and his penitentiary were then presented, with due form, and were received by the count with great dignity; after which, they were presented by the count to our pilgrims, and then took the seats vacated by Father Geriot and his party.

The conversation was very formal, at first, on the part of the bishop, but maintained by the count with perfect ease. He seemed to be well acquainted with the bishop’s public life, and spoke in terms of high approbation of the bishop’s “Order of the Holy Cross, at Valle Crucis;” and delicately suggested the

expediency of an "Order of Sisters of the Sacred Heart," to match the Order of the Holy Brotherhood. This he deemed not only desirable, but all experience, in all countries, had shown the necessity of a nunnery in the vicinage of a monastery. The bishop acquiesced; but thought it best for him to proceed with caution, lest the laity should become alarmed by a too palpable conformity to the Church of Rome. He expressed his earnest desire to bring about a reünion of all apostolical churches, and that, "among the effects of this desire, he had been induced to tolerate the Romish notion of invocation of the saints;" and also the establishing of penitentiaries for "auricular confession and absolution," as necessary to salvation; and he had even permitted himself to "entertain doubts whether *our* branch of the church was not in a state of schism." And more: his language at the holy communion had been such as to "expose himself to misconstruction by the use of the term 'real presence,' by which some supposed he held the doctrine of transubstantiation."

The count listened with evident pleasure, and the bishop led off the conversation to the subject of ecclesiology, in which, he said, he was deeply interested. He spoke with great warmth of the utter neglect of this subject in the church, and his efforts to revive its ancient symbolism,—"to restore the era when religious architecture was the exponent of religious feelings, typical of doctrines, and symbolical of faith."* The count said the bishop had expressed his own views in this matter, and he hoped there would be no half-way measures adopted. The most manifest neglect (and it was surprising how it could be so long continued)

* See "Ecclesiologist," Nos. II. and III., for January, 1849.

was the placing and construction of the font, — “the font, which was the corner-stone of all things else.”

This last remark was made by the count in the most impressive manner, and it seemed to reach the sanctuary of the bishop’s heart. He responded to it with enthusiasm. “I think so, Count de Ville, — I think so ! It is so mortifying to me to see a mere bowl placed on the rail of the chancel, and it is sometimes nothing better than earthenware ; and this is the font ! The font, Count de Ville, in which the water is held ‘*wherein*,’ not *wherewith*, — mark that, sir ; so says our catechism, so say our rubrics, — ‘the infant is to be baptized.’ Alas ! Count de Ville, our divergence on this point is immense. The Bishop of Exeter agrees with you perfectly as to baptism being the corner-stone of our church edifice. But I am pained to see the elaborate folly and ignorance shown by churchmen. Why, sir, we have solid marble fonts in our churches, costly as need be ; but, sir, they will not hold more than a cupfull of water.”

The count smiled at the warmth of my lord bishop, and asked him, in a sly way, as if he had some little humor in his heart at the moment, “If the mode now adopted was anything more than immersing the tips of the priest’s fingers ?”

The bishop replied : “Public sentiment, and the sanction of the Romish church, had so completely rivetted this mode into the public mind, that it could not now be changed ; but, he said, the *position* of the font, the most manifest propriety of placing it in the *vestibule*, and not before the *altar*, so that it shall symbolize the idea of being *Christianized* before entering into the sanctuary, was all so clear, that he hoped to induce the House of Bishops to pass a declarative law on that matter. He was

the more hopeful of this change, inasmuch as, at the last meeting of the Convocation in Babylonia, a committee on the prayer-book had recommended the change of a comma to a semicolon," which was carried.

"But I think," said the count, "the rubric prescribes a drain to the font. How is this departure to be met?"

"It does, indeed," said the bishop; "and this is not all. When there is a font, one made after the pattern of the Elizabethan age, it is usually filled by the sexton, without any knowledge of the priest, long before the service begins, contrary to the rubric, which is express, that it shall be filled with water after the minister and persons to be baptized have come to it."

"May there not be serious questionings," asked the count, in very slow, carefully-enunciated tones, "whether a rite so vitiated may not lose all its efficacy?"

"That terrible thought," replied the bishop, "has sometimes obtruded itself upon my mind, and I have driven it from me as nothing less than a suggestion of the Evil One."

"Very likely," replied the count, demurely enough.

"May I venture," asked the bishop, evidently wishing to change the color of the topic, which had been verging from blue to black, "to inquire of you, sir, what is symbolized in the octagon form of the font?"

The count recovered himself, and soon wore his usual air of amenity and politeness. He replied: "You do me too much honor to inquire as to such matters. If I recollect right, the octagon is the ancient symbol of regeneration, and was so used in that symbolical sense, from very early times, first in the form of baptisteries, and next in fonts. The reason appears to be this:

as the number *seven* was typical of the old creation, the number *eight* typifies the new creation in Christ, who rose from the dead on the eighth day. And I think St. Ambrose has been quoted in proof of this."

The conversation was prolonged. Though interesting to our pilgrims, we will only indicate the topics discussed, and upon which the count showed himself remarkably well versed: such as the position of the tower of a church-edifice; the true proportions of the chancel, nave, and sacristy; of the lancet windows, their size and decorations; of the proper division of the chancel into the *sacrarium* and *presbytery*; of the altar, super-altar, the credence-table, the three sedilia, the fald-stood, and the lectern. Most important matters, so it seemed to those who listened, — the names of some of which were new to our pilgrims, so very "low church" were they!

It was nearly dark when the count rose, — the bishop and his penitentiary and our pilgrims rising at the same time. A young lady who had been listening to the count, by some odd freak of her fancy, not uncommon to young girls, thought one so very learned in all church matters must be a saint of some sort, and, coming forward (she was very pretty, and dressed extremely low), knelt before the count for his blessing. He smiled, took her hand, and politely kissed her forehead as it was turned up with a bewitching look, very like some of the saints in the paintings of "the old masters." "My sweet young lady, it is not my vocation to bless you, but I will lead you to one who will not only bless, but absolve you." So saying, he led her up to the penitentiary, to whom the young lady again kneeled, who placed himself in position, and, gobbling up the uncalled-for, adsciti-

tious words "being penitent," he recited the form of absolution in a tone and manner most accurately copied from the Lord Bishop of Merryland. This done, the count spoke a few words so very low into the young lady's ear that she only knew what they were. She blushed, looked pleased, and a tender glance came plump into the count's face as he pressed her hand in both of his, and said, "Adieu ! we shall meet again." Turning to our ladies, who were standing spectators of this little pantomime, he urged them to come and spend a week with him, which they courteously declined. He asked the bishop and his attendant to dine with him on the day following, which they gratefully accepted. They all — the bishop, our pilgrims, and the young lady — went to the porch, and saw the count off. And so ended the visit ; and a most remarkable effect it had at the Oxford, on the standing of our pilgrims.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF ANGELIQUE AND BLANCO SEVILLE.

THE next day our pilgrims called on Father Geriot and his party, and were received with very great respect. The brother and sister showed Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Outright the gardens, while the gentlemen were entertained by Father Geriot, and visited the chapel. Blanco and his sister soon drew our ladies into a talk about their pilgrimage, and with great skill and refinement sought to win them to join the caravan which was

under the guidance of the fathers of dell' Italia. Gertrude, in her turn, sought, with great earnestness, to impress upon them her sentiments. With eloquent tears she spoke; and, taking a little diamond edition of Diodati's Italian New Testament, read them passages which seemed new to her young friends. It was evident enough that Gertrude's direct appeals were worth all the nice dialectics which the young student had at his finger's end. They promised to pray for each other, and mutually to ponder what had been said on both sides. And thus commenced a friendship, which grew more and more dear as the days rolled on. The ascendancy of Gertrude over the minds of both brother and sister was manifested in their ceasing to be disputers, and becoming child-like inquirers. And Annie aided her cousin in making them perfectly understand their own characters in the sight of God, their need of a Saviour, and the way in which God had provided them free and full salvation, — so free, it was only to ask, to receive; only to seek, to find. These were great ideas in the souls of Angelique and Blanco, and they seemed to gain some clear sight of the truth of all Annie had to say in confirmation of the teachings of Gertrude. They took leave of each other at the door of the casino, where Frank and Father Geriot were taking their ease upon the porch, promising to meet again next morning. The next day came; but they waited long for their friends to join them in their walk; and Oliver went over to dell' Italia for them. He there learned the party had left at day-break, for what reason was not known.

“Alas!” said Gertrude, “shall we ever see them again? And if we do not, have we done our duty? O, what a fearful responsibility it is to live, Annie!”

“Yes,” replied Annie; “and I only get glimpses of this great truth, ‘When the Son of Man cometh, will he find faith on the earth?’”

“God is everywhere,” said Gertrude; “that is my joy in thinking of poor Angelique and Blanco. I am glad they have my Testament; I hope it will become a fountain of life to their souls.”

CHAPTER XXX.

OF THE INTERPRETER’S HOUSE IN THE VALLEY.

OUR pilgrims, satisfied they could gain nothing by a longer stay, announced their purpose of leaving the Oxford Tavern. The Interpreter urged them to remain till they should be entitled to a roll, which was a necessary passport to the Celestial City. This they respectfully declined.

The day on which they set out anew on their pilgrimage was bright, and the pathway beautifully green. The guide-boards on both sides of the road, put up by the two houses, ran together for miles, when those of dell’ Italia slightly diverged to the left. Our pilgrims took what they were pleased to call the straight road; and, though a long hill lay directly in front of them, they determined to go up the hill, this time, and, as is always the case, they found it far less difficult than it seemed in the distance. On the other side lay a rich champaign country, and in the valley was a large building, resembling, at that distance, the Oxford

Tavern. Here they were received with great kindness by the Interpreter and the guests. These were much more numerous than at the Oxford House; for the hotel was much more extensive, though built upon the same plan precisely. It was, in some sort, the opposition establishment to the Oxford; and certainly there was no sympathy existing between the Interpreters, though our pilgrims were of opinion (the result of their intercourse during their stay) that most of the guests had little knowledge or interest in matters which their teachers regarded as important, if not vital. There were a few in this lower house (speaking of it now simply in reference to its position, and relatively to the Oxford Tavern) whose hearts were full of the importance of the differences subsisting between them, and who regarded the teachings of the Oxford Interpreter as being nothing less than the blind leading the blind. In one thing all agreed, which was, that their house was built upon the rock Peter, — the only rock on which an Interpreter's House could be built. They, too, held that dell' Italia and the Oxford were both built on the primitive foundation stone, which, they said, cropped out (to use the language of geology) at this point; and they were really offended (some of them at least) when Oliver said it was a conglomerate, and very liable to disintegration.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL HOTELS.

TAKING an affectionate leave of the inmates of the rival house to the Oxford Tavern, they resumed their journey ; and, as the atmosphere was bracing, they made good progress, and reached the summit level of the land rising from the valley into which they had descended from the Oxford, and in which the lower house was built. Here, they saw two stately buildings of vast size standing over against each other, alike in every particular, only the one, whose new gilt sign bore the letters "New School Hotel," had been either recently built, or was freshly painted. The other house bore on its old, weather-beaten sign-board, the name of "*Nassau Hall*." Our travellers did not see that it was worth a pin's head at which house they put up ; and so they entered "*Nassau Hall*." The host asked them of the way, their motives in making the journey, and other inquiries which he said were fitting to be answered by his guests. He was well pleased with their answers, and told them it would give him great pleasure to promote their views in any way in his power. The guests were numerous in both these houses ; and, though the Interpreters were hostile to each other, and at times exceedingly quarrelsome, the guests did not care much for their differences. Indeed, the creation of the rival house was a matter about which the people knew very little more than this, that, a few years before, at a general meeting of the stockholders, a pugnacious western man, with a law-book in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, insisted that those who differed from

him and his party should leave the house ; and, his friends backing him up fiercely, they drove twice their own number out of doors. But after a while a compromise was agreed to, and the new hotel rose into being.

In building this new hotel, great care was taken to lay down, as the foundation, similar stones, and of precisely the same size and form and super-position, as in the old hotel. And, if the stockholders of the new house had but been content with doing this, they would have saved themselves much disputation, for the old-house men would never consent to have a single stone changed, nor the least plastering and whitewashing put on, to make the foundation look smooth ; but all the sharp points must be left just as the stones were quarried, or as God had made them. But the new-hotel men had a great wish to improve upon their fathers' method of doing things ; and, in fact, they did what they could with whitewash to make their house look attractive. This was a great source of displeasure to the proprietors of the old hotel, who soon made a grand discovery, that the new house did not stand plumb ; and, to satisfy Frank and Oliver of this fact, the Interpreter produced his newly-patented plumb-line, siding-scale, and dividers, which he offered to apply to the new hotel, to convince them ; but the extreme delicacy of the lines was such that neither Frank nor Oliver could discern any variation, — nothing which was worth noticing. But the old-house Interpreter insisted he could satisfy them of the truth of all he had said. And they went over with him, to see him apply his instruments to the baseline and sides of the new hotel ; but, really, they could make nothing of it.

“Now, then,” said the Interpreter, “this house has already a bias, which in time will upset it; and all because the foundations have already become unsettled, and are giving way.”

Frank and Oliver looked in vain; they had not the microscopic eye to discern the variation; and, in their judgment, for all useful purposes, one house was just as stable and upright as the other.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE AT YALE.

OUR friends made a short stay with the Interpreter at Nassau Hall; and, on parting, he cautioned them not to put up at Yale House, for he said the atmosphere had of late years been such as to threaten death to all who inhaled it. And our pilgrims would have followed his advice, had they not met on the way other pilgrims, who assured them this was all prejudice, and that no Interpreter's Hotel along the road was more healthful than old Yale.

Our pilgrims soon reached this house, whose exterior was very like the Nassau Hall Hotel, — the same sort of foundations, and a door of entrance of the same width precisely; but the interior arrangements they found somewhat different, and, as they thought, a decided improvement. A great contest was going on at the time of their arrival. The house was full, and a proprietors' meeting being held, at which they attended in common with other guests. It was all about a plan of changing the position of the foundation stones. One of the master-builders declared his conviction that a

change was called for. Our pilgrims were induced to go out and see for themselves. The stones were vast in their dimensions ; and, to have placed them as they lay, one upon another, seemed the labor of giants in comparison with men of modern days. The proposition made by the chief architect for the time being, was, to turn the stones end for end, and so get rid of all the roughnesses now so very unsightly. He had been hammering at these sharp and irregular projections for years, and sought to make the stones wear a smooth, uniform appearance ; but nothing, he said, would be so important as a change of fronts. At the same time, a gentleman of genius and enterprise brought to the notice of the proprietors a new kind of cement, of his own invention, which, in a fluid state, was wrought into any form, and when dry, grew hard as adamant. But his proposal was not entertained.

Indeed, both the architect and the tiler of the house protested against the application of this new cement of Mr. Plastic ; but he was not a man to be turned aside from his purposes ; so he actually covered the external wall, between his room windows, as well as the interior walls of the room he called his own. It was in vain to remonstrate. They talked of turning him out of the house ; but his friends, though few, were firm ; and the proprietors consented to let the plaster stick, an unsightly patch as it was, upon the walls of their beloved mansion, hoping in time it would crumble back to dust. And, though it had been up but a few years when our pilgrims reached Yale House, this patch had already begun to crack, and presented a very sealy, shabby appearance.

And so it was, our pilgrims found the guests along the road so absorbed as to these foundation stones, and other matters con-

nected with these various Interpreters' Houses, and their rivalries and internal dissensions of proprietors, and others, that it seemed to be the chief topic of discourse. The object for which they were built, and the aid they were designed to afford to pilgrims in reaching the Celestial City, had become secondary, if not obsolete.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WESLEYAN, ANDOVER, AND ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSES.

WE shall hasten on with our pilgrims, for it is a weary pilgrimage for our readers to stop at every Interpreter's House they found along the road.

There was a very spacious house, at which they remained a short time, known as the Wesleyan. It had not the same labor bestowed upon the foundations as the other houses they had visited, for a part of the building rested on piles only. Besides, it was only one story in height, and covered over a great space of ground. It was certainly very commodious, as well as spacious; and, instead of one narrow entrance, it had wide entrances on every side. To our pilgrims' apprehension, these Wesleyans took a very common-sense view of the matter. They asked, "If you are in the house, what do you care for the steps whether of stone or wood, or which point of the compass you came in at? All that is needed is to get into the house."

They next came to a spacious hotel, built upon an elevated range of country, called Andover,—in laying the foundations of

which, the grandest efforts of modern architects were tasked. It was a work of great solicitude and care; and, strange to say, though it had not been built a half-century, the present architects were at work upon these very foundations. And this was by the application of a German cement, which had the singular property of expanding in drying to the hardness of granite. Whatever crevice was stopped up by it was made larger; and it is said that structures of vast extent, which had been built for centuries in Germany, had been thrown out of plumb, and finally destroyed. Yet, with all these results before them, this German cement was now in vogue. At another Interpreter's House, recently built on Newton Hill, a new house, they were already beginning to plaster its foundations with this German cement.

Our pilgrims made but brief calls at these houses, when they next came to the Roger Williams House, which stood on the slope of a hill commanding a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country.

The host, a gentleman in the maturity of manhood, whose smiling eyes were overhung by ponderous eyebrows, and whose broad, high forehead gave him the aspect of great intellectual might, came to the door as they approached, and addressed them kindly, with extended hands: "What cheer, pilgrims?" Thus kindly received, they entered, and were assigned cheerful, roomy apartments. Delighted with the scenery, they determined, if they were equally pleased with the society, to make some stay in this house.

The guests were plain, honest folks, for the most part, who had as yet very little of style and fashion among them. The first question put to our pilgrims was, "How did you leave the

city?" And when they replied that they had come through the water in preference to taking the bridges, they were doubly welcome. Their host gave them many private interviews, and, when they expressed a wish to have their rolls made out and countersigned by him, he said he would submit their wishes to the company of guests. If they should deem them worthy of such indorsement, he would cheerfully comply with their request. That very evening the guests all assembled, and our travellers were called in. Many inquiries were made of each of the pilgrims as to their views in setting out for the Celestial City, and if they were willing to go by the Guide-book; to all which, the replies of our friends were satisfactory. The next day they were told the guests had voted to grant them rolls of the Roger Williams House, and would supply each of them with a pilgrim's staff; and, too, they were invited to the Lord's Supper.

The services at the Roger Williams House were like religious services at other houses; and, when they were ended, such of those guests present as belonged to their faith and order were invited to the supper which would be celebrated on that evening. Whereupon the morning service came to an end, and the company dispersed.

Now, among the guests was a party of pilgrims whom our friends had met with on the road, and with whose company they had been greatly edified. This party consisted of William Worthy and his wife, both young, and, like themselves, newly married, and who had but recently commenced their journey to the Celestial City. They had taken their rolls and staffs at Nassau Hall. When the hour came to go to supper, Annie, who was sitting with them at the time, asked Mr. and Mrs. Worthy

if they did not go to the Lord's Supper. She was told they were not invited to the supper, though so kindly entertained as guests at the house. It was hard for Annie to comprehend what this meant, for they too were pilgrims, and most lovely, pious pilgrims, and why should they not also be called to the Lord's table? — for it belonged to the Lord only to invite the guests, and his invitation was exceeding broad: "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely;" but they could not be persuaded, and when Oliver, Frank, and Gertrude came for Annie, she reluctantly left them behind. This solemn service was made deeply impressive by receiving from the host, in the presence of his guests, before the supper, their rolls and pilgrim's staffs. And of these we may as well now speak.

Of the rolls presented at the Tremont, Oxford, and d'Italia Interpreter's Houses, we have before spoken. Those presented at all other houses on the road were similar in form and expression to those we have now to describe. They were engrossed on stiff parchment, setting forth the names of each pilgrim, and their several professions, as made by each one. These were countersigned by the several Interpreters. So much for the rolls. The staffs were somewhat different from each other, for every Interpreter's House supplied a staff, having its own peculiar twist, and knots, and points; so that it was not less a weapon of offence than of defence; and, then, these staffs were the badge of the party to which the pilgrim belonged. Young pilgrims had a vicious habit of using them upon other young pilgrims, as it would seem, for no other object than to gain a facility in the use of them. The trick to be acquired was to bring the knots or points in contact with the cranium of an opponent; and, when a hit was made, the

eyes of the party hit flashed fire, showing the force of the blow, and the keenness with which it was felt. But we will say here, our pilgrims observed, as they drew near the end of their journey, that this pugnacity was rare, very rare. The points once so sharp and prized, and the knots so hard and grievous to their opponents, were all worn or filed off, and nothing but the original twist remained unchanged.

We will here state a fact which greatly puzzled our party at the outset of their journey, and that was, the tendency of parties of the same house, or rather of rival houses, as Nassau Hall and the New Hotel parties, for example, to quarrel; and, also, the Oxford and the Lower House people. These rarely passed without poking at each other with the ends of their staffs; and, when they could find time to do so, they would have a "*set-to*," which would last for an hour or two. But Oliver made a discovery at last, and it was this,—that it was the nature of pilgrims to quarrel most with those they resembled most; that is to say, persons wearing the same badge, and wielding staffs of the same twist, were most pugnacious with each other, and were the least ready to let the other off with the slightest diversity of opinion or mode of travel.

After the supper was ended, and they had retired to their several rooms for the night, Annie said to Oliver: "Now, like a good wife as I am, Oliver, I want to ask my husband whether he thinks this way of excluding guests from the supper-table is right, because they took their rolls from a different house, or their staffs have n't the same twist, or they did n't ford the river. Do you think it Christlike? Is this the end for which the Mas-

ter instituted the supper in remembrance of his love? and is this the answer to his prayer, 'that they all may be one'?"

"O, it must be right!" said Oliver.

"And why must it be right?" asked Annie.

"Because it is the opinion of all ages, and of all Interpreters. They regard unity of sentiment and practice as prerequisites, and, unless there is all due conformity, there cannot be a perfect communion: that's why it is right to do as we do, and as all do."

"Then everybody is wrong," said Annie, with great positiveness.

"My dear wife," replied Oliver, somewhat at a loss how to reply, "suppose you ask the Interpreter?"

Some days elapsed before Annie could get the courage to speak her mind to the Interpreter; for, although he was amiable and very courteous, in his eye there was a lurking love of humor, and his high forehead was so full of great ponderous thoughts that she became timid, and dared not ask a question which she plainly saw was throwing down a gage of quarrel. But a time came when the Interpreter had held a delightful conversation with Annie for an hour or more, and she ventured upon stating her case of conscience. He listened with a pleased and amused smile, at first; this gradually gave place to serious attention to all she had to say, with utmost patience; and, in answer, he said: "My young friend, you remind me of the saying of a royal astronomer, who not only discovered some spots on the sun, but perturbations of the planets, which he thought must result in the ruin of the celestial system, and he said, 'If I had been at hand when the Almighty created the universe, I could have made

him some important suggestions, for the improvement of the universe as it now is.' ”*

Annie was silenced, but not satisfied ; and when she told all this to Frank, Gertrude, and Oliver, Frank said : “ Certainly, neither God’s laws nor Christ’s ordinances were made to meet *our* tastes. They took their rise in his perfect will. And, if our Lord had made it a first duty to cut off our right hands in token of our fealty on setting out on our pilgrimage, it would be a poor compliance with his command to pare our finger-nails, and say, it is so much more convenient, and it means the same thing.”

Having received the benediction of the Interpreter, they set out, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Worthy ; and, as they went forward, overtook a very large company of pilgrims from different houses, on their way to the Celestial City. They were now not far from Vanity Fair, and expected to see it from every height they ascended. They came to a wood of some extent, and, under the shade of trees, they sat down to rest, for it was near mid-day. They had wallets well supplied, and a spring of purest crystal out of a great rock gave them clear cold water.

An old man joined their party, and expressed his delight to see the fraternal sympathies so uniformly manifested on all sides, though there was so great diversity of opinions among the pilgrims present. “ It is very different in our time from what it was about two centuries since,” he said.

“ I am glad to hear you say so, venerable sir,” said Annie, in reply. “ May I ask, how was it in the times you speak of ? ”

“ O, it was altogether different. Instead of travelling along

* Alphonsus IX., King of Spain.

as we do now, with a tap on the head from the staff, or a poke into the ribs, which, after all, does not do much harm, they were wont to burn each other at the stake, as you remember was the fate of poor Faithful, the pilgrim, in Bunyan's day."

"O yes, I remember Faithful was burned up by the people at Vanity Fair. Do they burn pilgrims now-a-days?" asked Annie.

"By no means," replied the pilgrim; "nothing can be more amiable than the way they are now treated by the citizens of that famous place. Everything has changed since that day, though there are some who think the old way, all things considered, safer of the two."

"What, to burn folks at the stake?" cried Gertrude.

The old pilgrim replied: "That process was not at all pleasant, but it was at least safe, and productive of great good; and, though one set of pilgrims burned up one of another set, whose staff had a different twist, yet it did n't change the character of those who burned, nor of him who was burnt; as, when one sheep kills another sheep, both remain alike sheep, only one is dead and the other is alive."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Gertrude; "you seem to be an apologist for persecution for opinion's sake."

"Not at all," replied the old pilgrim; "but I believe the Lord of the Way may deem it best to let slip the blood-hounds of persecution, whenever pilgrims cease to be pilgrims indeed; and the good resulting from it is this, that, instead of loitering along the road, stopping at every city and pleasant watering-place, as is now the custom, they would be more alert, and more ready to press onward to the Celestial City."

After they had ended their refreshment, they all proceeded

together up a long ascent, which brought them in sight of the great city of Vanity Fair, — at the sight of which there was a great rejoicing among the pilgrims of the various parties, all of whom were delighted to be so near this great thoroughfare on the way to the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OUR PILGRIMS REACH THE CITY OF VANITY FAIR.

WHEN they came in sight of this city, they were greatly impressed with its vast extent. It lay along a wide plain, and innumerable spires and domes were glittering in the sunshine. On the north they saw beautiful elevations rising one above another as far as the eye could reach, known at Vanity Fair as the Delectable Mountains. These were covered with forests and pastures. On the south lay the beautiful "Looking-glass Lake," gemmed with a thousand islands; and on the west, far off on the horizon, were seen granite peaks shooting up into the sky out of fields of everlasting snow. It was, indeed, a lovely site for a city, and the view of it was one of surpassing beauty.

While this party of pilgrims, amounting in all to six or seven hundred, were gazing with delight upon the City of the Plain, as it was called in other days, Mr. Evangel, a vigorous old man, who had been stationed at this point by order of the Lord of the Celestial City, ascended a rude pulpit by the roadside, and, in a

trumpet-toned voice, exhorted the pilgrims to pause. He pictured to them, in bold language, the danger of going through Vanity Fair as more fatal than the fires of Smithfield. He pointed them to a shady path leading into a valley, which he said "would take them safely round the city. It was rough, but then it was safe." Here he was rudely interrupted by a number of men, employed as runners of the various hotels, who offered cards to the pilgrims, saying their house was the best in the city, and that their omnibus was waiting to take them into the city, free of charge. And these omnibuses, in great numbers, stood at a little distance, all ready for reception of passengers, covered all over with placards, which read: "Positively the last night. Bowery Theatre. London Assurance. Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Dean." Another: "Broadway Theatre. Madame Celestine will appear in a new ballet this evening." "Opera House. 'Les Huguenots' for the last time." And, strange to say, these placards seemed to have great attraction to many pilgrims. Mr. Evangel was heard above all the clamor of runners and omnibus-men, praying them not to go into the city of Vanity Fair.

There were a good many who went at once into the several omnibuses, but many lingered, listening to Mr. Evangel. Mrs. Worthy said to her husband: "Let us go down into the valley; the darker the road, the closer I shall cling to you; and no path can be dark which is shared with you." Others said: "No cross! no crown!" and so it was, the valley was taken by many. Miss Judith Oldfield, who had joined herself to our pilgrims, and whom they met at the Oxford House, and again at the Lower House, said: "She thought it was cowardly to take the

valley road. She had set out with a fixed determination to resist the devil and all his works, and she wanted nothing more than to meet him face to face. She said it was the duty of pilgrims to bear their testimony to the world; they had a right to expect trials, and she was willing to take her share of 'em." Now, Miss Judith was of the class known as fashionable folks, and she had been very pretty, and as yet had seen no one who met all the demands of a lady of her rank, family, and pretensions. The city of Vanity Fair to her was a place to be desired rather than avoided. But poor pilgrims, for the most part, took the Dark Valley road, and those married far more frequently made this election than those unmarried.

While our party were standing, making these observations, and while yet the omnibuses were waiting for more passengers, a servant, in rich livery, came running about, asking for Mr. Trueman or Mr. Outright, when one of the pilgrims pointed them out to him. The man in livery came with low bows, and delivered to them a note, which read thus:

" 1 Liberty Square.

" Lord and Lady Dielincœur, with their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Trueman and Mr. and Mrs. Outright, send their carriage, and anxiously expect the pleasure of their company to dine with them."

This was entirely unexpected, and they at once attributed it to Count de Ville. After a little hesitation, they thought it was due to the count and to his friends to accept their courtesy, and to deliver the packet they had till now forgotten; and, indeed, now they had an excuse for it, they did not care if

they spent a few days at this place. The man threw down his steps, and opened the door of the coach with great parade of manner, and, as soon as they were seated, he ascended the box alongside the coachman, and away they went at a rapid rate into the renowned city of Vanity Fair.

This is a city of great extent; the long lines of noble mansions, the broad avenues and verdant squares, seemed to our pilgrims interminable, and the rush of life manifested in the crowded streets, and the carcering of splendid equipages, became at last oppressive, and they grew weary with the effort to notice all that was noticeable. At one moment it was a noble church, then a park surrounded with spacious houses, then some great edifice, the object of which they could not guess at; next, some palace or a hotel, exhaustive of art and costliness; until it was a positive relief to them when the carriage drew up before a noble mansion, in one of the most beautiful of the avenues they had traversed.

At the instant, they felt a little embarrassment at being ushered, with so little preparation, into a stranger's house; but there was no time for this feeling to be expressed, for, as the door of the carriage opened, the door of the house opened, and nothing remained but to enter.

The hall greatly resembled their own loved home in Babylon, and the saloons were filled with all the elegances of taste and art. It was a splendid suite of apartments opening into each other, covering all the first floor not occupied by the hall and staircase. They were not left long to gaze around, or to exchange any words, when a lady, elegantly dressed in morning costume, came into the saloon, and, with an air of graceful

diffidence, advanced toward Annie and Gertrude, bowing to Frank and Oliver, and, taking Gertrude's hand, kissed her, and in like manner welcomed Annie, saying: "I am most happy to welcome to our home the guests of our venerated and dear friend, Count de Ville. My husband was accidentally advised that you would be in town to-day, and we sent our carriage to meet you; and now our wishes are gratified, and you are here, our most welcome guests." To all which they bowed their thanks; and, before words could come, Lady Dielincœur, placing her arm affectionately around Gertrude's waist, "Will you follow me?" said she to our friends; and, leading them up the staircase, she ushered them into noble apartments, supplied with every conceivable luxury and comfort, and recommended them to take a siesta, or, if they pleased, a bath, before the hour of dinner, which was at six o'clock. She begged them to excuse her, saying she would immediately send refreshments into their rooms. And, while our guests were comparing notes, servants with ice-water, wine-coolers with wine, cakes, sandwiches, and every luxury of the season were brought up; and they found it very charming, after their long walk and ride, to make a hearty lunch, which they did with great contentment of mind and refreshment of body.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OF LORD AND LADY DIELINCEUR AND THEIR FRIENDS. — COLONEL AND MRS. PROUDFIT. — LORD SHALLBESO AND BISHOP HIGHANDRY.

BEFORE we assemble our party, we think it best to give our readers some information in regard to the persons with whom they are to be made acquainted.

My Lord Dielincœur was of a very ancient family, which traced its pedigree back to the Conquest. He and his friend, Lord Shallbeso, had been attainted of treason to the crown, and forfeited their estates, though they retained their titles, for they still believed they should recover their high position, by some happy change in affairs. These gentlemen were recognized by all travellers and others as men of high birth, and as holding intimate relationship to the best blood and nobility of their native land. Lord D. was now in the meridian of life, tall, well-made, of graceful manners, with a voice naturally harsh and imperious, but trained with great care, and, when modulated to its lowest tones, soft and winning. He looked as if by nature he was haughty and irascible; but it was only in his look, for his manners were always courteous, and there was a calmness which wore an air of discipline in all he said and did. This kept a sensitive soul like Gertrude's in dread of offending him, and something of this was to be seen in the deportment of his lady when in his presence.

Lady Dieofarose Dielincœur, in like manner as her lord, was of the first families. She traced her pedigree back to Lady Lustintheflesh, whose descendants were very numerous, though

the family title had long since become extinct. Lady Di., as she was called, was eminently prepossessing, and, though now full thirty years of age, there was about her an air of extreme refinement and timidity that made her very winning. Her hair was golden and rich, her skin the purest white and red, and eyes blue, full, and speaking; but you rarely saw them looking you full in the face, from a habit of hers to withdraw her gaze the instant she caught the eye of the person addressing her. All this wore an air of modesty and coquetry so sweetly combined that few could resist the fascination to provoke another and another manifestation of this seductive grace. Her voice was soft, rarely gay, but yet so clear in its enunciation of words that not a single syllable was lost by the person addressed.

And now we will speak of the Right Reverend Bishop Highandry, the diocesan of Vanity Fair. (We have accented this word, for it was regarded as low church to accent the third syllable.) The bishop was a man of sixty, whose complexion and form were all a bishop's should be. His demeanor bespoke his rank; and next to his zeal for the church was his devotion to ladies, among whom Lady Di. held so high a rank that the up-town city gossips hinted that he was the rival of Lord Shallbeso in admiration of her. Nothing could be more false. Both Lord and Lady Dielineœur held the bishop in the highest estimation, and received him always with most distinguishing courtesy.

And, as for this rival of the bishop, as the gossips were pleased to call him, Lord Shallbeso, he was of an old family, a man of sixty, an old bachelor, living in an old mansion, which was called by some folks "The Old Curiosity-Shop," where he had a remarkable collection of pictures, and all manner of contrivances of his

own devising. He was a very imperious person, and wore a scratch wig, which rarely was in its proper place. He took it into his head, just now, to think himself in love with Lady Di. ! but, in fact, he was incapable of loving any one, and had a skill of teasing every pretty lady he took a fancy to, by his attentions. And now we have only to introduce Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, before the ringing of a small bell at the chamber-doors of our friends brought them down into the parlor, where these guests were already assembled, waiting their coming.

Colonel Stanhope Proudfit and Mrs. Gay Proudfit were own cousins, and traced their pedigree (for this was coming to be the fashion at this time) step by step to the ancient, well-endowed, and very noted families of Lustoftheeye and Prideoflife, on their paternal and maternal side, — a family whose descendants, in various degrees of affinity, fill the land. The colonel was a man of thirty-five, and wore an air of high fashion. His profile was faultless, his mustache and whiskers the perfection of art and severest taste. His dress was fashionable, without the air of being made by a fashionable tailor. It was not the clothes that made his dress the fashion, but his wearing them. He was affable to his equals, but apt to be rude to those he regarded his inferiors. He prided himself on his equipages, his riding-horse, and his dogs. These seemed his idols; but, as for his lovely lady, it would have perplexed the shrewdest observer to say what were the relations subsisting between them. His morals were said to be a little damaged by his foreign tour; and his familiar acquaintance with opera-singers and ballet-dancers had not helped him much since his return. He was gifted, and ladies were wont to consider him “a dangerous man;” but then they never were known to

forbid him access to their homes; for ladies who are greatly admired by such men can forgive much to those of whom they are pleased to say, "And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:" as a very pretty lady said to Frank, one day, when speaking of the colonel.

And now for Mrs. Proudfit. She was not yet twenty-five, had been married seven years, and lived all this while in the very centre of the whirlpool of fashionable life. She was beautiful and she knew it; and she expected every one to acknowledge it, at least by their looks. Her eye was black and piercing; it demanded submission, and rarely made a demand that was not conceded. Her tones were imperious; and everybody saw at once she was a spoiled child of fortune, fashion, and beauty. Her bearing towards her husband was capricious. At one time she would show her anger at his want of attention to her, and at another, if he addressed her, she would turn upon her heel, and show the most marked contempt for him. And yet, they lived together, usually visited the same places in the same carriage, and returned home together. But, from the moment of her presentation to the host and hostess to the moment of departure, Mrs. Proudfit ignored his existence, though speaking to the very lady whose hand rested on her husband's arm. And she did all this with an air which was unapproachably fine, in the estimation of women who longed to be fashionable, if they only knew how, but who could not carry it out with a grand air, and with such a presence. Ah! there was but one Mrs. Proudfit, though there were many ladies who were her humble imitators in a very small way, chiefly in the walks of private life.

These were the guests to whom Lady Dielincoeur introduced

our pilgrims, having previously presented them to her lord in the hall. Lord Dielineœur led into the dinner-saloon Annie; Oliver led in Lady Dielineœur. The bishop had the left arm of Lady D. Old Shallbeso walked in with Gertrude, who had also Colonel Proudfit for a second attendant; and Mrs. Proudfit, who seemed to linger last of all, finally accepted Frank's hand without even looking at him, and, in a bad humor at something, she tossed her head and walked to her seat at the table, which chanced to be between old Shallbeso and Frank.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DINNER-PARTY AT LORD DIELINEŒUR'S.

THE topics during the courses were brief, pleasant, and witty sayings. Nothing like conversation was attempted till the dessert was fairly on the table, and the wines, having been tasted, were discussed. In this the Right Reverend Bishop spoke with the science of a man who knew what he drank; which can be said of but few of the many who drink wines now-a-days. Oliver ventured to say that the amount of adulteration was very little suspected, and few of the liquors now on sale could be relied upon.

"No doubt, sir, you are very right," said old Shallbeso. "You know old Jeffries? A far better judge of horses than of law, I fancy," continued the lord, speaking to Colonel Proudfit. "Well, he bought fifty dozen or more of the best brandy

from one of the best houses in this city, for his own use, and he soon found something out of sorts with his head. Chancing to hear of an old man, like himself, killed by drinking brandy with sugar of lead or something of the sort in it, he sent one of his bottles of brandy to a chemist, and, sure enough, he reported there was an appreciable amount of *strychnine* in it!"

"Did you make any stay at the Interpreter's House?" asked Lady Di. of Oliver, wishing to change the topic.

"There are several, my lady: to which do you refer?" asked Oliver.

"I spoke of the Oxford, the only recognized Interpreter," said Lady Di., looking at the bishop, who caught the glance and bowed very low.

"We remained there about a fortnight," said Oliver.

"And who did you see there? and what do you think of the house?" asked old Shallbeso.

"It is a very respectable house," said Oliver, "and the company are all remarkably well-dressed people, though I think the house rather old-fashioned, sir." At this, Mrs. Proudfit put up her lip and slightly shrugged her pretty shoulders; and they were shoulders which she might be proud of, and such as bore exposure sweetly, for the slight Honiton-lace handkerchief she wore could hardly have been called a covering anywhere but in paradise.

"My dear sir," said old Shallbeso, in a kindly tone, "do you not know that nothing goes down now with the clergy but what is antique?"—and, bowing to Mrs. Proudfit,—"the ladies excepted."

This lady drew herself up, and, with an air of nonchalance, filled her wineglass with nutshells, hummed an air, and kept time

by ringing a goblet with the handle of her nut-pick, and in various ingenious ways, with a grace peculiar to a spoiled and pretty lady, showed the company she was dying of *ennui*. Now, no one seemed to care for all this but my Lord Shallbeso; and he managed, by furtive glances and a play of his features, to fix the attention of our pilgrims upon this lady. Her husband became embarrassed, and could not talk to Gertrude without glancing at his wife. Lord D. and his lady sought to win the attention of our party, but, in spite of all their efforts, they all listened and replied with a divided attention, watching the conduct of the pretty lady and old Lord Shallbeso. They had often seen (and who has not?) similar exhibitions of pretty, spoiled women, who care not to conceal their vexation when their wishes are disappointed or their self-love crossed.*

“Were there no *notables* among them?” asked my Lord D. of Annie.

“O yes!” replied Annie, “there were, you remember, Frank, the Lord Bishop of Inpinetaris, and his penitentiary, — I think that was his title.”

This recalled old Shallbeso’s attention, and, forgetting Mrs. Proudfit and her prettiness, he addressed the bishop in a brusque tone, as if he meant to irritate him. “I learn, bishop, that my

* Count Grammont tells us of the piquant ways of pretty ladies in his day. Miss Jennings, one of the maids of honor to the Duchess of York, was compelled to go on a tour with her, leaving her last new lover, Jermyn, sick of a fever in London. He says: “The court, without paying any attention to the uneasiness Jennings might feel, set out without Jermyn. She had, however, the gratification to testify her ill-humor throughout the whole journey, by appearing displeased with everything which afforded satisfaction to all the rest of the company.”—*Memoirs*: London Ed., p. 278.

lord of Inpinetaris has been seen passing in and out of d'Italia over the wire-drawn bridge you wot of, very frequently, of late, between daylight and dark, — both he and his penitentiary. He with a penitentiary !” cried my lord, with a chuckling laugh. “I understand, in the opinion of his own friends, he is at this instant a suitable candidate for a lunatic asylum ; and yet *he* seems to prefer a penitentiary !” And again the old lord laughed at his own wit.

“My Lord Shallbeso,” said the bishop, flushed with anger, “every sneer of yours against the church and its clergy can but excite my scorn and contempt.”

The old lord roused himself like a lion enraged. “My Lady Di.,” said he, bowing to my lady, who sat with graceful serenity, which was beautiful to behold, “there is no man who holds in higher respect than myself the ministers of religion. I speak, my lady, of those pious and brave men who, having signed a confession of faith, or articles of religion, to be by them defended, dare do it, at every sacrifice. They are honest and brave, and to be respected as such, whatever we may think of them as logicians or as wise men. But I hate Iscariots, who will neither hang themselves nor suffer themselves to be hung.”

Now, nothing could be more rude on the part of Lord Shallbeso than this ; and all felt it to be so. None were more grieved than our pilgrims, for they were very verdant, and all this was new to them. As yet, they did not know that if there are pretty women in society who are lawless, so, too, there are men whose position or wealth suffer them to be outlaws against all the conventionalities of social life.

To save the company from more of this, Lady Di. rose and gave her hand to the bishop, leading the way to the saloon ; and,

when they were all seated, she took the bishop out upon the porch, which opened into the garden, for a few moments, who returned with a pleased countenance, and took leave of the company with many courtesies.

The old lord, seeing the bishop gone, turned to Mrs. Proudfit, who sat silent and drawn up into herself, as if she did not care a pin for a single person in the room. And, if the rest of the party were very happily seated, and at their ease in this beautiful parlor, after a most admirable dinner, served up in the best manner, without a mistake, or a single spot on a lady's dress, this fair lady was not at ease.

"Do you know, Mrs. Proudfit, that I can guess what has annoyed you to-day?" the old lord, leaning over Annie, whispered, so loud that she and all could hear, and doubtless did hear, every word.

"I am not annoyed, Lord Shallbeso, but by your impertinence in asking me this question," said the lady, sharply.

"Softly, my lady, softly; I do not permit even you to say some things. Remember, I am neither old nor young. I know you expected to meet Sir John Villiers here, for Lady Di. told me she had asked him."

Lady Di. had now taken her seat, and coffee was served. When the servants had retired, Lord Shallbeso addressed their hostess in a tone which fixed the attention of the party.

"My Lady Di., I must tell you of a very sad affair that came off, last night, at the Molesworths'."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "What was it? I trust all our excellent friends are well."

"Perfectly so, madam, perfectly so! You are aware that Sir

Henry Fox has just come out, with his appointment as ambassador; and I was invited to meet him at Mrs. Molesworth's select dinner-party, last evening, at eight o'clock. (Very select, ladies, or you would have been there!) Sir Henry very kindly called to take me on his way, for he wanted me to help him through the awkwardness of an introduction into our social circles. As we went into the dressing-room to deposit our hats, who should be there but Sir John Villiers, brushing his fine suite of hair before the mirror; seeing me come in, he turned round and spoke out: 'Ah! my lord, how are you to-night?' His eye then rested upon Sir Henry Fox. He looked like a man who sees a ghost. I said: 'Sir Henry Fox, this is Sir John Villiers; friends, I presume?' Sir Henry stood holding his hat behind him, looking at Sir John with a calm, cold, contemptuous look, under which Sir John quailed, and, pale as death, seized his hat and withdrew from the house. 'My lord,' said he, 'is this the society into which I am about to be introduced?' I told him I really could not understand his conduct, nor read aright that of Sir John Villiers. For some time he kept himself occupied at the glass, in silence, when he asked me if he could not see Mrs. Molesworth. I said, certainly, and, at his request, I sent to her, and she received us in her little side-parlor. After all the usual salutations were over, Sir Henry asked Mrs. Molesworth, 'What position Sir John Villiers held in her social circle?' She looked at me with surprise, and I too was surprised, and could help her in no way, when she replied: 'I really know nothing of Sir John Villiers, unless it be that he is a very fine gentleman, and, as one of noble family, I invited him to meet you. Do you know?' said Mrs. Molesworth, turning to me. I told Sir Henry that

this man had come among us as was very common for stars to come, — dropped down from the sky, or it might be from the moon; that he called himself Sir John Villiers; that he dressed remarkably well, talked fluently of all the noblemen of his native land, and evidently knew them, for he never tripped at all; and lost money to some of our elegant ladies with grace; and their husbands, so long as they won his money, were careless of his antecedents, however profuse their wives were of their attentions to him.” My lord here found it necessary to take his handkerchief from his pocket, and the look of his face was something for Annie to catch,— it was full of cunning and mischief. The handkerchief somehow would n’t come, and the fretfulness of Mrs. Proudfit, the impatience of Lord D., and the look of blank expectancy in the face of Colonel Proudfit, were all expressive of anxiety; while Lady Di. sat in beautiful apathy, as if she cared nothing for Sir John nor for Sir Henry, and was already weary of this long story.

“Pray bring your tale to an end,” cried Mrs. Proudfit, whose *insouciance* was all gone now, and her eye glittered with repressed rage.

Not at all hurried, my lord folded his bandanna and put it carefully away, and then felt of the pocket on the outside, to be certain it was all safe.

“Mrs. Molesworth,” continued the old lord, “seeing that nothing was to be gained by holding on to Sir John, said: ‘She knew no more of this person than she had said; but Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, members of society whose positions were highly respectable in Vanity Fair, stood sponsors for his right of *entrée* into her house, and the society of Vanity Fair.’”

“And what had Sir Henry Fox to say against the gentility of the most graceful man I have ever seen?” said Mrs. Proudfit; “let us have your story, and be done with it. My lord, you are not only rude, but excessively wearisome, this evening.”

“Doubtless! doubtless! you want the pith and point of my story; and here let me make one remark, which will carry conviction with it.” This was said with a significance that seemed to mean a great deal, and, too, it told upon his hearers, — “*Gold may be bought too dear.*’ Now, ladies, for the finale. Sir Henry expressed himself with great courtesy to Mrs. Molesworth, in saying: ‘He was aware of the impossibility of protecting society from such men. That this person was extremely clever, had seen all the persons, had heard them converse, and could speak of them without difficulty as familiar acquaintances; that he had obtained all this knowledge from standing behind his chair, as his valet. That, after leaving him, he had become an adept in the art of gambling; and, as a gambler, aided by a degraded man of high rank, had set up a bank, and plundered, most successfully, several young men of fortune. In one word, he was no *Villiers*, but a villain.’”

Now, if a look could have killed Lord Shallbeso, he would have been a dead man. “One word more,” said he; “I have made inquiry, and find he has had cashed all the I. O. U.’s he held, and I presume that those who hold his cards with these mystic letters upon them can’t get them cashed at any rate of discount,—for he’s off.”

The party now at once resumed the air of having forgotten all that the lord had just told them, and Mrs. Proudfit was really amusing for a half-hour; when her husband, who had been con-

ferring with Lord D. in a corner of the room, requested her to put on her shawl and return with him. She did so, without the least appearance of any wish to leave; and, when shawled, returned to the room and gracefully urged our pilgrims to remain and give her the opportunity of entertaining them at her house. She even held out her hand kindly to Lord Shallbeso, and said, "She must make up with him before she left." The old man could not resist the pleasant tone and manner in which this was said and done; and was so far conciliated as to accept a seat in their carriage, to be set out at his own door, on their way home.

Lord and Lady D. entreated our pilgrims to stay with them, but they preferred going to a hotel. Lord D. took them in his carriage to a splendid palace, called the "Mansion-House," where his presence secured them the best rooms, and every possible attention. This done, my lord took his leave, saying he would call, with great pleasure, and show them the city on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LORD SHALLBESO MEETS BISHOP HIGHANDRY AT OUR PILGRIMS'.

THE next day, Gertrude woke with a high fever, and Oliver prescribed rest, and some slight medicine. None of them were perfectly well, and all were glad it rained hard, so as to save them from the call of Lord Dielincœur. It cleared up beauti-

fully at sunset, and, as their windows opened into a sweet garden, they sat together, feeling better for the fragrance and the breeze which now came into their parlor. They were about to order tea, when the card of Lord Shallbeso was sent up, and he was very kindly welcomed. They were delighted to see how very attractive he could be, when he had no one to contradict or rival him in conversation. He told them many pleasant anecdotes; and, by order of Frank, a very nice supper was about being served at nine o'clock, when Lady Di.'s card came, and Oliver rose to go down to escort her up, when, lo! Lady Di. entered, accompanied by the Right Rev. Bishop Highandry. She was glad to see the nice rooms our party had, and, when invited to lay aside her bonnet and join them at supper, everything about the table wore an air of so much taste and luxury, she could not decline, though she had promised the bishop she would stay but a moment. The ladies appealed to him for his consent, and found no difficulty in securing it. At ten o'clock, Lady Di. and the bishop, Lord Shallbeso and our pilgrims, were all enjoying a pleasant evening supper. For a while, nothing could be more agreeable than these guests were, to themselves as well as to their entertainers. But it was too good to last. The bishop outshone my Lord Shallbeso, and my lady was entirely absorbed by all he had to tell her of a visit made him by Wyncoop, from whom, of all others, authentic information could be obtained of the Nightingale, for he had met with her abroad; and told the bishop a multitude of particulars, all which the bishop was pleased to relate to so many pretty listeners, of whom Lady Di. was chief. Indeed, he was himself especially delighted to learn that the Bird of Song was about to ally herself to a nephew of his

very eminent and distinguished friend, the Bishop of Exeter, — an event which would at once invest her with the ardor of piety, — and ended by saying “she would reach Babylon within a month, and soon be among us.”

The old lord was evidently uneasy and weary of a topic in which he could not take part. At this time, there seemed a chance for him to speak, and, addressing himself to Lady Di., he said :

“There were never such fools as we ! Here we are, from one end of the land to the other, all on the *qui vive* about a bird of song, soon to be a bird of passage, and, *par excellence*, ‘The Nightingale.’ Now, I have heard *Catalina*, — often heard her ; and nobody, not a city, certainly, went mad about her. And I have heard *Malibran*, a woman gifted with all the powers of nature and art ; but who ever heard of any stupidity or folly on her account ? But, my Lady Di., ’t is all humbug, humbug ! This is the way the new power, the power-press, makes its power felt. It is all the work of *claquers*, paid by the line, and well paid. No one understands this ‘art and mystery’ better than Burn’em, — himself the prince of humbugs !”

“But this is the expression on the entire continent,” said Lady Di.

“My dear lady,” replied Lord S., “do you suppose the only bought-up press in the world is that of Babylonia ? Have you never heard of Dr. Solomon’s ‘Balm of Gilead ;’ of ‘Day and Martin’s Blacking ;’ or, to come nearer home, of ‘Brandreth’s Pills,’ and ‘Moffatt’s Phoenix Bitters’ ? and of the wonderful profits of pen and ink when enlisted in the science of humbug ? Bless you, my lady ! there’s never a want of dupes. These are

only limited by the industry of knaves; though I fear, if Burn'em succeeds, we shall be the laughing-stock of all England for our gullibility."*

Lady Dielincoeur, to vary the conversation, asked Oliver what he had been doing during the day. He replied he had purchased a new work on Geology, a science to which he was much devoted, and had been reading it aloud to his wife. This brought a compliment to Annie for her ability to sympathize with her

*Extract from the *London Times*: "It is humiliating to a nation, which boasts that it leads the van of human improvement, so little capable of appreciating the relative dignity and merit of different talents and employments as to bow down in prostrate adoration at the feet of a woman, who, after all, is merely a first-rate vocalist. Sydney Smith reminds the Pennsylvanians that there are some things worth living for besides ginsling and sherry-cobbler; and we should have thought, but for our experience to the contrary, that it were needless to have informed the countrymen of Franklin, Washington, and Channing, that there are things more worthy the admiration of a great people than the power of producing sweet sounds. But, what is stranger still than this moral obliquity is, that the possession of this much-prized faculty by Jenny Lind was entirely taken for granted by this acute and calculating people, who were so enraptured by her musical powers before they had heard a single note of her voice, that we verily believe if, at her first concert, she had croaked like a raven, or howled like a hyena, public opinion would have pronounced her performance a little superior to the music of the spheres. We were totally unable to account for this palpable surrender of all pretensions to common sense on the part of the American public, till we fell in with an article in the *New York Herald*, in which that journal, justly solicitous for the dignity of its calling, vindicates the American press from the charge of having excited the American public to so outrageous a pitch of folly and self-abasement."

husband in his studies, in which the bishop and Lord Shallbeso graciously, for once, agreed. This gave Oliver a fair chance to enlarge a little on the latest discoveries, and the uses of this science, its bearings on other sciences, and the arts and pursuits of agriculture; all which he did with the very best taste, and a fluency which was attractive and edifying. Annie was getting nervous lest Oliver should talk too long, especially when he was talking about the crust of the earth, and the rate of its cooling, — about which he had a favorite theory of his own concocting, — and he was just on the verge of the subject, when old Shallbeso saved her and Oliver by saying :

“ I hope you will pardon me, sir, I hope you will pardon me ; but really, sir, really, it seems to me that ants, creeping up and down upon the cupola of St. Peter’s, and presuming to describe the frescoes of Michael Angelo beneath them, would be just as wise as the wisest geologists in the world talking about central fires, and all that sort of thing. I beg you will excuse me, sir ; but to me it is nothing more nor less than moonshine.”

Lady Di., pained by this rude speech, assured Oliver in her sweetest manner, “ She should be gratified if, whenever his leisure and inclination would allow him to do so, he would come and ‘ talk her up ’ as to recent scientific discoveries ; for, as a lady of fashion, her time was broken up so entirely that she depended wholly on the charity of her learned friends for all she now acquired.”

This was some alleviation to Oliver’s feelings ; and, having thanked her for her polite courtesy, and saying it would give him pleasure in any way to contribute to her pleasure, he was about to add something more, when Annie touched his toe with

her own under the table, intimating that he had said enough ; and he left off there. And here we will say that no one who is possessed of a sensible wife can be too grateful for these marital telegraphic dispatches.

Lady Di. again changed the topic by asking the bishop if the House of Bishops would assemble in Vanity Fair this season, saying: "It would be to her a source of highest satisfaction to entertain as many as her house could hold ; for she had always been happy in finding all those whom she had had the pleasure to receive — mostly bishops, to be sure — as eminent for their manners as gentlemen as for their piety as priests and bishops."

"Piety, madam !" exclaimed the old lord. "What signs of piety do you see in these men, especially these young parsons with their M. B. coats hanging down to their heels ?"

"What do you mean, sir, by M. B. coats ?" asked the bishop, in a severe tone.

"That, sir, is the name given by London tailors* for this ridiculous approximation to the costume of Jesuits, adopted by both sections of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant Episcopal church ; and which, being interpreted by these tailors, reads, 'Mark of the Beast.' Is that a riddle now, sir ?"

"Sir," replied the bishop, rising (and all arose), "you have often in my presence expressed your utter want of reverence for the clergy. Beware, sir, beware ! You may bring down on yourself the vengeance of a power you cannot resist. These

* The *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1853, page 160, says : "The significance of these letters was discovered by accident."

men, earthen vessels as they are, are yet the priests and prophets of the most high God ! ”

“ Thank you, bishop ! thank you, bishop ! you have but done your duty. I have a great respect for the clergy, and I am glad that those belonging to your church are, thanks to ‘ *Dissent* ’ so rife among us, so highly respectable ; and, though I have no faith that any one, or all of them together, can wield in this day the rod of Moses or Aaron’s rod, yet I do rejoice that they are not among us, as they are over the water, — the Nimrods, ramrods, and fishing-rods of the land.”

Hereupon, Lady Di. and the bishop withdrew. Lord Shallbeso was in no humor to take up the thread of conversation, and he, too, bade them good-night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OUR PILGRIMS BECOME RESIDENTS OF VANITY FAIR.

Our pilgrims very soon found there was a great deal to be seen at Vanity Fair. It so happened that a neighbor of Lord Dielin-cœur’s was all ready to leave for a foreign tour of a year, and on the point of closing his house, when, hearing of our pilgrims from Lady Di., he offered to rent his house, furniture, and servants, at a price which was regarded as reasonable. My lord immediately called, and our gentlemen, after due consultation with their wives, agreed to take the house at the rate specified, by the month, with liberty to leave at any time they pleased. Writings

and inventories were made out in due form, and signed ; and, at the end of a week, Frank and Oliver found themselves residing on one of the great squares in the fashionable quarter, and in one of the best residences in the city. It was one of those events which people are apt to style “providential,”—it so exactly suited their inclinations.

Through Lady Di., they obtained an accomplished Swiss lady’s maid, and she, too, recommended a valet for the gentlemen, who had lost service by the sudden disappearance of Sir John Villiers. He had once been Lady Di.’s page, and she knew him to be trustworthy.

It may surprise the reader that our pilgrims should so soon come to a stand-still in their pilgrimage. But this was so common, in the days of which we write, that it seemed no way noticeable ; and of those who came, as they did, on foot into this city, very few, in leaving it, did not prefer the stage-lines or the railroad cars.

Lord and Lady Dielincœur introduced them into the best circles of society. The reputation our gentlemen brought with them for wealth, their own good looks, and the beauty of their young wives, gave them positions which they were well fitted to maintain gracefully and without effort.

They soon found their rolls rather troublesome, and their staffs unnecessary. But what could they do with them, was a question often mooted. They were too large for walking-sticks ; and as for their rolls, they were as stiff as a marshal’s baton, and always in the way. They were never designed to be folded up ; for pilgrims were expected to carry them always in their hands open, so that they might be daily and hourly examined. They

remarked that nobody took their staffs into the street, and that none carried their rolls into society. 'What became of them?' 'What did they do with them?' and, by a sort of instinct, it came to them, that any inquiry of this sort would be regarded in the highest degree intrusive and impertinent. They were mortified at the askant looks caused by their rolls peeping out of their pockets, or coming up against their chins from their bosoms; and a smile would sometimes be seen on the faces of the most polite of the ladies and gentlemen they met, who, at such times, found it hardly possible to keep their countenance. And, too, they did not dare to speak to each other of the growing annoyance they each and all felt, for they were ashamed to do so.

One day, as Annie was tucking her roll down under the folds of her dress, and could in no way fix it so it should be hid from sight, she said aloud, "I wonder how Lady Di. manages to wear her roll!"

"O, madam!" said Theresa, who was present, aiding her in dressing, "she never had any."

"But how do those ladies who have?" asked Annie.

"Indeed, madam, I don't know any such. I have never lived with anybody but Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit, and my late mistress; and they don't know any more about wearing rolls than I do."

Lord Shallbeso called, that very evening; and, as he had already shown a great partiality for Annie, and seemed to know everything, she asked him what ladies did with their rolls. The old gentleman laughed heartily at the question.

"My dear Mrs. Outright, I must let you into a little bit of a secret. These rolls, as you must have observed, are never seen

in good society ; vulgar people make a great parade of them, but no ladies or gentlemen who hold any position among us ever take their rolls with them into an evening party or to a dinner. Now, then, this is the way they dispose of *theirs* ; how you may dispose of *yours* is for yourself to decide ; but I will tell you how some very precise persons do, and take delight in doing, with similar rolls ; and I will call to your mind the remarkably precise family of Timbertoes, all very ‘high church,’ and the Sharpsets, who are very orthodox in their way, very rich, and ambitious of rising in the fashionable world. Well, these people carry their rolls ; and now comes the little secret, worth knowing, perhaps. It is this : these same rolls are cut up and sewed into the collars and breasts of their dress coats, by the gentlemen ; and the ladies, I am credibly informed, make stays of theirs ; and you will observe how very stiff and formal it makes them look, all owing to this manner of wearing their rolls. Now, my dear lady, if people must carry these rolls about with them, I think this is the very best of all possible ways.”

Annie, next day, opened her heart to her friends about these rolls, and all agreed that if they could be deposited in a casket, to be placed under lock and key, with keys for each, so that they could have access to it, and with their own key open it at any convenient season, they might as well be locked up, and the staffs placed in a closet, under lock and key, in like manner. This idea was no sooner fairly presented, than it was adopted. A nice casket was bought, four keys fitted to it, one for each, and then this casket was placed on a dressing-table, which was always in sight, and the staffs were all locked up together in a closet. It was not until these rolls had been thus carefully laid

aside, and, indeed, forgotten, that our pilgrims really felt themselves like being part and parcel of the society around them.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OF THE FAMILY OF TURNUPNOSES, AND OF THE CONSERVATORS OF
GOOD SOCIETY.

THEIR residence in Vanity Fair was made attractive by the variety of objects of interest they found there. It was very unlike Babylon in one respect,—the only pursuit here seemed to be pleasure. Our pilgrims acted at first with great reserve. The attentions of Lord D. and Colonel Proudfit, and of Lady Di. especially, made them acquainted with a very wide circle. As for Mrs. Proudfit, she was sometimes very courteous, and at other times she ignored them,—just as the freak of the moment chanced to take her. She seemed to have no control over herself, and was everything by turns and nothing long.

The circles of Vanity Fair were various, but they all united at times ; and then, too, the shades were not so carefully defined as in some cities. Money was not so very necessary as in Babylon and Bostonia. And those families were most scrupulous who had the smallest pretensions to the position they held, which usually rested upon recent fortunes, or official stations. Of these, we may instance the Misses Turnupnoses, whose grandfather had been a great butcher in Babylon, and was enriched by

navy contracts. Since his death, they had comé to Vanity Fair to reside, and gave the very best sort of parties, and had become established thereby, and were now becoming "very select." It was not until they had made themselves acquainted with all that was to be known of the history of our pilgrims, that they made a call; and, in doing so, apologized for their delay.

"But," said Miss Sophronisba, "we have so many calls upon our time, we don't know which way to turn. I'm sure you will excuse us."

Annie, a little piqued by her patronizing tone, quietly replied, "We have not felt the loss of that the value of which we are as yet ignorant."

Miss Sophronisba really did not know exactly what all this implied; and, hardly supposing it was a "cut direct," went on to say: "We hope to have a very brilliant winter. We are expecting several new operas will be brought out, and some grand parties are to be given at houses opened for the first time this coming season."

This young lady and her sisters and brothers were, as we have said, among the best circles in Vanity Fair, for the time being; for there was a change going on there, and it was by constant labor and sacrifice a position could be commanded. They were not called Turnupnoses, but *T'nipnoses*; a way of pronouncing names peculiar to the higher circles, which helped to form themselves into a secret society, known to each other by conventional forms and methods of speaking. This class were distinguished for dressing extravagantly, talking loudly, mouthing their words, and other vulgarities, which they mistook for gen-

tility. They never for an instant attained the air and bearing of thorough-bred ladies.

Our ladies were often astonished, when listening to their conversation, to hear the freedom of their remarks upon the society around them; and, if Mrs. Proudfit had no superior, she had many imitators. And they were soon initiated into the school of surgery, to which they had been themselves subjected by all who had called upon them before they had been recognized and admitted into the world of fashion. For they were not slow to learn, when a new-comer was presented, as in their own case, the first questions a coterie discussed when they chanced to meet were, "Pray, who can tell us who this Mr. and Mrs. Outright are? What is their standing? Where are they from, and where are they going?" And, should the unhappy man or woman be a subject for the scalpel, should there be any sore spot, it was probed to the quick, and the victim was made to feel that all his wounds were known. Ladies whose own standing was dubious became by common consent conservators of morals and manners; because they were not only anxious to keep down aspirants, but were extremely sensitive to public opinion. The code of ethics in the world of fashion was briefly this:

"Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

And here we will remark that Miss Sophronisba Turnupnose stood high as one of the conservators of good society in the west end of Vanity Fair.

CHAPTER XL.

A MORNING VISIT OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

It was a fine day, and our ladies were at home, when Theodore announced Miss Gulphin, Miss Little, Miss Lavinia T'nipnose, who had just held a little conversation at Taylor's saloon, over an ice-cream, about making this visit. They had left cards at our pilgrims', and received return cards; and now the way was open for a call in person, and "Should they make it?" and, if so, "Should they make it now together?" This was affirmatively answered. Having introduced each other, and taken their seats, Mrs. Bates, a beautiful gay widow, on passing the house, seeing the carriages at the door, was induced to make a call, and so get rid of the annoyance of a first visit without company. Mrs. Bates begged Miss Gulphin to present her; and, this over, all the ladies seated themselves in something approaching a circle, made by wheeling up chairs and ottomans.

"When did you arrive, ladies?" asked Mrs. Bates.

"It was on the eleventh of the month," replied Gertrude.

"On the eleventh! Ah, that came on Thursday; it was Corpus Christi," said Miss Little.

"Why! that was the day I dined at Mrs. Molesworth's with Sir Henry. Poor Mrs. Proudfit! she has reason to remember that day, if her husband does not," said Mrs. Bates.

"That was a most mortifying affair, certainly," said Miss Gulphin; "and I confess I admire the bravery with which she meets it. I saw her the next day, the very next day, at Mrs.

Molesworth's reception, just as haughty, and with an air as defiant, as if nothing had happened. I believe, ladies," turning to Annie and Gertrude, "you are acquainted with Mrs. Proudfit."

"Yes, we dined with her on the day of our arrival at Lord Dielincœur's," said Annie.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates; and a sentiment of delightful anxiety was to be seen on the face of every lady. "Pray, tell us, how did she endure the story old Lord Shallbeso had to tell. Did n't she lose temper?"

"We were not observant," replied Gertrude.

"O, yes! you did n't know anything about her previous history at that time," said Mrs. Bates, "and could not have known all the mortification she had to endure. Ah! if you had known that she admitted a valet and blackleg into her confidence, and had been seen with him everywhere, — dining him at home, and dancing with him at balls, — you would have seen how sharp was the satire of old Shallbeso."

"That's nothing," said Miss Little, "to what Colonel Proudfit has been called upon to suffer. He had given his cards for his losses for a month before to this fellow, and taken his for his winnings, with the understanding that the difference was to be paid or received on settling-day, which, at the club-house, is on the first of the month. And this fellow cashed all he held at the bank, and left for parts unknown. And the colonel has had a hard time to keep his name from being posted."

"Don't you admire her *posé*?" said Miss Little, addressing Mrs. Bates.

"*Posé*, Miss Little! I really don't understand how you use

the word. But, if you mean hardihood and invincible self-possession, why, then I admire her *posé*."

"Don't you wonder Lady Di. is so intimate with her?" asked Mrs. T'nipnose. "Isn't that very odd?"

Mrs. Bates replied: "Not at all. Lady Di. wants just such women about her. She is so indolent herself, that she finds great pleasure in the society of those who are ever on the move, who go everywhere, see a great deal; and especially Mrs. Proudfit, who is at home in society with a gay circle of gentlemen; who is piquant in her descriptions, and unscrupulous in her satire. She does the most daring things, tells her own surmises as the most certain of truths, and, besides, has a zest for intrigue, which a beautiful, indolent, pleasure-loving lady loves to have about her. And, come what may, she will never lose caste with Lady Di.; and Mrs. Proudfit will have the *entree* into her boudoir, and a seat in her carriage, whenever she pleases to use it. That's my prediction, and you will see it will come true."

Miss Gulphin said: "Well, I never have been able to understand it. You don't think Lady Di. ever had any liking for Colonel P.?"

"She have a liking for any one!" said the gay Mrs. Bates, with an air of admirable astonishment. "No! she's too indolent to sacrifice her comfort to all the annoyances of a love-affair; especially with one so vain as Colonel Proudfit. No, no, there is a tie of some sort between these husbands; but what it is, I can't say. Perhaps they are partners in luck at the Carlton Club: who knows? They seem to hunt in couples."

"I declare, Mrs. Bates, if you haven't hit upon the very

thought which father expressed at table, no longer ago than yesterday ; but I never breathed such an idea to any one," said Miss Gulphin.

"Nor will you now, my dear," said Mrs. Bates, in a tone of voice changed entirely to a severe and serious key-note ; "for, if you do, you shall bear it alone ; for I tell you now I withdraw all I've said here on that subject, — every word of it."

"You need not fear us," replied Miss Gulphin ; "we know too much to get ourselves or others into difficulty. But I say this : I think it is high time we purged our visiting-list, and I mean to do so, for one ; and next year my list will no longer bear the names of Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Bates. "If I held your rank and position here, I, too, would be delighted to follow your example."

"I think we shall do so, at all hazards," said Miss T'nipnose ; "and we know what it will cost ; but *we* have made up our minds to the sacrifice, for we think we owe it to society, — and somebody must go ahead in matters of this sort."

And now the ladies all arose ; but not to go, not necessarily to take leave, but as a change of position merely. It was to show that that matter was settled. The next matter that was broached was, the fact that Mrs. George Van Dyke and Miss Julia Van Dyke and Miss Euphemia Van Dyke had reached the city, and taken a suite of rooms in the St. Andrew's Hotel. This was news, pleasant tidings, to our ladies, and they expressed their pleasure on hearing it. "What has brought them here, and will they pass the winter with us ?" was asked by Miss T'nipnose.

"I really do not know," said Miss Little, who had communicated the fact: "but I am told Julia's health was somewhat impaired by bathing so freely at the sea-shore, summer before last, and the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, thought a short trip would do her good, and she would recover her spirits. Some say she has been disappointed in love. She is a sweet girl, and I am very sorry for her."

"I was told she came out to be present at the next confirmation by our bishop," said Miss Gulphin.

"Confirmed, indeed!" said Miss T'nipnose. "I wonder if she wants to be confirmed in her admiration of Count Snowmiblusky, or Count Emile de Gassy, or whatever his name may be."

"And have you heard of that hateful count?" asked Miss Gulphin?"

"O yes," was the reply. "Mimosa Standtolyes wrote me at the time, all about it; and, from all she has told me, I've no doubt Julia was greatly interested in the man, and placed her name in a very unenviable nearness to his, not only at the Ocean House, but in Babylon, last winter; and he, too, has proved to be a swindler."

Annie spoke up: "Ladies, I know Miss Julia Van Dyke, and I know Miss Mimosa Standtolyes; and I beg to say to you, that Miss Standtolyes has done great wrong to Miss Julia Van Dyke, if she has, by a single word of hers, said anything to stain the purity of this beautiful maiden, who is my friend."

No sooner had Annie said this, than the current instantly changed. "There never was a more charming girl," said Mrs. Bates. "I felt deeply pained at what was told at the time, and

was glad to know her fine-spirited brother horsewhipped Tom Greatrake for repeating the story on his return to town. It quieted everybody in an instant. But, after all, poor girl! she has done wisely to come to Vanity Fair for a winter; for she could not live in Babylon, and see the placards on all the corners of the streets."

"Placards!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Pray, what does all this mean?"

"O, you don't know what happened after you left!" said Mrs. Bates. "I chanced to be in town at the time. It turned out that the Count Emile de Gassy was nothing but a barber; and he has opened a perfumery-shop in town, and, go where you will, you see along the streets, 'Emile de Gassiot's Incomparable Hair-Oil. And those who take sides with Tom, and against Julia, are buying this oil; and then, you know, people are so ill-natured! One will say, 'she is delighted with this new article for the hair;' another, 'that she has found an article at last that "lubricates without soiling, gives glossiness without greasiness,"' quoting the advertisement; and you know how many ways there are of being teased in good society, when there is no way of reply left you."

"Poor girl!" said Miss Gulphin, "I mean to call upon her at once. It is a very handsome family, and all her cousins and brothers are devoted to her. She has a cousin with her, I believe; and if I can add to her happiness, and make her forget her grief, I shall do so."

Now, nothing could be more amiable, thought Annie, than such a purpose; and she felt almost angry with Miss Little, who said, significantly: "I think, Miss Gulphin, Mr. Wakefield, the 'great

catch' of Melville Square, has done this already, if I am correctly informed."

"Mr. Wakefield!" exclaimed Miss Gulphin; "why, he is engaged to my cousin! — I thought everybody knew that! — and he has been so for a year past!"

"He was, my dear," replied Miss Little, with a little bit of sarcasm in her tone, as if the maxim of La Rochefoucauld* could not fail to be true in her experience. "He was; but you, cousin Henrietta indulged herself in a little raillery about his cousin and her count, and he broke off the match, and offered himself to Julia at once; and they say he's mad in love with her. Is n't that odd?"

"I am astonished, indeed!" said Miss Gulphin; "but, then, the Simpkinses are rich, and Henrietta won't care. Wakefield is a very good man, but rather *gauche*; he never will have the *ton* a fashionable woman, at the end of her honey-moon, would wish in a husband; and I have always said so."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Bates. "I should think Mr. Wakefield a grand match for any one."

"You speak for yourself, madam!" said Miss Gulphin.

Mrs. Bates replied, with a courtesy, sweeping past Miss Gulphin, and turning slightly round, curving her neck proudly:

* "In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."— *La Rochefoucauld's Maxims*, p. 356.

Or, as Dean Swift says:

"To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst."

Verses on his Own Death.

"When I speak of such matters, I assure you, Miss Gulphin, I never address myself to the public ear." Then, advancing to our ladies briskly, she made her bow and retired. She was followed by the other visiters, who, in varied methods, all of which were graceful, showed this had been a matter of method; for there was much in what was said which had been memorized, and made fluent by repetition, — "welcoming our ladies to the city; hoping it would be sufficiently attractive to induce them to make a long stay; that nothing should be wanting on their part to make it so." And, when all was said and all were gone, Gertrude sat down, with a look of amazement.

"What do you think of these fine people, and of our new-found friends?" asked Annie.

Gertrude replied: "I declare I never heard so much to distress me, in so short a time, before. What are we to believe, and with whom may we be safe?"

"I think, cousin, we can trust each other; and my plan is to trust none else. Your husband wants to see the society of Vanity Fair; mine wants to see some of its science; and we, like good wives, must wait upon their movements. One thing we must do, — keep this gossip to ourselves; and, as Lord and Lady Dielin-cœur have been our good friends, we will believe them to be so until we make discoveries of our own to their disadvantage."

"Certainly," said Gertrude; "and yet, I hate to hear anything to the disadvantage of any one around me, for I never feel afterwards precisely as I did before. It takes time to wear out these ink-spots on the memory."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE HARD-SHELLS IN VANITY FAIR.

OUR pilgrims naturally sought out those religionists in Vanity Fair with whom they symbolized. They found the Tremont, Oxford, d'Italia, represented by large communities. The Lower House, Old Nassau Hall, and the New School, and other Interpreter's Houses, were not popular at Vanity Fair; in one word, they were not fashionable. It was some time before they found out the chapel of their own communion. It was out of the way, in a suburb called Joppa; and the few who assembled seemed well content with things as they were. They held the most stringent and exclusive of all systems. The fewness of the number likely to be saved, and the certainty that they were of the elect, seemed to be a matter of congratulation. They gloried in the name of HARD-SHELLS, given to them in derision, at first, by their opponents, and now worn by them with pride. It arose from their manner of eating oysters, the meat of which they threw away, and then carefully pounded the shells fine, which, being mixed with meal, they baked, and ate for food. It need not be told that these people were of a very costive habit. They were equally ultra in other matters. Everything which bore marks of finish and refinement was a matter of church discipline and censure. One of the "sisters," coming up to Annie, who wore a lace veil over her face, asked her "If she was a pilgrim?" Annie said "She hoped so." "You 'hope so!'" said the sister; "you ought to know so! And let me tell you, young woman, if you were a

pilgrim indeed, the veil would long since have been taken from off your face." Annie could say nothing, and looked very meek under the reproof. As for Sister Hard-Shell, she went away with the air of proud, conscious power; for she had something to tell of, to remember and repeat, to the day of her death. So soon did our friends find that there must be some other bonds of sympathy and fellowship than unity of opinion as to the right way of commencing a pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. PROUDFIT'S OPENING PARTY.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE NIGHT-INGALE.

THE winter opened at Vanity Fair as is usual in other great cities. The theatres blazoned their attractions along the great thoroughfares. The equipages of the gay and great world were in motion, day and night. The States-General were in session, which brought an influx of strangers, so that with the opening of a new year "the gay season" was at its height.

Our pilgrims, though residents of Vanity Fair, in accordance with their carefully-considered determinations, had declined all invitations to balls and grand parties. Nor would they be persuaded to change their purpose to go to Mrs. Proudfit's party, with which the season up-town opened. It was to be a ball; and the rumor that it would be attended by some very distinguished

persons from abroad, to whom the party would be given, made everybody on the *qui vive* to go; and then, too, as it was to be "very select," this anxiety was greatly enhanced. After a most vexatious delay, the cards were sent out. Then began all those little arts which are so commonly practised for the procuring of invitations by those who are uninvited. Mrs. Proudfit perfectly understood the society around her. She had purposely left out those who had been most free with their speeches. She meant to punish them, "to make them toady" (her own phrase), before she sent the wished-for card. And as our ladies and gentlemen were known to stand high with Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, they were inducted into some secrets, and had a little insight behind the scenes; when Mrs. Bates, the T'nipnoses, Miss Gulphin, and Miss Little, at different times, called upon them, and, with infinite skill, sought to enlist their good offices to get tickets for them to the party. With great amiability, our ladies were entreated to undertake to secure them tickets. Calling on Mrs. Proudfit, they said to her: "Have you omitted these persons from design, or not? If you have a purpose in it, we have nothing more to say; but if it is among the accidents of getting up your party, then permit us to say, they would be gratified to receive your cards."

"My kind friends," said Mrs. Proudfit, "you are very new to Vanity Fair. These ladies have stood first among those who availed themselves of an unfortunate acquaintance made by my husband, most innocently, at the Club-House, and have done what they could, for the last three months, to unsettle my position in society. I have waited my time, and it is come. These persons have already come to me with their solicitations, in various ways; and I had purposed to pillory them, as I can do, and dare do, if there

were an army of them. They are the *midges* in society, with little stings which annoy, but never hurt. Miserable women, ugly, and finically fine, — I positively could crush them with as little mercy as I would so many spiders!”

Our ladies said they had been persuaded to make this call with some reluctance, and they would not wish any change made in her plans at their persuasion.

“No, my dear ladies, nor shall I make the slightest change. I mean these women shall come; for it is my purpose to punish them yet further, and I can best do this in the presence of all my guests, in a way which they will feel — *perhaps*. I say perhaps, for they are neither very bright nor very sensitive. I shall try my best. Say to these ladies so much as this: that I will take this matter into consideration, that they have neither been overlooked nor forgotten.”

On the Monday of the week on which her party came off, Mrs. Proudfit sent the desired cards to our ladies, requesting them to present them, — thereby intimating to those invited that they owed the success of all their efforts to the intervention of Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman.

On the next evening after the party was given, Mrs. Bates and Miss Gulphin and the T'nipnoses called, with some gentlemen, as they said, to “tell our ladies and gentlemen of the party, and how greatly they were indebted to them for their kindness.”

“I think it was the most delightful party I ever attended. Such a supper! and, then, the music! O, it was indeed beautiful throughout!” said Mrs. Bates.

“And how did Mrs. Proudfit sustain herself?” asked Annie.

“Just as spiteful as she could be and live,” replied Mrs.

Bates. "She seemed *ennuied* at times, and then she said the most unheard-of things to her guests, but in such a way that nobody knew how to take her. She is a riddle, that, for one, I never shall solve. But I kept out of her way. I know her of old. I wanted to go to her party, and did so, — thanks to you, Mrs. Outright."

The other ladies had less to say, for they were not so wise as Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Proudfit had made them conscious of her power, and of their degradation, in the presence of those whose good opinion they were most anxious to obtain. Her object in giving this grand party had been to dispel the impression made on the fashionable world by her admiration of a valet; and, when she saw she had succeeded, she cared not to conceal her contempt for those she had so easily won. Her eagle eye took in, at a glance, the motives of those around her. To such as were the true arbiters of fashion her manners were gracefully courteous, polite, and deferential; but for those whom she regarded as vulgar imitators and aspirants she had none of the charming mannerisms of society.

The week following the party, our pilgrim ladies called on Lady Di., who expressed her regret that they were not at the party. "I am sorry you did not go, for we met some very nice persons there. Several strangers from abroad, one a famous novelist; and, above all others, I wanted you to become acquainted with my very dear friends, the Count and Countess du Rudolstadt; they came down from their mountain home expressly to be present at Mrs. Proudfit's party."

"These names are very familiar to me," said Annie.

"O yes," said Lady Di.; "you have seen them in Madame

George Sand's novel of *Consuelo*. They go by these names in society now, and they have the good sense to appreciate the grace with which the genius of Madame Sand has invested them ; nor are her talents in any degree exaggerated."

"Did she sing?" asked Annie.

"O no; Mrs. Proudfit would never so far forget the elevation in which *Consuelo* moves, as to ask her to sing at a party! There was a rumor that she would sing, which was whispered around the city; and it afforded certain persons the needed apology for being there. How it arose nobody could tell, but it suited Mrs. Proudfit's purpose admirably."

"Where do the count and countess reside?" asked Gertrude.

"And have you never heard of the Phalanstery? Ah! well, we must make a summer party there. It is situated in a beautiful valley among the Astral Mountains, one of the sweetest spots in the world, and they have made it a paradise."

At this point of the conversation, Lord Shallbeso was ushered in, and his cordiality was real, and gratifying to our ladies especially. As for Lady Di., she seemed the most unimpressible person in the world.

"I saw Mrs. Outright's carriage at your door, Lady Di., and could not refuse myself the pleasure of a call; and I have some pleasant news to tell you."

"Pleasant news from you, my lord, is indeed a rarity," said Lady Di.

"Lady Di. wants you to believe I am a great Bug-a-boo; but you ladies know me to be among the most amiable of men."

"Certainly we do," said Annie.

"There, Lady Di., what can you say now? But I have news

to tell you, and I am glad to be the first to tell it to you, ladies. There are those who will go into ecstasies about it, who have, in fact, no more soul in them than the stones they tread upon; but to you, ladies, it will be glad tidings of great joy."

"My lord, enough of this!" said Lady Di.

Lord Shallbeso bowed with profound reverence to Lady Di.

"I have just received the *Babylonian Herald*, which announces the arrival of 'the Nightingale,' got up in old Burn'em's best manner. The gullibility of the people seems to task the capacity of his *claquers*. Here, ladies," said old Shallbeso, opening the paper, "are five columns of what is known to printers as 'fat matter,' and it certainly is uncommonly rich. It begins by telling us of the convulsion which shook the commercial metropolis of England to its centre, upon the event of her leaving for the New World; and, having thus prepared for our public an apology for any sort of folly they might perpetrate on their own behalf, Burn'em set his machinery at work. Her coming was expected on Saturday night, and he had enlisted the Fire Department of Babylon to welcome her to her hotel."

"Fire Department!" exclaimed Lady Di. "You are jesting. What appreciation have such men, in their red-flannel shirts, glazed hats, and blazing torches, of the divine art, and the modern Malibran?"

"Ah! my Lady Di., you don't understand the genius of a great man, — the skill with which Burn'em manages musicians, and the multitude. Pray, my lady, who is to pay him back the vast sum he has stipulated to give this Nightingale? Will the sweet ladies in their opera-cloaks, and with attendant beaux in white vests and kids, help him bear up under such a weight of

obligation? No! no! So soon as these have exhibited their faces and fashions a few times, they leave the *artiste* and singers of the opera to starve. What care they? No, Lady Dieofarose Dielinccœur, Burn'em is no such fool. He seeks to enlist the sympathy of the masses, and he will do it. It is a sober fact, ladies, that the Fire Department were out to welcome this singer; and, with great regret, they were compelled to extinguish their torches because of her non-arrival."

"My lord, it is very odd, is it not?" said Annie.

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Outright," replied my lord, in a very amiable tone for him. "Is it so very strange? Now, it seems to me one of those unique and delicate compliments which the great genius of Burn'em alone is equal to."

"You are certainly teasing us," said Lady Di.

"Let me explain," he replied, "and you will see I am right. The significancy lies here: the Fire Department, by an entire surrender of hooks, engines, ladders, and other apparatus, would thus have made manifest to the Nightingale their inability to extinguish the flames which her presence had enkindled in every quarter of a great city."

"Well, my Lord Shallbeso, are you serious?" asked Gertrude, with beautiful earnestness and simplicity of manner.

"Never more so, upon my honor. But this is not the crowning triumph."

"Indeed!" said Annie, "can anything more absurd than this have been enacted?"

"Nothing more absurd," replied my lord, "but something yet more striking. You all know the sanctity of the Sabbath is not only a matter of religious sentiment, but the law of the land,

in Babylon;—‘for in it thou shalt do no manner of work;’—but this great law of God and man Burn'em has trampled in the dust. It was said, by a great statesman, ‘In revolutionary times there are no Sabbaths.’ So it was when Burn'em's *claquers* and news-boys received the tidings of the coming steamer. The fire spread from one end of the city to the other; multitudes were borne along to the docks; an ‘*Arc de Triomphe*,’ surmounted by a stuffed eagle from Burn'em's Museum, and a *bouquet* of artificial flowers hanging from his beak, awaited the coming of the Nightingale. Now let me read out of the *Herald*: ‘This scene baffles description; bouquets of beauty and costliness were showered upon the horses, upon the coachmen, and a favored few reached the lap of the Nightingale. The police fought like lions; but one tremendous rush carried away the Arc de Triomphe, when the excitement rose to a pitch of wild tumult.’”

“Was anybody killed?” asked Gertrude, breathlessly, as she thought of an arch falling in ruins upon the mass of men and women.

My lord laughed at the thought. “O, no! this was nothing but one of Burn'em's humbugs. The crash was nothing but the tumbling down of a few boards, but then it served a turn to help out a good story.”

“Have you finished?” asked Lady Di.

“I have, madam, if you wish it so!” replied my lord.

“O, by no means! Only, my lord, let us have the naked truth,” replied Lady Di.

“The naked truth, lady, can only be guessed at. We may, I think, be sure of this, that Burn'em has roused up the common people to think the coming of a popular singer is something they

have a hand in, and for which they will exchange *their* notes for hers; an exchange every way in his favor. Burn'em begins with the Fire Department; next he will enlist the Free and Accepted Masons; nor should I be surprised if he brought in at last the Reverend Clergy; the Grandfather Graybeards will come in as a graceful tail to the kite — *Vive la bagatelle!* ”

“ My Lord Shallbeso,” said Annie, with some spunkiness of manner, “ I don't like the way you have spoken of the common people, — the bone and sinew of our great confederacy. I rejoice that they are capable of being made to feel that the great gifts of God and art are theirs as well as ours; that, in matters of this sort, we possess a common nature, and that music, which addresses itself to the highest and purest of our emotions, comes within the range of their capacities, as well as of those calling themselves ‘the best society.’ And Mr. Burn'em is doing the state good service, and I am glad he has the skill to do it. I wish him all success ! ”

“ Bravo ! bravo ! ” exclaimed Lord Shallbeso ; while Lady Di. patted her hand with her folded fan ; and Annie, ashamed of her enthusiasm, with glowing cheeks, sought to get down from the heights to which she had soared, by saying, “ I hope she will come to Vanity Fair while we are here ; and if she sings at concerts, I will go and hear her.”

“ And why not if she sings in opera ? Do the mere scenery and costumes change notes, clear as crystal and pure as gold, into pinchbeck ? ” said Lord Shallbeso.

“ I don't reason about such matters, my lord,” replied Annie
“ I act upon my intuitions ; these tell me to stay at home.”

“ That's very absurd, my child ! ” replied my lord.

“My lord, don’t forget yourself,” said Lady Di. “I hope you will hear her, Mrs. Outright. I am sure you will, and that my friend, Mrs. Trueman, will unite with us in this compliment to nature and art.”

“I make no decisions so far in advance, my lady,” said Annie, and she rose to leave.

“Indeed, Mrs. Outright, I do believe what you say,—strange as it is to believe it of a lady,” said my lord, who also rose, hat in hand, to accompany them home.

Lady Di., rising, said: “My dear friends, I have a favor to ask. The Bishop of Turkey is in town, and I shall have a small party in honor of his visit; at which will be present those young ladies and gentlemen who are to be confirmed on next Sunday, and a few of the students and clergy, together with the parents of these young persons. My lord, I do not invite you,” said Lady Di., turning to Lord Shallbeso, “for I do not wish a pall to be thrown over the pious sentiments and religious gayeties of my young friends.”

“Nor a wet blanket over the glowing cheeks of my Lord Bishop Highandry,” replied Lord Shallbeso. “I cannot be among your guests, for I am engaged to dine with Sir Henry, at the Molesworths’.”

Now, as the Molesworths were the great rivals of Lady Di., this was a very hard hit. It told that lady of a party to Sir Henry Fox, whose presence she had hoped would grace her own; and, too, of a dinner-party, to which Lord D. and herself were not invited. But Lady Di. was too well disciplined to seem to hear one word my Lord Shallbeso had said.

Our ladies gracefully and promptly promised to come with

their husbands. Lady Di.'s pleasure was shown by her looks, more than by the words in which she expressed her acknowledgments.

When our ladies were once more at home and alone, Gertrude said, "I wish, Annie, we were out of this city. It is very poor progress we are making towards the Celestial City, and I told Frank so this morning; but he said, 'We are certainly on the way, for we have made a start.'"

"And what reply did you make, Gertrude?"

"Well, I could n't help it," replied Gertrude, with a deep-drawn sigh; "I said to Frank, 'And so too Lot's wife.'"

"Dear cousin," said Annie, "we don't any of us look like pillars of salt, do we?"

"No, dear Annie, but have not our hearts become cold as marble?"

"Never!" exclaimed Annie, "not a bit like it; 'we are *in* the world, but not *of* it.'"

"Burning and shining lights!" said poor Gertrude, with a sad smile.

"Don't let us be sad, cousin," said Annie. "Here come our husbands." Annie ran to welcome them, and all thoughts of the Celestial City were forgotten for the time.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LADY DI.'S PARTY TO THE BISHOP OF TURKEY.

WHEN Frank and Oliver were told of the confirmation party at Lord Dielineœur's, they were greatly surprised, for Lord and Lady D. were in this city among the leaders of *ton*. They were, however, "very high church;" that is to say, they belonged to the congregation of the Church of the Holy Martyrs, where beautiful flowers and lighted tapers adorned the altar; where the prayers were sometimes intoned and the Psalms and Litany sung; where there was any amount of church tactics displayed by a half-dozen priests in their robes marching up in Indian-file to the altar, in a minuet-like step, and then crossing over and filing back again, manœuvring after a pious sort. Here too the priest preached in a surplice, and the offertory was read, and the plates circulated for charity, on every Sunday. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Lavender, dated his notes on St. Bridget's day, ate fish on Fridays, quarrelled with dead dissenters, and declined dining out with living ones; he was a dutiful son to the fathers, but cared not a fig for the grandfathers, the apostles, whom he set at defiance; he wore his coat of the M. B. cut, inculcated cruciform prostrations for young ladies, and was, as nearly as possible, in conformity to the Roman church, without being lost in it.

Now, Lord and Lady Dielineœur, though very devout in their manners *in church*, ignored all religion, with a high-bred courtesy, for every day in the week. Religious duties or opinions they regarded *est trop* at all other times. In this they had many followers, to whom they were mirrors of fashionable demeanor.

A religious party at Lord Dielineœur's was a novelty indeed, and our gentlemen were glad to go. The next evening, at ten o'clock, they entered the brilliantly illuminated mansion. The saloons were already thronged, and, having disposed of their hoods and hats, they entered and made their bows to Lady Di. and her husband. Lady Di. received them with distinguished consideration, and herself presented them to the Right Rev. Father in God, the Bishop of Turkey, who stood near her. This eminent dignitary of the church was a man of dark aspect, and a heavy brow. He had won a high meed of fame by his zeal in perpetuating ancient Christianity in the East.

To return to Lady Di.'s party. The party was eminently clerical, — for there were here assembled the Rev. Professor Lacy, Rev. Dr. Goodhue, Rev. Dr. Whitecloth, Rev. Mr. Lavender, Rev. Dr. Pimlico, and Rev. Mr. Rosemary, with other clerics; beside students from the Theological Seminary.

Of these young sprigs of divinity, the acolytes were known at once, for they all wore the clipped shirt-collar, the stiff, tie-less neckcloth, the M. B., the cassock vest, the cropped hair, the unwhiskered cheek, of young Jesuit priests. These were in gay converse with sweet girls dressed in all the splendor of fashion, whose modesty was very remarkable at their heels, but paradisiacally *decolleté*; and Oliver and Annie both remarked how difficult a task it was to these young saints to keep their eyes from wandering. Of all this none were so conscious as these very sweet, artless girls; who, in compassion, so flitted their fans that it was only by glimpses their beautiful busts could be seen by them. As for the city beaux, young men in dainty vests and kid gloves, wearing the appearance of manikins of merchant-tailors,

they were, on this occasion, quite neglected by the young ladies; as they deserved to be. For, as there was to be no dancing, they were of no use whatever; and, besides, there were certain matters in hand of great moment, in which these young ladies and these novices were all deeply interested, of which we shall speak hereafter. At this time these are secrets only known to the initiated; and we must not anticipate our narrative.

Colonel Proudfit, so soon as Gertrude was at liberty, came to her side, as was now his custom in society. Men love contrasts; and, certainly, no greater contrast could he find than existed between his lady and the lady of Mr. Trueman. And, too, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Proudfit had shown some signs of her appreciation of the attractiveness of Mr. Frank Trueman; but as yet this was only noticed by her especial friends.

"Are these young Jesuits?" asked Gertrude.

"O no!" replied the colonel. "These are Theologians."

"Indeed! how much they look like Jesuits *in petto*!" said Gertrude.

"Now," said the colonel, turning to Frank, who stood beside his wife, "if Lord Shallbeso was here, he would say, like priests in petticoats. Where can my lord be, that he is not here?"

"He is at the Molesworths', I believe," said Frank.

"I am sorry he is not here. Do you know, Mrs. Trueman, that you and Mrs. Outright are favorites of his? It is a great compliment to you," said the colonel.

Gertrude bowed her acknowledgments, and Frank spoke: "I am glad he likes us, for we are all greatly inclined to his society."

The company was unusually brilliant and joyous. Everybody was talking with fluency, the young gentlemen only excepted. After mingling with these groups for a while, Annie and Oliver took vacant seats in a circle of a group who had chosen a snug corner for themselves. Here sat the Rev. Mr. Lavender, Mrs. Henry Gibbs, the Rev. Dr. Whitecloth, and Miss St. John; with all whom they had some acquaintance, and into whose circle they were kindly welcomed.

"Mrs. Gibbs, do not let our coming interrupt or change the current of your conversation," said Annie.

"Thank you," she replied; "I was saying to Dr. Whitecloth that I could not, for my life, find out what certain fantastical people mean when they talk of 'Christian experience,' and go on to describe all the processes of thought and feeling which they say they went through in being 'born again.' There's nothing of all this in the Prayer-Book, doctor?" appealing by look to the reverend doctor.

"Not one word, dear madam," he replied.

"And," continued Mrs. Henry Gibbs, "I would like to ask these people, who insist on this precise knowledge, if they doubt their own existence because they know nothing of their being born into this world. When they do this, then, I think, they will be entitled to deny the new birth, duly administered in our church by baptism, to her infant members; 'wherein they are made heirs of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.'"

The Rev. Mr. Lavender bowed profoundly to Mrs. Gibbs, who was a very clever woman, and a person of distinction in the church up-town; and he said: "Mrs. Gibbs, I really do not

recollect to have heard this point made before. It strikes me as conclusive. No churchmen ever so low (and such churchmen are usually very low people) can be so vulgarly stupid as to deny their own existence, that they were once born; and how can they question their being born again, if they have been duly baptized, because unconscious of it? and when the church so expressly teaches the fact of their regeneration in all her formularies? MASKELL, a recent writer of great learning, says, what is precisely in confirmation, madam, of your position: 'We cannot,' says Maskell, 'comprehend, and we cannot, therefore, explain, baptismal regeneration in the mode of its operation; it is a mystery, and we must be content to believe it as such, and as a most certain birth of the Gospel.' And, further, he says: 'This is our new birth, an actual birth of God, of the Water and the Spirit, as we were actually born of our natural parents.'"*

The Rev. Dr. Whitecloth said: "It is greatly to be regretted that our church should have adopted the name of Protestant. As one of the consequences of this, we have been accustomed to hold in reverence the names of Tyndall, Wickliffe, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. Why, my friends, I speak it with pain, these men were *schismatics*, all of them unsound in what my Lord Bishop of Exeter, in his pamphlet entitled 'A Scriptural

* The following is the title-page of this work: "HOLY BAPTISM, a Dissertation by W. Maskell, M.A., Domestic Chaplain to the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Exeter.

By whom was this child baptized?

With what matter was this child baptized?

With what words was this child baptized?"

(Second edition.) London. W. Pickering, 1848. We quote p. 352.

Review of our Liturgy,' published in London, 1851, has laid down as the basis of the whole scheme of Anglican theology." *

"The adoption of that hateful word, 'Protestant,' has induced me to fear we may be ourselves, in very deed, 'schismatics,' " said Mrs. Gibbs.

"Alas!" said Mr. Lavender, with a sigh, "all this comes out of our church's sympathy with that rebellion of the human mind against authority, falsely called 'the Reformation.' But, I would ask, who are Luther, Calvin, Bucer, and Zuingle, that we should listen to them, rather than to St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Justin, and St. Clement; in a word, to schismatics, rather than to the fathers of our One Holy Catholic Church? When shall we crush this nest of vipers? Is there any means to be used by the church for the recovery of the control it once possessed over the consciences and hearts of men?"

"That is a matter we have now under consideration," said the Rev. Dr. Whitecloth. "You, perhaps, understand to what I allude, Mrs. Gibbs?" bowing to her significantly.

"I do," said Mrs. Gibbs, "and I have been charmed with the plan. It is a most happy thought, and I feel confident of its success."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," said Mr. Lavender. "We shall need the countenance of the ladies especially; but we have travelled away from our topic, to one as yet not in such state of forwardness as to be made public."

"Pardon us, Mrs. Outright," said Mrs. Henry Gibbs. "I was

* The bishop's words are: "The dogmatic theory of Baptism becomes, of necessity, the basis of the entire scheme of Anglican theology."

going to add to what has been said by Mr. Lavender just this remark: Too many among us have relied upon the *meeting-house* clocks, manufactured by Genevan watchmakers, forgetting to look up to the unerring dials upon our own Minsters; for myself, I can say, I neither go with 'dissenters' for time nor eternity."

The Rev. Dr. Whitecloth was delighted with these happy conceits; *he* heard them for the first time. Mrs. Gibbs was in the habit of concocting and memorizing clever speeches, and Mr. Lavender had heard all this before; but it was all new to the rest of the group. The reverend doctor said he should repeat it at dinner to-morrow, when he should dine with the Bishop of Turkey. This Mrs. Gibbs insisted he should not do; but the doctor said it was so good, it ought to be embalmed in the next Diócesan Letter to the Clergy.

The supper was now announced, and the group at once dismissed all spiritual affairs for those temporal. The guests were ushered into a hall beautifully lighted. Wax lights, from golden chandeliers, were reflected by mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The drapery was a texture of woven glass which shone with a golden hue; the magnificence of the table was all that plate, porcelain, and cut-glass, combined with taste and skill, could create. But this was not the most beautiful of the sights beheld in that hall. The party of gay and lovely girls shone in sweet contrast with parsons in the bud and bishops in full bloom: their parents and the young gentlemen serving as a background to the picture.

During supper Mrs. Proudfit made her appearance suddenly, accompanied by Sir Henry Fox. She pushed through the crowd, from the door to the head of the table, making more than one

lady painfully conscious of her presence. Her object was gained in having thus shown off Sir Henry to the company. To make her power over that gentleman the more conspicuous, she withdrew, taking Sir Henry with her, who seemed reluctant to leave; and, in spite of all the remonstrances of Lord and Lady Dielincoeur, left the house.

When the party returned to the saloons, some girls, among whom were their young friends, Netta Hook and Emily Van Nostrand, came up to Gertrude and Frank, as they were standing at a window, accompanied by a couple of young Jesuits. Having spoken of the beauty of the rooms and the nice supper, and exhausted the usual topics, Frank asked Netta Hook what preparation was requisite for her coming rite of confirmation, which he had heard spoken of during the evening.

“That is what has brought us here. And we came early to talk it over; and have agreed to dress in white muslin frocks, fitting close up to the throat, and our hair to be perfectly smooth, so as to look like nuns. Won’t it be sweet? There are to be twenty of us girls, and seven young gentlemen,—we can’t get any more to join us,—and they are to dress entirely in black frock-coats, black vests, and white cravats and gloves; and we girls are to wear a scarlet rosette on the left breast, made in the form of a Greek cross, and sashes of the same color. Lady Di. and the bishops are to arrange the order in which we shall come in. Won’t it be nice?”

“Is this matter of color important?” asked Gertrude.

The young Jesuit standing beside Netta, seeing her at a loss, replied for her: “The Church, madam, employs, in her vestments and napkins, five colors. On the feast-days of our Lord and the

Blessed Virgin she makes use of white; on the Pentecost, Apostles' and Martyrs' days, she employs green, and usually on Sundays it is green. On penitential days it is black. Then, there are red and purple, that are used for other seasons."

"I am so glad next Sunday the color, as set down in the calendar, is white!" said Netta. "The flowers in the vases will be white, and we shall be all in white; and it will be so sweet! And then the rosettes and sashes will make such a pretty contrast!" said the young girl.

The Jesuit shook his head, and looked very solemn and perplexed. "I am fearful the bishop has been misled by you, young ladies, and he does not realize that in pleasing you he has changed the usages of the church."

"No such thing!" exclaimed the girl, "for he said he had found authority for it; for this was a Pentecostal season, and red was the color for that day; and he said he would allow us a sash and rosette of scarlet;" and, turning to Frank, she continued, "I'm sure, if the cardinals are allowed to wear scarlet cloaks, we may wear scarlet sashes."

"Certainly," said Frank. "I've read somewhere, in some book, where the church is spoken of as a lady dressed in scarlet."

The Jesuit beau of Netta Hook scanned Frank with a look of distrust; but the incertitude of his mind was dispelled by the coming up of Bishop Highandry, whose pleasure at seeing our pilgrims was most genial. He took Gertrude's hand in his with that pastoral air which permits a bishop to make a dumping of a soft hand, while he made many inquiries of her health, the manner in which the atmosphere of the city affected her.

and expressed his pleasure at seeing her at this delightful party. He put his finger playfully under the chin of Netta Hook, and told her to perform her part well. He also graciously invited our friends to take a seat in his pew on the next Sunday. He then relinquished Gertrude's hand with a soft pressure, bowed, and passed on. This little scene quieted the fears of the young deacon.

It was one o'clock before the party broke up, and every one, in leaving Lady Di., expressed their delight at being so favored as to have shared in her delightful party; as is common to be said on all occasions, if anything be said, in leave-taking.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AN INCIDENT AT MRS. MOLESWORTH'S DINNER-PARTY.

THE next day, as our ladies were about to ride out, Lord Shallbeso called, to whom they told all their last night's experiences. He was amazingly pleased at the success of Mrs. Proudfit. He said Sir Henry had been enlisted to go with her to Lady Di.'s party, but the Molesworths having, by some leaky servant, got wind of this, made great efforts so to manage matters that he should not go. The dinner they gave Sir Henry was first delayed, and then prolonged to a late hour. Sir Henry was greatly embarrassed by having two ladies upon his hands at the same time; for Mrs. Molesworth had enlisted a beautiful

girl and a young witching widow to sit beside him, and by no means to let him escape. They neither wanted talent nor interest in the part they were to play; and everything was going on well, when, in the midst of the dessert, a little bustle was heard at the door, and Mrs. Proudfit's man Harry forced his way inside the dining-hall, and, in a clear voice, addressed Sir Henry, saying, "His lady, Mrs. Proudfit, was at the door in her carriage waiting for him." This was carrying the citadel by a *coup-de-main*. Sir Henry rose, made his bow, and retired before Mrs. Molesworth or her adjuncts had time to recover their wits.

"Please tell us, my lord, who is the Bishop of Turkey," asked Annie. "To me he has a most repulsive aspect. I don't like his looks."

"O, what an eye that is of yours, my fair lady!" said my lord. "This bishop is a man of some note, better known by a surname abroad than by his official title, a sobriquet not so complimentary as appropriate. With him, the motto 'No faith to be kept with heretics' is read 'dissenters;' and our bishop made rather a sharp exegesis of the text 'Compel them to come in,' in which he also made a slight change, rendering it, 'Compel them to *stay* in;' a small variation, it may be, in the reading, but not the slightest in the application; for it makes but little difference to a man for what he is bastinadoed, plundered, or beheaded, so it be done in fact."

"Pray, did the House of Bishops sanction such doings?" asked Annie, with her eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Outright," replied the lord, "bishops are endowed with what may be styled, fittingly and properly, 'Epis-

copal Infallibility.' Now, the Bench of Bishops never give up a bishop until he gives himself up. While he stands up to fight, they fight for him. The common people have a proverb applicable to the case in hand. There are, my friends, *canons* which are pointed so as to bear upon bishops, as well as *canons* for laymen; but, whenever these bishop canons are brought into range, they are found to have been spiked, and of no use at all. Pardon me for my abruptness, but my object in calling was to ask you to occupy my pew, and witness the confirmation scene next Sunday. Will you allow me to call for you?" asked my Lord Shallbeso.

"It will give us great pleasure to go with you, my lord," replied Annie.

"I am very glad," said Lord Shallbeso; "and, now, to add to my obligations, will you go with me and examine a gallery of paintings just opened?"

This invitation they also accepted; and the whole day was spent in sight-seeing. At night, as they sat together, waiting for Oliver and Frank to come in from a dinner-party, Gertrude spoke to Annie these words: "What dost thou here, Elijah?" Annie shook her head. She dared not trust herself to analyze her innermost thoughts. In everything else they were in the habit of portraying every shade of feeling to each other, but of this one great thought of their lives they kept the silence of the tomb.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CONFIRMATION.

LORD SHALLBESO called for our ladies at ten o'clock. As the morning was pleasant and bright, they walked up to the Church of the Holy Martyrs; and, though it was a quarter to eleven when they entered, the church was full of people. Seats for this solemn occasion were reserved in the front of the chancel for those to be confirmed. Lord Shallbeso's pew was on the right side of the chancel; and Lord D. and lady, and Colonel and Mrs. P., had theirs on the left. These friends were already in their seats, and their slightest recognition was all that Mr. John Brown and his friends regarded as *re-churcha*. The great organ opened its thousand throats, when from out of a side-door leading to the vestry a procession of deacons and novices entered, all in their appropriate costumes, followed by the young ladies to be confirmed, wearing white veils which covered their heads. These were grasped by the left hand, and in their right each held a crimson velvet-covered prayer-book, which was pressed to the left breast, without any other ornament than gold crosses, five inches long, hanging down to the knee, and fastened by a rope of silk from the waist, which ended in long rich tassels in front. They certainly did look sweetly pious, and, as the young lady had said, "nun-like;" but, for some sufficient reason, the scarlet sashes and rosettes were not worn. It was said that, on further consideration, the bishop thought that to wear them would be regarded as an innovation on the customs of the church. As for the young fellows that followed these

angel forms of light and beauty, they were dressed in black, and came in with their heads bowed down, holding their prayer-books to their chins, looking, for all the world, like condemned criminals who were about to listen to their last sermon before being executed. They did as well as they knew how, acting awkwardly and ill at ease; while the sweet girls sat like angels in marble.

Lord Shallbeso had his own thoughts on the occasion, and was wanting to share them with Annie; but she would n't let him have her ear for a single whisper.

The organ died away in the distance of seeming miles, and the last faint note was heard, when the Right Reverend Bishop Highbury and the Right Reverend Bishop of Turkey came out in their robes and lawn sleeves, leading a dozen priests in white surplices, who, with a kind of skipping step, symbolizing David dancing before the ark, ascended to the high places of the sanctuary, which were not reached without various intricate evolutions and zig-zag movements. The altar around which they kneeled was ornamented with white flowers. The napkins and other altar-cloths were white. "The bloodless sacrifice" was set upon a side-table, known to the initiated as the "Credence Table," covered with a credence cloth, on which were embroidered in white silver the symbols of the Passion. Great candles were burning within the chancel and upon the altar; and most necessary they were to dispel the cell-like gloom of the chancel. When the creed was recited, every knee and head did bow; and, as Lord Shallbeso assured them with all gravity the next day, "the height of churchmanship was told by the lowliness of the bow, just as the deflection of the bob of an electrometer from a perpendicular shows the strength of the current of electricity. No

surer test is known, and none regarded so satisfactory of churchmanship." The services were as artistic as they could be made, and seemed to be endless; for everything in the prayer-book was said or sung, connected with the services for the day.

The Right Reverend Bishop of Turkey preached from the text, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, present *your bodies* a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto the Lord, which is your reasonable service." The bishop enforced the text. The sacrifice of faith was the offering up of our bodies; the body was the temple. It was the outward expression of the inward grace conferred in baptism, nourished and fed by the rites of the holy church. It began with Abel; it was at the *altar* he made his reverence and was accepted. It was at the *altar* Job offered up his burnt-offerings for his sins. It was at the *altar* upon Mount Moriah that Abraham worshipped. It was at the *altar* in Bethel Jacob worshipped, and at the *altar* in Beersheba that Isaac knelt; and "time," he said, "would fail to show forth all the teachings of Holy Scripture by which the bloody sacrifice on Calvary is to be renewed in the bloodless sacrifice of *our* altars." He dwelt a long time on posture-worship, especially bowing in the creed, as being in the true spirit of the Rubric, though not expressly laid down, only because of its universal prevalence at that day, when a neglect of so graceful, natural, and fitting expression of devotion, did not present itself to the minds of the fathers of our church as possible. "Those were days," he said, "when *Dissent* had not reared its hydra heads, and bishops were still regarded as apostles, each in his own proper sphere sent out to feed the church of God."*

* See Bishop DOANE'S *Missionary Bishop*, page 22. The Rev. Dr

The sermon came to an end, and it was with a feeling of relief our ladies rose to unite in singing the doxology. Then followed the ceremony of Confirmation.

But everything has an end ; and so has the morning service at a high church. The feeling of relief was universal ; and, while the vast multitude gradually won their way down the aisles, the great organ was filling the vault with its harmonies and strains of gladness.

"This is certainly a very fashionable audience," whispered a lady to another, in the hearing of Annie.

"I never saw one more so," was the reply.

"The music was very fine to-day," whispered another lady.

"Charming !" was the reply.

C. M. Butler, now of Christ Church, Cincinnati, in his admirable tract, published by Stamford and Swords, New York, 1850, entitled "*Old Truths and New Errors*," p. 171, has shown up the worthlessness of such claims to apostolical powers with great learning and entire success.

Dr. Butler thus cites the great Roman Catholic authority, Bellarmine : "*The bishops have no part of the true apostolic authority.*" — p. 40. -

As to this revival of bowing at the name of Jesus in reciting the creed, which in itself is a very little matter, with very little meaning in it, and about which so much is now said in certain circles, it fell into disuse at the time of the Reformation. It was the custom, *every time* the name of Jesus was uttered in the church, for the head to be inclined and the feet shuffled, making so much noise that the reformers of the Protestant Episcopal church, who wanted their sermons heard, to whom the preaching of the Gospel was neither foolishness, nor their sermons foolish preaching, being so annoyed by this bobbing the head and shuffling of the feet, they put an end to it, as a foolish vestige of Popery. And now it is renewed with unction and zeal, and made a test of churchmanship !

"What a horrid bore a sermon is!" said the last lady.

"Please don't say so till we get home," was the reply.

And so it was; there were few of that large audience who did not rejoice to see the sun shine on the outside of the Church of the Holy Martyrs on that Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PROFESSOR LACY'S PLAN TO RECOVER THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

OUR readers are prepared for some events to be made public, from the conversation held at Lady Di.'s party between Doctor Whitecloth and Rev. Mr. Lavender.

About the time of which we write, the High Church party at Vanity Fair had been greatly distressed by scandals affecting the sanctity of the priesthood. The novitiates and theologues, together with the pietistic young ladies, whom we have described as being the chiefest of the attractions of Lady Di.'s party, had met often to deplore the desolations of the church. Indeed, the topics discussed naturally led them to speak of matters demanding the greatest possible delicacy.

But most of all were the divinity professors in the college of theology alive to the momentous bearings of scandal flying on eagles' wings over the length and breadth of the diocese. The question was often mooted, long and anxiously, how to regain the odor of sanctity. They had found the clergy and laity belonging to the old High-and-Dry party in the church contented with

the condition of the diocese, and having no wish to act in the aggressive upon sectaries around them. From this lethargy they had at last roused their associates in the ministry and their flocks; and when in full tide of success a most notable event had taken place.

Doctor Lacy was, at the present time, chief among the faculty of theology. He was deeply read in patristic lore; nor was he unacquainted with the Jesuit fathers. It was at his request the clergy and faculty of the city convened in the library of the college, to take into consideration matters of moment affecting the best interests of the diocese, and to recover, if possible, the lost odor of sanctity.

It would probably occur to most of our readers that the rules of discipline laid down by the great Head of the church and his apostles would have been first resorted to. But it was not deemed rubrical to go beyond the Canons and Rubrics. If there was nothing to be found *there* suitable to the crisis, then what next was to be done? Now, they were fearful, above all things else, of lessening the power vested in the church dignitaries. The teaching of St. Ignatius the first, which resembles in all respects those of the modern St. Ignatius, is explicit in this. He says: "*Submit yourselves to the Bishop as to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"*

The question was one of great perplexity. The supremacy of a bishop on the one hand, and the honor of the church on the other. These were to be reconciled without injury to either.

* Ep. of Ignatius to the Magnesians, chapter i., verse 6, and chapter iv., verse 6.

Dr. Lacy had discovered John de Lugo, a great casuist doctor, teaching that the offences charged upon their diócesan were nothing more than "acts of impulse;" and these, he affirms, "are not sins at all, or at most but a philosophical sin."

It was early in the spring when this conclave of the clergy met in the college library, — a large room, built of oak, with stained lanceolate windows, showing the symbols of the church in appropriate colors, and with a ceiling something like the drop ceilings of the dark ages. It certainly was a dark room for a library; but so strangely fascinated were these churchmen with the study of ecclesiological architecture, that the end for which this room was built was all but defeated by the mode of its construction. The shelving was filled with books, and along the floor were great tomes, with dark, ribbed backs, or of dingy parchment, which told of the centuries that had passed over them.

The faculty and clergy now assembled sat each in his oaken chair, as uncomfortable as they could well be; but they were after the most approved scholastic models; and, we doubt not, had the ghost of St. Anselm, or the "Venerable Bede," walked into the apartment, it would have believed this library-room to belong to its own age.

Professor Lacy, seeing all around were looking toward him, rose, with a solemnity of manner which belongs to the æsthetics of the church; for every movement was with him a study. It must be acknowledged that in all this he excelled; the voice, its inflections, and the gestures, were all churchman-like. He spoke as follows:

"BRETHREN: In a conjuncture of affairs in this diocese, new, and painful as new, I have, with the concurrence of my fellows

in the faculty of theology, called you together for aid and counsel. Something must be done ! I need not tell you, brethren, that our pure gold has become dim. We want to know how best to restore it to its lustre. We all feel that the odor of sanctity has exhaled, and we ask, how is that delicate perfume to be recovered ? ”

Now, the wisest men of Castile were never more gravelled than by the enigma propounded by Columbus ; nor could their dubiety and perplexity have been surpassed by these doctors of divinity at this time. Professor Lacy had taken his seat. The very metaphors he used, of themselves, suggested impossibilities. It was all as the professor wished and expected ; and, having enjoyed the grave perplexity of his associates, he once more rose, greatly to their relief, and spoke thus :

“ Brethren, I say again, something *must* be done ! — something surprising, startling, and convincing. We need to do something which shall establish our claim to Catholic unity, and strike awe into the hearts of those who are now gainsayers. These must become convinced amidst the wonders of Catholic piety, or gaze, and wonder, and perish. Brethren, we have done much within a few years. Our claims over the consciences of the people have been recognized in a good degree, and we need now to subdue the incorrigible arrogance of a Romish schismatical priesthood, so as to compel them to acknowledge an unity in the One Faith of the One Catholic Church. This denial on their part is offensive, I won’t say to Christian charity, for that is a truism, but to the amenities and courtesies of good society. Do we not wear a garb not unlike their own ? Have we not conformed, so far as our Rubrics can be compelled into conformity ? And in many of our

churches we have vases of flowers and lighted candles upon our altars; we intone our prayers; we sing the creed, and the psalms, and the litany; and in our sermons we teach the doctrines known in all ages as Catholic. Nor is this all. The festivals are observed, — Lent especially, — and we on Friday abstain from flesh. I am aware, brethren, we have one weak spot, one point of contrast, in which we labor at a great disadvantage;” — here the doctor’s voice became tremulous, and he was compelled to apply his pocket-handkerchief to his nose and eyes. “I am sure I need not go on; there are none present who need any prompting of mine to see where my thoughts tend.” He paused once more.

“I trust Doctor Lacy will speak out plainly; for I do not, for one, comprehend his remarks.” This was spoken by Doctor Goodhue, a fair, ruddy, well-fed gentleman. Other gentlemen, not so obtuse, begged Professor Lacy to proceed. They said they had been extremely interested in his remarks, and hoped he would proceed.

“I have said,” continued Professor Lacy, “that, in the eyes of the Romish schism, all we have done is as nothing, while we retain and cherish what St. Chrysostom has characterized as ‘that necessary mischief, that desirable calamity, that delectable infelicity, — a wife!’* Yes, brethren, *this* is our stone of stumbling, *this* our rock of offence. When we contrast our crucifixions of the flesh with theirs, we must ourselves confess the world-wide difference between their sacraments and ours, between their celibacy and our — ” He paused. “I dare not speak the word which suggests itself to my mind as alliterative and proper. For one, I confess their superiority; and I think we may all apply to our-

* St. Chrysostom on Matthew 19 : 11.

selves those words addressed to the sleeping disciples." Here the professor paused again for an instant. "Again I say, something must be done; and I think I have found the solution of this inquiry. My brethren, it is all expressed in one word,—flagellation!"

The faces of the reverend clergy had gradually darkened down as the professor had gone on contrasting the superiority of the Jesuits and Romish priesthood with themselves, until they all wore a sour, severe expression; but, when he uttered the word "flagellation," more than one "*pish!*" testified their contempt and repugnance, and most of them hung their heads in disappointment. Professor Lacy saw all this; but his courage rose with the occasion.

"Listen, my respected and reverend friends and brethren! Listen to me! Fear not to be just to my cause; nay, not mine, but yours. Human nature never changes. Man in all ages is the same; subject to like passions, swayed by like motives; and the church, by a proper use of appliances always at hand, may yet awe the world into fear and submission. Rise, my friends, to the confident belief of what you all profess, that unto you are committed the keys of death and hell, and then you will be inspired with a courage that shall be made manifest to the consciences of men, and our control will be all we ask for, all we desire.

"Reverend Fathers and Gentlemen, I have already said, like moral causes produce like results, because God and man never change. Now, then, hear me for a few moments, while I cite to you a case pertinent to our condition. I refer to Godonius of Coimbra. Scandals were so rife in his day that the Society of

Jesus had become a by-word of reproach; when that great man, baring his shoulders, took a scourge and rushed out into the street, lashing himself without mercy; and, reaching the place of chief resort, he fell on his knees, and cried, ‘Ye nobles and men of Coimbra! pardon, for the scourging of Christ, pardon whatever offence the Society of Jesus has given you!’ The results were wonderful. The entire multitude of Coimbra were changed at once from foes to friends. Nor did it end here. Exhibitions of like fervor became the custom; and the licentious passed days and nights in like austerities, and in sweet contemplations of God.* Brethren, I cite a single case; but you need not be told of the holy Flagellants of Italy, who, when Italy was sunk in sin, came by thousands, in the rigor of winter, preceded by priests bearing crosses and banners, inspiring the hearts of all Italy and Germany with a fearful sense of the wickedness of the times, and an instant looking for of fiery indignation.”†

Professor Lacy took his seat. For a while no one moved. At length Dr. Goodhue, whose face spoke more of feasts than fasts, addressed the clergy present.

“Brethren, I deprecate any such recurrence to effete usages of the Romish party.”

“Effete!” cried Professor Lacy, rising to his feet. “Of whom does the gentleman speak? Do not the monks of Cassino discipline themselves once a week? — the Ursuline nuns on every Friday? — the Carmelite nuns on Wednesdays and Fridays? — the English Benedictines and Celestines weekly? — and the order of Capuchins every morning? Indeed, time would fail me to

* History of Jesuits, by Steinmetz, vol. i., p. 414.

† History of Flagellants, p. 348.

enumerate the usages of the various orders. And is a custom so general, and in such high repute, to be called effete?"

"No matter, my dear sir," continued Dr. Goodhue, who had held his position on the floor; "I repeat, I don't go for the restoration of monkish stupidities and cruelties among us. I do not believe in this abuse of the body."

Dr. Goodhue having taken his seat, Professor Lacy spoke across the room from his chair: "I think no one will attribute that to you, sir!" And then, rising to his feet, "Brethren," said the professor, "does not St. Paul expressly say, 'I chastise my body to keep it under'? or, as St. Irenæus and also Father Gretza render it, 'I render my body livid.'"

"I think," said Dr. Crusty, one of the faculty, "there is sufficient testimony — scriptural testimony — in favor of flagellation in the *Miserere** and *De Profundis*;† such, certainly, was the opinion of St. Austin."

And now some members of the conclave spoke as if doubtful, while others seemed favorable to the careful consideration of this suggestion; and, after discussion, Dr. Goodhue was appealed to, and asked if he did not regard this plan as one which might be entertained on the ground of expediency.

"I am not satisfied. Nothing as yet said weighs a feather's weight with me. St. Austin may have been good authority in other days, but he is not in these," Dr. Goodhue replied.

"Perhaps, Dr. Goodhue, you would not believe though one rose from the dead!" cried out Professor Lacy.

The amiable doctor smiled, and replied: "I cannot say, brethren, what a ghost might do; but I believe I shall wait till

* 51st Psalm.

† 130th Psalm.

I see one. But, there is Brother Crusty, who shows some flesh and blood under his broad waistband, — if he chooses to bare his back, and, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, go down into Change Alley, making his blood flow down to his heels for the odor of sanctity thereupon to accrue to our church, I am content. All I can say is this — I shall not follow his example; and more — this flogging one's self for one's own edification I have no faith in, notwithstanding all the authorities cited in this discussion in favor of it. But, as to flogging myself because an eminent personage richly merits a flogging, that is to me the height of absurdity."

"I do not understand," said Dr. Whitecloth, "that *we* are to share in this public discipline. I think all we are called upon to do is, to sanction it with our presence."

"Who is to bell the cat?" asked Dr. Goodhue. "I venture to make this inquiry, in allusion to the embarrassment of a conclave in Esop's days, like the present, which sat under somewhat similar circumstances. The post of honor," he continued, "belongs to Professor Lacy. I think no one of us will be likely to challenge his claim to lead the forlorn hope in this novel assault. And let me ask, before I sit down, 'Where shall we find penitents?' Has that idea ever suggested itself before?"

Professor Lacy rose, in a spirit of bitterness, and answered: "We shall find them where alone we hope for a new order of pietists, whose devotion will shame, if it were possible to add to the crimson on the cheeks of some men, dry and barren olive-trees, who, holding the high places of the church, care nothing for its glory. We look, brethren, to our students, our neophytes, acolytes, and catechumens."

Dr. Goodhue did not see fit to reply ; and it was finally agreed on that this matter should be left entirely to the Faculty of Theology. The meeting, however, agreed to sanction and uphold by their presence whatever course of proceeding they should adopt — with the dissenting voices of Dr. Goodhue, Dr. Bloodgood, and a few men who felt that they had nothing to gain, and some respectability to lose. Such was the action of the conclave, which was now dissolved *sine die*.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A NEW ORDER OF HOLY INNOCENTS CREATED.

PROFESSOR LACY and his associates, having obtained all they desired of the clergy, at once began to work upon the docile minds of the neophytes ; nor were the pretty pietists, of whom we have spoken, forgotten. Indeed, these young girls were expected to be the most efficient of all instrumentalities to make this experiment successful.

The young gentlemen were set to reading the lives of saints, written by Theodoret, Palladius, and the very eminent Cardinal Damian ; all which exhibit the zeal of priests and deacons, who vied with St. Dominic the cuirassed, St. Anselm, and the Abbot Poppo, in severity in these most “meritorious exercises.” Nor were those eminent ladies, St. Maria of Ognia, St. Hardwigge, and the widow Cechald, forgotten. Indeed, they became objects of pietistic admiration ; and the young ladies were quite fervent

in their zeal to follow their examples. But Professor Lacy and his friends suggested that they could do the best possible service by enlisting their admirers; and it was proposed that there should be created a new order in the church, to be called "The Order of Holy Innocents;" and that every lady should have her own gentleman, and they should act together for the attainment of one aim and end. Now, nothing could be more delightful than this. We doubt if St. Ignatius would not have adopted this as a part of his plan, had he lived in our day. The flame or enthusiasm was wonderful. Every young lady was ambitious of being one of the Holy Innocents; and, to do this, she must have her representative; for the word love and lover were never to be spoken. It was sometimes signified by cavalier, or knight. But love was eschewed entirely; for that was too common and vulgar. The young gentlemen had not much to complain of, for they were petted to the utmost by these girls.

It was whispered, under a veil of mystery, that the first appearance of the order of Holy Innocents, acting as penitents, would come off on the third of May, that being the festival-day of "Finding the Cross," which was regarded by all to be beautifully expressive; and then every young lady belonging to this new mystical order would be represented by her own penitent.

This was a secret worth knowing; and was kept from "dissenters" with greatest care. And yet there was a difficulty in keeping it entirely a secret; for some of the young ladies longed to surprise their Romish friends into an acknowledgment of Catholic unity, to be conquered by this *coup d'eglise*, when they should, by a sort of holy force, be compelled to count them worthy of their fellowship; and that "The Holy-Apostolic-

Anglo-Saxon-Protestant-American-Episcopal Church" was part and parcel of the Holy Catholic Church. A most amusing piece of stultification, not confined to novices and young girls. "Bishops and other clergy" have often shown the same cringing subserviency, if, by any means, the long-sought-for concession could be obtained.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF THE "DISCIPLINES" TO BE USED BY THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

AMONG the members of fashionable society with whom our pilgrims formed pleasant acquaintanceship were Mr. and Mrs. May, and Mr. and Mrs. Mead, whose residences stood on the same square. These ladies were cousins, educated under widely different methods. They were Catholics, and good Catholics. Mrs. May had been brought up at a fashionable boarding-school, near London; her cousin, Mrs. Mead, in a convent, near Paris. Their husbands were men of wealth and leisure; devoted to society and the cultivation of their elegant tastes in the arts. Both were painters, and performers on the piano and the violin, and could blow a blast on a half-dozen or more wind instruments. It is curious to see how time can be expended by men who have "nothing to do"! Their wives were most unlike, and yet very lovely in themselves, and greatly attached to each other. As is usual, they sought confessors after their own temperaments.

Father Cottin, the confessor of Mrs. May, was a man of wit, whose love of the world was ill-concealed under his Jesuit garb;

while Father Hildebrand showed himself an ascetic at a glance. His figure was tall, and his thin face resembled shrivelled parchment; while his dark, bright eyes gleamed from heavy, overshadowing eyebrows, like coals of fire. The way to heaven, with Father Hildebrand, was rough and thorny; nor could he be satisfied that he himself, or his penitents, were on their way thither, while there was a pleasure unchecked, or one affection unmortified. For it was only in self-sacrifice sincerity of devotion could be tested.

One sweet day in April, our ladies called on Mrs. May, to ask her to ride with them in their carriage; and she sent for them to come up into her boudoir, — an elegant apartment, filled with proofs of her husband's taste and love of art. They found Mrs. May at work at a little table, with a basket of cords at her side. She welcomed them, and insisted they should draw up seats and sit a while with her; for, as she was too much occupied to go out with them, she said they must stay with her. They did so. And, curious to know what Mrs. May was doing, they examined her work-basket. It contained cords of the size of a little finger (a lady's little finger!) cut into lengths of three feet, and wove together by a handle a foot long; leaving to each handle four tails two feet in length. These were tied with three knots. Above the knot (being placed there before the knot was tied) was a star stamped out of tin-plate, with a hole in the centre, through which the cord was slipped before the knot was tied. These sharp points Mrs. May was engaged in covering with crewel of various colors.

“I am delighted, ladies, to see you. You will, I am sure, be

glad to help me, it is such rare sport I am engaged in," said Mrs. May.

"May I know what these are for?" asked Gertrude, holding up one of the cords which was not as yet wrapped.

"O! it is a great secret, and you must not breathe it for all the world." And, rising, Mrs. May ran to the mantel-piece, and took down a silver crucifix with Christ on the cross (a gem of art). "Kiss the cross," said Mrs. May, holding it to Gertrude's face to kiss, "and I will tell you all."

"No, dear Mrs. May, I don't kiss the cross!"

"O, you little heretic! do you dare reject the cross?"

"I never have kissed a cross, and I never shall," replied Gertrude, with a troubled face.

"Nay, my dear lady, don't be offended. You are always so serious," said Mrs. May, tossing the crucifix into the basket of cords. "Though you are such heretics, yet I know I can trust you; though, I can tell you, there are ladies of 'our set' whose promise I would not trust on the cross. But, to be very serious indeed, this is a secret—a very great secret!"

"Dear Mrs. May," said Annie, who held one of the cords in her hand, "pray tell us what these mean. Do not tease us longer."

"With all readiness, ladies," replied Mrs. May. "I am engaged at this moment, strange as it may seem to you, in laboring as I best may for the advancement of that poor apology for Catholic faith, the High Church of Vanity Fair."

"You! O, that can't be!" cried Annie.

"Ah! you think me too good a Catholic," said Mrs. May. "And I am a good Catholic, and I am well assured you will put

no bad meaning upon my words when I say ‘pleasure-loving,’ and yet a good Catholic. Now, there is my dear cousin Lucille Mead, who disciplines herself every day in order to get rid of the devil ; while I get on without any such annoyance, and, indeed, never have so much as a single temptation to distress me.”

“ But what are these whips for ? What good are they to do for the High Church folks ? ” asked Annie, impatiently.

“ O, yes ! Yes, I forgot to tell you this grand secret. Here it is. The pietists of the High Church have determined on a *coup d’eglise*, and hope to take the city of Vanity Fair by storm. And this they are to do by disciplining themselves before the world in open daylight. And so they came to Lucille, who is known to be a saint, to borrow her discipline, to make others like it on behalf of their lovers, who are to appear as penitents. Now, Lucille was delighted with the request ; but, as she does nothing without the advice of Father Hildebrand, she asked him what she should do ; and he would by no means consent that these naturals should flog themselves after a Catholic fashion. I heard of it, and offered to loan them my discipline ; * and more, that I would help make them.”

“ Your discipline ! ” exclaimed Annie ; “ and have you a scourge ? ”

“ You don’t think me a good Catholic, I see,” said Mrs. May. “ To be sure I have a discipline. Now, ladies, don’t betray me, and I will show it to you. It is not in the least like these I am making ; but here it is.” And she walked up to her dressing-

* Molière’s *Tartuffe* says to his servant, “ Here, hang up my *discipline* with my cloak ; ” — speaking of his scourge.

table, and took from a drawer a whip of silk of the length of the cords, woven into a handle a foot long.

There was not a single knot in it; only a mass of silk threads, which enabled her, she said, "to surpass St. Dominic himself in the number of stripes she inflicted on herself on days of penance." It was a matter of surprise to witness the delicacy of Mrs. May's discipline,* compared with the severity of those she was working upon; and Mrs. May at once saw their thoughts pictured upon their faces.

"O, dear friends! my discipline is the gift of Father Cottin, and these, too, are his manufacture," said Mrs. May. "We are determined these penitents shall have something to cry over, unless they, as some wicked Protestants have said of St. Dominic, wear a cuirass under their shirts. They shall find it no child's play, this playing the part of good Catholics — heretics as they are!"

"And when does this wonderful exhibition of piety come off?" asked Annie.

"That is a secret I am not yet let into," said Mrs. May; "only this much I know; their priests have hit upon this new method of whitewashing themselves, and I am to have all these done (the whole number is fifty) by the first of May next. Won't these be *cruel*?" and, saying this, Mrs. May held up one of the disciplines, the knots of which, and the spurs, were covered entirely with soft worsteds.

"Are you not sinning in contriving this instrument of torture

* Boileau, in his "History of the Flagellants," speaks of a lady whose *discipline* was made of the tail of a fox.

to be inflicted upon poor deluded young men?" asked Gertrude.

"Sinning!" cried Mrs. May, laughing; "no, no! Father Cottin was delighted with my promise to supply the whips. It was he that made them all himself—leaving me to cover these 'cutaneous persuaders,' as he calls them."

"O! I think it is very wicked in you both!" cried Gertrude, with a shudder at the idea of these being used on human backs.

The saying offended Mrs. May. It arraigned her father confessor. "Pardon me, madam!" she said, and her gay tones were all gone, and with her gay tones her sprightliness of manner. "It is not so easy for a Catholic to sin as *you* suppose; especially when acting under the direction of her spiritual guide."

"Forgive me, Mrs. May; I did not mean to offend," said Gertrude, in a very meek, deprecatory tone.

Mrs. May was instantly pacified, and, resuming her gay tone, replied, "I know it! I know it! O! you ought to be a good Catholic, you are so good. And it is very hard for me to believe you will certainly be damned."

"Dear me!" cried Gertrude, "I tremble at such language applied to me; and yet, believing as you do, it is very kind in you to say so."

Mrs. May put her arms round Gertrude, and drew her lovingly towards her. "I do love you, Mrs. Trueman; I love to look into your sweet, lovable face. You would make one of the sweetest of saints, if you would only be a Catholic. O! it is such a loss, such a present loss, not to be within the embrace of

our Holy Mother; then you would know how easy it is to go to the Celestial City."

"I shall never change my opinion," said Gertrude.

"O, yes, but you may! I have heard others say the same words, but they have changed. Not girls and boys, either, but bishops, priests, and deacons, by the score; and what is to hinder you?"*

Annie spoke up: "My dear friend, don't let us open a controversy so very personal as this may become, but please tell me what you mean when you say 'It is not so easy for a Catholic to sin.' Why a Catholic more than us?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FAIR PENITENT OF A JESUIT. HER CODE OF MORALS.

"TAKE your seats once more, ladies," said Mrs. May, "and I will tell you all about it. If you had tasked yourselves you could not have hit upon a topic I love so well to talk upon. Then, too, it shows my great learning; but, to tell you the whole secret at once, it only shows you what a rare scholar Father Cottin has, and what a famous casuist he is. Now, then, for a wonderful display of my talents as a casuist," said Mrs. May, with any amount of drollery of manner. "And, first, you must know that our holy, apostolic, Catholic, and only true church,

* The number of "perverts" in 1853, when this chapter was written, was upwards of two hundred of the clergy in England; the number in this country is not known to the author.

divides sin into two classes, called *Venial* and *Mortal*. The first are easily gotten rid of by penance; but *mortal* sins are very rare, indeed, among us; for our greatest doctors teach 'that when we have a *probable* opinion on our side we are free to follow it, let it lead where it will; and not only so, but the doing so is safe, and the practice lawful.' "

"What is a probable opinion, and what makes an opinion probable?" asked Annie.

"Ah! yes! that's the question, sure enough, and let me see what is the answer to that. Ah! yes, I remember; Escobar, who is one of the greatest of all our casuists, says, 'A single doctor may make an opinion probable;'* but you ask, 'What is a probable opinion?' Well, then, I reply, I am at liberty to do anything I please, for which I think I have a probable opinion, albeit the contrary course may be the safer; but, if I have a doctor on my side, or the example of honest men, that is enough.† Now, a lady must be very dull if she can't find some casuist who upholds her views, or some honest man who has not done what she has a mind to do. O! you have no idea how easy it is for good Catholics to live joyously in this world, and be certain of joy in the next; for Father Cottin tells me if I please I may 'at one time follow one probable opinion, and a different probable opinion at another, upon the same subject.'‡ And, too, Father Cottin says, 'That opinion is the more probable which authorizes the less probable opinion to be

* So Escobar, in *Prooemio*, Ex. 3, N. 8, p. 24. "Morals of Jesuits," p. 113.

† So Emanuel Su. Cited by "Morals of Jesuits," p. 113.

‡ So Tamburin. Cited by "Principles of Jesuits." London Ed. 1839.

followed.’* And, then, as it is sometimes convenient, especially for ladies, to do the most contradictory things, there is a great doctor who meets our caprices exactly ; for he says, ‘ He does not sin who follows a probable opinion, rejecting an opinion more probable.’ What could be more desirable ? ”

“ Now, let me put your skill to the test,” said Annie ; “ how do you save your conscience from upbraiding you with cruelty in covering up these instruments of torture, to be inflicted on those whose only fault is their stupidity ? ”

“ Well, my dear lady,” replied Mrs. May, musingly, “ I have not thought of that, upon my word ; but,” and she brightened up as the thought came into her mind, “ I rather think the scourging these young men will give themselves will be useful, it being in the spring of the year, on the score of health. That is certainly a possibility, and, therefore, a probability, and quite enough to save me and my conscience from all harm. Now, don’t you see, Mrs. Outright, how very hard it is for a Catholic to commit a *mortal sin* ? ”

“ Ah ! ” replied Annie, “ but St. James teaches, ‘ Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’ ”

“ Dear Mrs. Outright, I was thinking of this very text,” said Mrs. May ; “ and, although you are both of you so very good, yet you offend in one point every breath you draw, while you live outside of the only true church. *That* is a mortal sin ; and I

* Antinius. “ Si enim certum est esse probabilem certum est eandem tutam, esse, id est, usum illius tutem, est licitam praxim.” — Dial. 1, n. 53. Horatius Fabri. Ed. 1670. Cited in “ Principles of Jesuits,” pp. 82, 83. London, 1839.

fear you will find it so too late. O, if you would only become Catholics! then all your other sins would be only venial, and they don't amount to anything."

"Your cousin don't think so," said Mrs. Outright.

"My cousin, poor, dear soul! My cousin has Father Hildebrand for her confessor, a Benedictine, and he keeps her in utter ignorance of all the Jesuit fathers and doctors, whose writings he hates with the most intense abhorrence. My poor dear cousin gives up herself to the tender mercies of a man who hunts for blood with the zest of a bloodhound. But my confessor is a Jesuit, and he takes very different views of life and duty, and no path can be more plain than the primrose path in which he leads me."

"If I understand this *doctrine of probabilities*," said Annie, with warmth, "it is subversive of all sense of right and wrong."

"Dear Mrs. Outright, that is just what Father Hildebrand tells my cousin, and which she repeats to me. But, is it so strange? Is there nothing in human laws teaching the same thing? Does not a doubt in the mind of a juror, a single doubt, save the life of one tried for murder? and so, in like manner, a *probability*, in the minds of all our great casuists, saves the life of a soul. Now, this is all my own thinking out, so I will claim it as my own. Don't you think it very clever?"

"My dear Mrs. May," said Annie, tenderly, "we are at antipodes in our judgments on questions of faith and duty. We adhere to the Scriptures untouched by casuists, and when their teachings conflict with God's word they must be wrong."

Our ladies now offered Mrs. May their hands to take leave. She took them most affectionately, and replied, "I love you both

dearly. I am sorry we so differ, and am glad I have 'a probable opinion' you will be saved."

"Indeed!" said Annie, "and do you now talk out of your casuist doctor's books, or out of your own heart?"

"O, it is the teaching of the church! All that I believe is what the church believes! And this is laid down in the books; but it is not much talked of, because it would do harm. And yet it must be so; for it is the only way in which we good Catholics can be happy, surrounded as we are with so many lovable persons who live regardless of our Holy Mother's sympathies, and out of the pale of the holy church."

"Do go on!" said Gertrude, for Mrs. May had paused.

"If I do, you will pardon me for what may sound discourteous."

"Certainly, certainly!" both ladies said at once.

"Well, my friends, my hope,—the hope of the Catholic church, that of all its popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests,—for your salvation, rests upon your *invincible* ignorance!* Do you forgive me?" asked Mrs. May.

* GEORGE DE RHODES, *Disp. Theo. Scho.*, A. D. 1671, says: "*Wherever there is no knowledge of wickedness, there is also, of necessity, no sin.*" * * * "*Criminality is only imputed to the measure of knowledge.*" These are the premises of this great casuist; now for a sample of the examples to which they are applicable: "*If a man commit ADULTERY or HOMICIDE, reflecting, indeed, but still very imperfectly and superficially, upon the wickedness and great sinfulness of these crimes, however heinous may be the matter, he stills sins but slightly.*" If any reader wants the very words, here they are: "*Ille, quantumvis gravissima sit materia, non peccat tamen nisi leviter.*"—*De Actibus Humanis. Disp. 2, Ques. 2, Sect. 1.* Cited in "*Principles of Jesuits.*" London: Rivington. 1839, p 112.

"Yes; a thousand times!" said Annie, laughing.

"Mrs. May, do take off those spurs, to please me!" said Gertrude.

"I would, Mrs. Trueman, but I must please Father Cottin."

"Tell him I think it dreadfully cruel to put them there."

"I will," replied Mrs. May; "and I will do more. I will see if my crewel can't cure his cruelty."

And so the ladies separated.

CHAPTER L.

AN ASCETIC MONK AND HIS PENITENT.

WE have introduced our readers to a fair lady whose confessor was a Jesuit, and have heard her talk of her code of morals. We have lying before us an old folio volume, thus entitled: "The Jesuits' Morals, collected by a Doctor of the College of Sorbon, in Paris, who hath faithfully extracted them out of the *Jesuits' own Books*, which are printed by the permission and approbation of the *Superiors* of their *Society*. Written in *French*, and exactly translated into *English*. London: printed for John Starkey, at the *Miter* in Fleet-street, near Temple Bar MDCLXX." This volume was the work of the great *Arnauld* of Port Royal, and out of which *Pascal* wrote his "Provincial Letters." And in the chapter we have written we have presented

none of the horrible features of a system full of activity and of power, at this day and in our country.

We have indicated the great differences existing among clergy who claim to be always in unity. The history of sects shows no more fierce contentions than those of the Dominicans and Franciscans, and the regular orders of the papal church. Two centuries since, the order of Jesuits arose, who war with all orders, and with the Pope himself, when adverse, or in conflict with the interests of the Society of Jesus. The future history of our Union may record the story of what Jesuits can do in republics ; and with greater ease and effect than under continental monarchies.

To proceed with our story. No one held the fraternity of Ignatius Loyola in greater aversion than Father Hildebrand. His was a stern code. He hated the body in which he lived, and punished its motions with severest rigor. His food and sleep were measured by a rule, which, once fixed, was never modified, whatever might be the conditions and changes of climate, of heat and cold, moist or dry, or the advance of old age. He held in contempt the waywardness of weaker minds, and demanded of his penitents the fullest compliance with his requirements. Heaven was to be won ; and the fight was one of duty over inclination. Every motion of natural desire he would have mortified, and every love of the soul he would have extinguished.

The morals of the Society of Jesus he abhorred, and deemed the sons of Loyola treacherous friends of the popedom, and the banded foes of the regular orders. His learning was great in the best writers of the church. He had lived at courts, and his

mien bore the marks of courtly grace and dignity; while his downcast eyes told all passers-by his alienation from the busy pursuits of life. Above all else, his passion was charity. Indifferent to his own wants, he was ever laboring to relieve the wants of the miserable and the poor. His zeal was fashioned after the model of St. Chrysostom; and, next to virginity, charity was the golden key to paradise. In his public ministry he erred in making heaven too cheap;—for we have observed that men never go beyond the asking price;—and we would with all humility express a doubt if the great father of the fourth century did not make the same mistake as Father Hildebrand, when he addressed the rich men of his day thus: “Hast thou a penny? purchase heaven! Not, indeed, as if heaven were cheap, but the Master is indulgent. Give a crust, and take back paradise; give the least, and take the greatest.” We ask our readers if, in such teaching, Chrysostom does not come in conflict with the sayings of the Lord of life, whose demand on the young rich man has lost none of its insurmountable difficulties in the lapse of centuries.

Was it wonderful that Father Hildebrand should attain a fearful ascendancy over religious and sensitive temperaments? And such was Mrs. Emily Mead, a lady of high nervous susceptibility. She could never listen to a tale in any way connected with the mysterious relations of the soul. She shuddered at the sight of a skeleton, for it filled her mind with the horrors of a charnel-house and the gloom of the grave. That rhetoric, peculiar to the church, and which is still rife with the Roman and Oxford priesthood, which delights in depicting the revels of the worm and the corruption of the body, had made the thought

of death to Mrs. Mead an idea of horror. To her, everything was drear, dark, and desolate, around the tomb. It was not the gate of bliss, of light, life, and love, but the beginning of a purgatory, whose vast caverns she was at some time to explore alone and unaided, amid burning flames and a thirst unquenchable; and for how long a period! This, Father Hildebrand did not dare to compute.* Was it strange that to Mrs. Mead, as to many a pious heart entertaining like faith, death was a fearful looking for of future wretchedness? Is it wonderful that Mrs. Mead, while surrounded with all the adornments of fashion and luxury, in all which her husband loved to see her invested, yet longed for the oak plank, the hair shirt of St. Bridget, and a darkened cell, where, by penitence and penance, she might perhaps—after all it was but a perhaps—bridge the dark valley of Purgatory, and gain the victory over what was, in her mind, the dread Trinity of Darkness—the world, the flesh, and the devil!

Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman were frequent visitors of this lovely lady. They loved her for the piety of her soul, and sought, as they best might, to show her that such methods as she adopted were forbidden by the great Paul;† and they presented in the strongest contrast they could the teachings of the Scriptures,—the full, free promises of the Lord of life; but to all these teachings Mrs. Mead had but one answer: “Father Hildebrand does not say so.” Nor did this sweet lady often give our friends the opportunity of speaking on these subjects; for

* This is true of the learned Allan Butler, who uses the words of Father Hildebrand, in his “Lives of the Saints,” speaking of the duration of purgatorial flames in purifying the soul. † Colossians, chap. ii.

she had a most graceful facility of conversing on commonplace topics. Her memory, too, of the incidents of social life, was wonderfully retentive. She never forgot the day when her friends were married, the names of their children, and all the little circumstances of interest in their lives; and then her affection for all was true and ardent. Our pilgrims found this to be characteristic of those ladies who had this order of religious education,—girls and women whose activity of mind is exhausted in such matters. And this is always gratifying, inasmuch as the persons spoken with hope that they too may be among their treasured recollections; and this works its way into the mind as a grateful odor, of which, though its properties be not analyzed, the senses are conscious.

In Mrs. Mead was seen the utter poverty of intellect which a course of education in a convent induces. The nuns had made her only a respectable pianist; for they cannot teach more than they know, and the piano has been created anew within the last ten years. She could use her pencil prettily, and tambour every species of stitch; and her favorite employment was to work all sorts of “man-millinery” required for the garbs of priests, and for the altar. Of literature she knew nothing. She could “*talk French*.” Indeed, it seemed as if the spirit of her religion was to know nothing but what she learned of Father Hildebrand. The breviary was her sole companion. The leaden skull-cap of an eminent, so-called, Catholic faith acted as an extinguisher upon every aspiration of her soul. The tree of knowledge, in the Romish church, is still the forbidden fruit, of which to eat is to die.

One morning, Mrs. Outright was sitting with Mrs. Mead in

happy converse, when Father Hildebrand was announced. At once Mrs. Mead's gayety vanished, and the sunshine of her beautiful face was gone, like a gleam of light through the broken clouds of a coming storm. When Father H. entered, Mrs. Mead rose and made a low obeisance, and, with her head bowed and her hands folded across her bosom, stood till he had seated himself. Now, Annie was not to be frightened by a priest; and to her there was nothing very dreadful in Father Hildebrand. He was a tall, gloomy man; and she was sorry, for his sake, that he was so. Father Hildebrand bowed, as he entered, very profoundly and gracefully. He could not do otherwise, for it was nature with him; but he took his seat the furthest he could command from them, and sat with his eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"Father Hildebrand," said Annie, in her brightest and most musical tones, full of gladness and kindness, and which would have wakened a soul not turned to stone, "we have been talking about the coming fête-day of the pseudo-Catholic church, and I was telling Mrs. Mead of my opinion in this matter."

Father Hildebrand bowed, without raising his eyes. Annie determined he should talk; she was piqued with his manner, as expressive of his aversion to herself as a woman; just as if she were a basilisk, or as if she could wish to inspire him with a sentiment a saint might not welcome to his soul. She felt her pride touched by his keeping his eyes upon the carpet, as if it were a silent insult. She rose, therefore, and walked to the spot where he sat.

"Father Hildebrand," said Annie, "I want your opinion in this matter. What do you think of these pretenders to a faith purer than your own?"

Father H. fixed his eyes upon the carpet, resolutely, and replied : “ I hope, madam, the zeal which has inspired the clergy you speak of will lead them to the only church of Christ. Indeed, they cannot but come into unity with the Catholic church if they follow out to their necessary conclusions the premises they have already adopted as true. I beg to be excused from any further remark.”

“ Pardon me, Father Hildebrand,”—for Annie was not yet willing to give up her point,—“ What do you think of public processions of Flagellants? Do you commend such practices?”

“ I commend only what I practise,” was the reply.

Annie turned round to see how this answer was received by Mrs. Mead, and, perceiving great inquietude in her face, she bowed to Father Hildebrand; then, advancing towards Mrs. Mead, she bade her good-day, and so took leave of the grim penitentiary and his fair penitent.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FLAGELLATION OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

THE week of weeks drew on; and, while the citizens of this great city were all unconscious of the event impending, the most select circles of high churchism were full of busy preparation and of tender solicitude,—especially those young ladies who were so happy as to have a penitent to represent them, and for whom they were now occupied in making hoods and cassocks to

be worn on the third of May next. Each young lady had wrought some symbol on the hood and cassock, by which she should distinguish her gallant; and the young gentlemen were practising the most graceful way of swinging the whip, so as to make the greatest flourish with the least suffering;* and a few were wise enough, from this experience, to provide themselves with a canvas undershirt, which they believed would be useful on that occasion. To these young ladies their share was truly a labor of love. All the enthusiasm of the days of chivalry was to them renewed.

Emily Van Nostrand made an early visit to her bosom friend Netta Hook, carrying up her work-basket into Netta's chamber. She found Netta busily engaged on a hood to be worn by her own Mr. Tompkins. After their morning congratulations, Netta held up the hood, which was for all the world like a criminal's cap, over the face of which she had worked a black cross in worsted, with holes in the arms of the cross for the eyes. "Don't you think, Emily, this is a love of a hood? It is so like a helmet!"

"Well, it is very like a helmet," said Emily.

"Have you decided on your symbol for Simpkins?"

"That's what brought me here so early," replied Emily. "I want to get your opinion, Netta, as to my cassock." So saying, Emily opened her basket and took out a long linen shirt, upon which she had wrought, in colored worsteds, a Greek cross, encircled by a crown of thorns. Netta held it up and examined it carefully, and, laying it upon the sofa, took steps backward, to

* Boileau says, "In Spain this art is taught just as dancing is elsewhere."

see the effect at a distance. She cried out, "It is beautiful! O, those thorns are so sweetly done, and so appropriate! Do you know, Emily, I have made two cassocks, and neither of them suited me, and I burned them up, so that mother might not scold me for using up so much linen; but, now, this is perfectly charming! — and, if you will consent, I will work the same pattern on Mr. Tompkins' cassock, putting it on his back instead of his breast."

Emily hesitated, and shook her head. Netta continued: "Nobody will think you copied from me, nor I from you; for my cross will be in black, and on his back, and yours will be on his breast, and in colors."

Emily paused a moment. "Well, Netta, I will consent because it pleases you; but don't let any girls of 'our set' see your cassock, or they will copy it exactly. I know that has been done already, and it is so mean!"

"I show it!" said Netta; "do you think I would trust them? Did n't I have my bodice for Mrs. May's fancy party copied by Lucy Delancey? No, my dear Emily; catch me confiding in a single one of them! In matters of this sort they have n't a bit of conscience; for I know too well some will steal and some will lie!"

So it was with these young ladies. Soon weary of the pleasures and pursuits of fashionable life, they were now all alive to the blissful novelty of becoming members of a mystical order of the High Church, in which there were to be as many neophytes as there were young ladies, and no more. Mothers and maiden aunts aided in these preparations. Professor Lacy and his colleagues had tasked them to embroider all the banners, the most

costly and beautiful bearing the symbols of a lamb, the cross, the cup and the keys, wrought in colored worsteds; and another large banner, to be borne by the Ecclesiological Society, on which was represented the Blessed Virgin and her Child.

The day of days dawned auspiciously. The rain during the night had cleared the sky of every cloud, and the air was soft and balmy; the birds were full of song, and the young ladies, for once up before the sun, were full of joy. It was, indeed, a day of days.

At eleven o'clock a throng of the initiated, and the clergy in their black robes, filled the cathedral church. The altar was crowded with clergy; and the penitents, fifty in all, in their hoods and cassocks, knelt around the chancel. The organ had closed a grand voluntary, and a pause ensued. There was some delay and inquietude expressed in the movements of the clergy, which was solved to the minds of our pilgrims, who sat with Lord Shallbeso near the chancel, when Mrs. May's servant brought in a long basket, covered with an elegant satin embroidered cover, representing a crown of thorns mingled with roses. This was received by a priest, who laid it upon the altar. This being done, the service commenced. Professor Lacy's sermon was brief, — recommending to the penitents zeal, not counting their lives dear so they might win back to the church the ungodly.

The sermon ended, the benediction was pronounced, when the procession was formed in the broad aisle. At one o'clock precisely the bells of the tower began ringing a peal, and the attention of the busy crowd forever thronging that great thoroughfare, when the great iron gates were thrown open, was at once arrested, and there issued from the porch a wooden cross, borne by Professor

Lacy, six feet in length, made out of a pine board, gilded, with a crown of thorns hanging upon it. Then came a band of male choristers, all in white cassocks, bearing flaming torches; next followed the hooded penitents, with their whips in their hands. The banners, borne by strong men, hired for the purpose, in hoods and cassocks, preceded and followed these young martyrs to the faith; and, last of all, the clergy, a body of gentlemen greatly respected at Vanity Fair.

When the gates opened, as we have before said, the attention of the public was arrested in the busy pursuits of life; drivers of carriages and of carts, with an instinct of reverence common to all men, came to a stand-still, while Professor Lacy and his cross, followed by the choir chanting in full tide of song the *Miserere*, crossed the street into Change Alley, where men of money most do congregate. Here the rushing tides of men, meeting, dammed each other, and all was wonder and astonishment. Every window, every point of observation, was instantly crowded to its utmost capacity. The vast steps of the Exchange, the base of every pillar, were all filled. Bankers, brokers, and clerks, alike forgot the pursuits of gain to witness this new wonder.

When the procession had reached the Exchange building so as to bring the penitents in front of the flight of steps, it halted, and Professor Lacy, bringing his gilt cross in front of the grand entrance, set it down, while the line of the procession turned and faced the multitude with something like military precision, showing that all this had been before agreed on. This done, while expectation sat upon that multitude of faces, all gazing down upon this strange spectacle, Professor Lacy lifted up his hand in sign of claiming the attention of that multitude of merchants,

bankers, and brokers, of this great city, the men of might and means (and here it may be whispered, many of them "mighty mean men"). The professor, copying the example of Godonius, cried out, "Ye bankers and monied men of Change Alley! pardon, pardon the sins of our diócesan for the sake of the scourging of Christ!" Thereupon, at once, and with a sudden, startling earnestness, the penitents began scourging themselves; and the spurs of Father Cottin, those "cutaneous persuaders," began to show themselves. The blood began to flow, and the shirts of the honest and the simple showed the sincerity of their zeal, while cries of agony mingled with the renewed singing of the *Miserere*, and, for a time, the multitude were dumb with amazement. Before they could recover, Professor Lacy had shouldered his cross, and, putting himself at the head of the procession, led the way into a cross street which led up into the upper section of the city.

All the young ladies belonging to the order of Holy Innocents on that day were dressed, by agreement, in white muslin, with a red sash, and rosettes in the form of a Greek cross. After the services were over in the church, they hastened, in their carriages, to Fifth Avenue, — an avenue of palaces, — the balconies of which were thronged with spectators, and in which these lay sisters of the Holy Innocents were to stand conspicuously, to welcome with their perfumed handkerchiefs their beloved penitents, never so dear as now, who were to come up directly out of Change Alley.

Our pilgrims had been invited to seats in the balcony of Netta Hook's father's mansion, with Lord and Lady Dielincœur, Mr. and Mrs. Nostrand, and their daughter Emily, together with

several young ladies who wore the symbol of the cross. The delay in the coming of the procession was long to these young folks, whose hearts were beating almost to agony, so anxious were they to see their lovers; for just then they felt certain they never could, in all their lives, love anybody else but their representatives in the procession. And still they did not come. The pavement below was covered with people, and the police were constantly occupied in keeping the entire avenue clear. The delay became more and more unbearable, when the waving of handkerchiefs by ladies on the balconies at the foot of the avenue, which commanded a sight of the square below, assured them all that the procession would soon be in sight. And, after an anxious moment, Professor Lacy's gilded cross was seen glittering in the sun, and the distant murmur of litanies, being sung by the choir, was heard. Now, then, the moment of intensest excitement was reached; for the golden cross was coming up the avenue, and the banners, and the choristers, and their flambeaux, smoking, if not blazing, and, too, the penitents! Here, in breathless anxiety, stood a lovely cloud of witnesses. When the procession had reached the mansion-houses where these girls were to be seen standing in front of the balconies on both sides of the street, the signal for the *Miserere* was given; and, as the voices of the choir again rose, the poor Innocents once more began to thrash themselves, and now with the rage of despair; for every blow brought an agony, which maddened them to another blow, and another, while their cries and shrieks filled the air.

"O, Emily! Emily!" exclaimed a young girl, "see! see the blood! — the blood! I'm fainting!" And the sweet girl sank into the arms of Oliver, who bore her into the saloon.

“Don’t, don’t, Mr. Tompkins! O, don’t, Mr. Tompkins!” cried out Emily Van Nostrand, as she saw her penitent with his cassock, so spotless white from her hands, all red with blood, dripping from the hem. “You’ll kill yourself! O, don’t, don’t!”

The poor fellow turned up his hooded face to the balcony, and uttered the cry of a maniac, as he walked on in the procession, thrashing himself with new violence. And, while Annie stood amazed at the sight, and the cries of the girls in the balcony, and the shouts of the multitude all around, she was startled by the voice of Netta Hook, crying, in a tone of intense anger and passionate grief: “Shame, shame, shame on you, Mr. Simpkins!” as she saw her penitent pass by in his beautifully wrought cassock, as white as when he put it on. Simpkins hung down his head and lashed himself furiously; but the lining was too thick to touch blood, and the beautiful Netta turned away and wept as if her heart would break. Annie placed her arm round her waist and gently drew her into the saloon, and sought to soothe her. “The mean, cowardly wretch, to put a blanket on his back, and not to shed a single drop of his precious blood! O, I hate him! how I hate him!” This dear girl thus relieved her heart of its grief. “He sha’n’t come here any more! I never will see him again! Never, never!” and, so saying, she burst into a copious flood of tears.

And so it was on all sides, — those sweet girls whose lovers bled freely wept their eyes out for sympathy; and those whose penitents’ backs were unspotted wept for shame and hatred. The tears of the tender-hearted were more readily wiped off than those whose hearts had suddenly swept from exalted pity to

unfathomable depths of contempt. They said it was unbearable, after all their pains-taking, that their penitents, wearing their favors, known to be theirs to all their friends, should shrink from the ordeal, and make them too ridiculous and contemptible.

“But how so?” asked Gertrude. “It is no fault of yours.”

“O, yes, it is our fault to have accepted such craven cowards! It is dreadful, dreadful!” And they, like Jonah, all felt “they did well to be angry, even unto death.”

As for those sagacious young gentlemen, they would gladly have exchanged places with their companions, whose raw backs they envied, when their lady-loves, accompanied by their mothers, flew, after the manner of ladies in the days of chivalry, with emollients, and, under their mothers’ supervision, applied them with their own fair hands, accompanied with many tender and endearing expressions of their sympathy.

And, when all was over, public opinion down-town and public opinion up-town was widely variant: Down-town, and among “dissenters,” especially, it was held, the lashes borne by the order of Holy Innocents would have been better placed elsewhere, and not upon these poor dupes of Doctors of Divinity. Up-town, it was regarded as a most delightful event; for, after this, not even Father Hildebrand could question the unity of the Anglo-Saxon-American with the Roman Catholic church.

CHAPTER LII.

LADY DIELINCŒUR'S MAY PARTY.

LADY DI. came in to see our ladies the morning after the great event of "Finding the Cross;" and, of course, this topic was the first spoken of. Mrs. Proudfit also came in to call upon our ladies, and was full of her wit. To repeat this lady's views would give us pleasure; but we forbear, and leave our readers to their own reflections.

Lady D. begged our friends to come to her children's party, which she gave annually to her young friends, and with which her season ended.

"I have," she added, "to offer a great inducement for you to come, inasmuch as I have received this morning the letter of acceptance from Count du Rudolstadt and Consuelo, and they tell me they hope to spend a week with me."

"Who is Consuelo?" asked Annie. "I already know the *nom de plume* given her by Madame George Sand."

"She is, as you know, the wife of the Arcopagite of the Phalanstery. His real name is Frederick von Hagedorn, Count of Fehrbellin, a man of great wealth, who became fascinated with Lucille de Tormes, now Consuelo, a beautiful opera-singer. After many adventures they married, and went to Paris, where they made the acquaintance of Madame Sand, who has made a most beautiful story out of their lives. They are very devoted to each other, and to the great work of their lives, the regenera-

tion of the social system. You will greatly admire her, for she is very talented."

"And the count," said Mrs. Proudfit, "is, to my mind, far more interesting than his lady."

"Next June, I propose we shall go up to the Astral Mountains, and see the Phalanstery. It is well worth the journey," said Lady D.

"Next summer! I expect we shall be on our way to the Celestial City," said Gertrude.

"My dear friends, you distress me whenever I hear you speak of that idle purpose. But don't let us speak of that now. I shall hope to see you and your husband at my May party on Friday evening. Come at nine o'clock, and as much earlier as you please. The children come at seven. It is only a child's party."

"We will communicate your kind invitation to our husbands, and inform you, Lady Di., to-morrow," said Annie.

"Your husbands!" said Mrs. Proudfit, scornfully. "When you get a little older and wiser, you will learn that husbands are made to look after their wives, and it is their wives' business to see they never lack for employment."

Our gentlemen coming in at the instant, the invitation was renewed and accepted; and, as a compensation for their willingness to gratify them, Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit, in a mode which seemed most natural, and without predetermination, inveigled both these gentlemen away, to make a call on some strangers just come to town. And, inasmuch as they had been requested by their wives to come home and ride out with them, when they were gone Annie and Gertrude endeavored to go

over all these managing manœuvres, step by step, to see how it was done ; and they came to the conclusion, that when women of the cleverness of Mrs. Proudfit and Lady Di. determine to do an act, it will be done. The agreeable way of doing it is, to be sure, some compensation, and with this most people are fain to be content.

We have before described the spaciousness and splendor of Lady Di.'s house. Her garden was not only beautiful, but in a city a great luxury, for it was near half a square in size, enclosed with high brick fences, and full of flowers, shrubbery, and shade-trees, carpeted with the nicest sward to be seen anywhere.

An hour before sunset, there were collected upwards of two hundred little children, in all the beauty of bright faces and white dresses. These thronged into the garden, and, as the stars began to shine, the halls and parlors were lit up, and the supper was served. Then the band employed by Lord D. — one of the best in the city — began to play, and the little folks commenced dancing, under the smiling eyes of parents and friends.

At nine the little ones began to leave, and the carriages which took them home brought their sisters and brothers ; so that, by ten o'clock, the children were all gone, and a dress evening party had commenced.

Our friends came in time to see the children in the garden and at supper, and aided in making their party as pleasant as may be. Lord D. and Colonel Proudfit were very attentive to the ladies ; and, as is usual, in good society, with all well-behaved husbands, they exchanged wives. The rooms were filled with the best society in Vanity Fair.

About eleven o'clock, a great sensation went over the entire company, produced by the entrance of Count Rudolstadt and his party, in all a dozen elegant ladies and gentlemen, splendidly attired. The count had a noble presence. His eyes were black and piercing, and in constant motion. His manners were affable and prepossessing, so that both our gentlemen and ladies were rivetted in their gaze upon him. Consuelo — for so she was called even when spoken to — was about twenty-seven; the count being ten years older. Her figure was round and beautiful in its proportions, inclining to *en bon point*, and her Spanish skin was clear and rich in its hues. But it was her hair and her eyes in which her beauty shone forth. Her hair was glossy, very fine and luxuriant, and her eyes were large and lustrous, their light subdued by a luxurious, love-inspiring air, of which she only was unconscious.

The crowd pressed forward to be presented or recognized. The count received all with a bright smile of courtesy, and with great warmth of manner. Especially was this expressed to those with whom he was acquainted. All this was in strong contrast with the placid, unbroken evenness with which his lady received compliments addressed to her. Near her stood a lady about her own age, whose beauty was very striking. She was ever on the alert with her eyes; and her smiles were bright, but conventional. There was not the slightest heartiness in anything she did, and yet she did everything well. She was pleasant, agreeable, ready, seemed to have the command of every language, and relieved Consuelo in a thousand ways. Her vivacity contrasted well with the unimpassioned, unimpressible manner of Consuelo, which seemed to say, "What has induced

me to come here, to-night?" Colonel Courtney, a friend of our pilgrims, seemed delighted with this lady; and, so soon as the parade of *entrée* was over, she took his arm, and he devoted himself to her for the rest of the evening. They inquired her name, and were told she was known as Aurora de Silva, and that she held a high rank at the Phalanstery. Of the others in the company of the count, they learned they were all members of the Phalanstery. The social circles at that place were represented to them as the most select and delightful known upon earth; and it was considered at Vanity Fair a great distinction to be admitted into it. It was very certain the ladies and gentlemen composing the suite of the count and Consuelo were persons of fine manners, — easy, graceful, and fashionable, commanding the general admiration and attention they received.

Supper was announced at twelve o'clock, and our lady pilgrims declined going to the supper. Mrs. Proudfit and Lady Di. had prevented their return by securing their husbands, and they sat together in the saloons alone; for the guests had all crowded into the supper-hall, with the anxiety and earnestness of persons afflicted with famine, to the place where rations would be issued to those on the verge of starvation. This is not peculiar to Vanity Fair; for other places are afflicted with the same inordinate desire of persons to eat and drink at the expense of their neighbors.

The count and Lady Di., and Colonel Proudfit and Consuelo, came into the saloon. They were evidently in search of our lady friends; for, so soon as they discovered them, they at once approached, and were introduced. Drawing up chairs, they made a little group and circle of their own. The guests now began to

pour into the saloon again. The count made himself agreeable to our ladies ; and Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit, with Oliver and Frank, soon joined them. Lady Di.'s attention being called to her departing guests, Frank had the opportunity to sit beside Consuelo, whom he sought to interest. She listened at first with attention ; then her eyes opened, and she became fluent ; her laugh was gay and natural as a child's. The conversation was playful, and happily sustained on all hands ; till gradually it was relinquished to Frank and Consuelo, who so absorbed the attention of our ladies, that the count and Colonel Proudfit relinquished all attempts to secure them as listeners, even ; and Consuelo became the light of the circle ; her powers of fascination held them spell-bound till they, only, remained of all the guests. At this time Annie and Gertrude exchanged glances to take leave, when Lord D. and Lady Di., having made their bows to their last guest, joined the circle, which now consisted of Consuelo and her party, and our party, Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, and Lord and Lady D.

"Now, countess," said Lord D., "we are all alone. I know your good-nature, and the pleasure you can confer. Sing us a song !"

"O, yes ! yes !" was said by Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit.

Consuelo seemed irresolute, and looked at our ladies.

"Pray, do," said Annie ; "it will give us great pleasure."

"To please you, my new-found friends, who have never heard me sing, I will break through a rule I have found it very convenient to make, never to sing away from home. When you come to see us at our Phalanstery, then I will gratify you to any extent in my power." And, so saying, Consuelo gave her hand

to Frank, while the count led Gertrude into the music-saloon, where a guitar was handed to Consuelo by Lord D., and she sang a Spanish song. The style and execution had such an effect upon our ladies, that, while others were crying bravo ! bravo ! they sat still in wonder and admiration. Consuelo saw this with pleasure ; and, unsought, she sang one operatic gem after another, for an hour.

Gertrude, who sat nearest her, as Consuelo put aside the guitar, said, " O, how beautiful ! "

Consuelo seated herself beside her, and, taking her hand, said, " If you love music, you must love me. "

" I do ! " said Gertrude, quite unconscious of what she said.

Consuelo was evidently gratified by the impression she had made ; and her party of friends all reflected her sentiments. They, too, did everything they could to impress upon our friends their high regard, and the pleasure it would confer upon them to meet them again at the Phalanstery. And the information they had received of the rarity of these invitations greatly helped to heighten the effect of this courtesy. The count said it would delight him to show them the way of working out a social system, not as yet perfect, but at least a shadow of the substance hoped for. And, as for Consuelo, she professed to have fallen in love with our ladies at first sight ; and they, as a return, modestly and kindly accepted the invitation urged upon them by the count and countess, to visit them in July following. All these matters being concluded upon, the party broke up.

CHAPTER LIII.

VISIT TO THE PHALANSTERY.

IN the leafy month of June our pilgrims were persuaded to accompany Lord and Lady Dielineœur on a visit to the Count and Countess du Rudolstadt, at their Phalanstery. This was situated in the valley of Esperanzá, in the Astral Mountains, about a week's journey from Vanity Fair. As they were getting weary of Vanity Fair, it was not a hard task to persuade them to leave the city for a month. Accordingly, all preparations being made, they set out in stages hired in Vanity Fair for the journey.

The last day was declining when they reached the valley. The palace in the distance was seen lit up by the slanting rays of the setting sun. As it grew dark, the Phalanstery became radiant with light; and, on a nearer approach, there were seen a profusion of lamps not only in the palace, but in all the fanciful little summer-houses and arbors which dotted the spacious lawn. In these floral temples were to be seen ladies dressed in white, with their gentlemen attendants, sitting under the moonshine of shaded globes suspended from the ceiling. "O, it is very beautiful," said Annie, "and surpasses anything we have ever seen!"

The carriages now came up to the grand portico, whose marble pillars rose to the roof. Upon the wide pavement of the porch stood groups of the Phalanx, dressed in the highest style of refinement and elegance. And Consuelo and the count, with Aurora de Silva, Colonel Courtney, and others with whom they

were acquainted, stood waiting for them to alight. Their welcome was warm and affectionate. Ladies and gentlemen thronged around to greet Lord and Lady D., and to be introduced to our pilgrims; so that before they had entered the house they were presented to fifty of its inmates.

When they were led into the mansion by the count and Consuelo, new wonders of art and design met their admiring eyes. The hall of entrance was spacious, lofty, and enriched with statues, paintings, and exquisite frescoes on the ceiling. Then there went up a magnificent grand staircase to the second floor. And, as they passed along, they saw through the open doors (for the evening was very warm) beautiful parlors, adorned with every luxury. In these were groups of ladies and gentlemen. Some were listening to one reading, and in another they were singing; so that our pilgrims thought they had reached the Castle of Indolence, or, rather, Palace of Armida. Frank whispered to Annie, "I think we have at last reached the Palace Beautiful."

"We have certainly reached a beautiful palace," replied Annie.

Lord and Lady D. were recognized by all they met as they passed along; and a pleased look of inquiry, at seeing the newcomers, told their gratification with these new arrivals.

At the end of the main building, on the second floor, fronting the north and east, were the apartments of the count and Consuelo, — a suite of six rooms; and those on the opposite side were appropriated to their distinguished friends, and our pilgrims. These opened upon a flower-garden on the south, and the lawn on the east. At the end of the hall opening upon the

east there was a beautiful and spacious balcony, forming the roof of the portico over the eastern entrance, which was so covered with climbing vines and flowers as to form a fairy bower in the air. This became a favorite resort to our ladies, whose rooms were next the east end. Lord and Lady Di. occupied the third room, and the fourth was the parlor of the suite, and opposite were the count and Consuelo's private apartments. We have been thus particular in the locality of our party, because it will explain matters to be spoken of hereafter. Each suite had connecting doors, which rendered them independent of the hall, into which they all opened. These rooms they found in readiness for them; for they had sent Theresa and Theodore, with their baggage, a day in advance, so that their wardrobes might be ready for instant use.

So soon as they were dressed they went into the private parlor of the count, where supper was to be served them. Here Consuelo welcomed them to her private apartments; and the count renewed his expressions of pleasure in meeting them at the Phalanstery. At ten o'clock a lady and gentleman entered the apartment, and announced to the count and his friends that the concert was ready to commence, and invited their presence. Lord and Lady D. rose at once gladly, and our pilgrims rose; when Consuelo, with considerate kindness, said, "Perhaps you are too weary to listen to music for this evening?" but they all preferred to go to the concert. They were led along the grand hall to a noble room, in the west wing of the palace, known as the concert-room. They were informed the orchestra was made up of operatives, trained as musicians, and amateurs of the Phalanx. Of these, Anzoleto was regarded as the finest tenor.

He had, in early life, been associated in the opera with Consuelo, who was at one time his affianced ; but they had quarrelled and been long separated, and it was only lately, with great reluctance on the part of Consuelo, he had been admitted into the Phalanx. Nor would he have been, but that their first tenor had returned to the common walks of his professional life, and left a vacancy hard to fill. But, as for Consuelo, when at last she consented, she said, “ she cared nothing for him, but she could not endure his *re* — that was, indeed, as unbearable as ever.”*

The hall was filled with about three hundred persons, one third of whom belonged to the class of laborers, dressed very neatly. They sat at the entrance of the hall on benches ; while the capitalists, as they were called, whose seats were cushioned chairs, were in front of the orchestra, leaving a wide space between the two classes ; nor did this seem anything strange to our pilgrims, who were accustomed to see the rich in the best places.

The concert opened with a grand flourish of an overture of some sort. Then several songs and duos were sung ; and Consuelo, who had disappeared from the seat beside Gertrude, appeared *en costume*, and, with the enthusiasm of a Pythoness,

* CONSUELO, in chap. XXXVII. of “ *Countess du Rudolstadt*,” as described by Madame Sand, when she is going through an ordeal of her constancy and devotion to one whom she had never seen (but who had rescued her from prison, and who kisses her in the dark, which one kiss instantly changes her whole soul), is brought where she hears Anzoleto sing ; and is made to say, “ Ah ! the bad *re* ! he has lost that note.” — “ Would you not like to see his face ? ” asks Marcus. Consuelo replies, “ What good would it do to look at him ? ” She is induced to do so. “ He ’s grown very fat ! ” said Consuelo.

sung *Casta Diva*, which was listened to on all sides of the hall with rapt admiration and breathless surprise.

Consuelo soon came back to her seat beside Gertrude, whose hand she took, as it was held out to welcome her. "Did I in any degree repay you for the fatigue of your day's travel?"

Gertrude replied, "I have no words to tell you how your voice affects me. I am entranced."

"Ah! you are so very kind!" and, turning to Annie for her response, Annie said, "To-morrow, countess, I shall, perhaps, recover myself so far as to be able to command fitting words to express my thanks."

At this time the orchestra began to play a signal for dancing. The laborers withdrew, and, the audience rising, their seats were rolled to the sides of the hall, and dancing commenced. Many who had been present at the concert now left the hall to promenade upon the terraces in the bright moonlight,—for the moon had risen,—or to cross the lawn, to some one of the floral temples; while others, who had been absent from the concert, now came in to share in the dance. The scene in the hall was beautifully bright and gay, as our friends retired, led by the count and Consuelo, to their private parlor, where, after a brief stay, they bade them good-night, and retired. And so ended the day, and their first evening in the Phalanstery.

CHAPTER LIV.

A DAY AT THE PHALANSTERY.

THE next morning, our pilgrims, by agreement, rose with the sun, in order to get a sight of the palace, its gardens and grounds.

It stood on a slope of land above the valley. By labor this slope was made into terraces, which gave it the look of a great work of art; and the natural roll of the land was everywhere heightened in its beauty by a skilful taste in landscape gardening. It was wonderful how much had been done to add to the loveliness of nature, and with comparatively little labor.

The lawn upon which the palace stood (near eighty acres in extent) was embellished by walks, statues, floral temples, and fountains constantly playing; which latter were supplied by a cascade, falling from a bold mountain-cliff into the valley, in a sheet of foam.

The palace grew upon their admiration. Its façade was over a thousand feet. The wings, a hundred feet in width, came out in front two hundred feet, and ran back five hundred, making their depth seven hundred feet. The portico projected from the building, so as to give ample space for a pavement, and a covered way, to those coming up in carriages, beneath the steps. The most beautiful shrubbery and statuary filled up the spaces in front of the palace. Nor was this all. Conservatories, flower-gardens, and vegetable gardens, of vast extent, were visited by our pilgrims. These were laid out in the

rear of the palace; and everywhere the greatest opulence of skill, taste, and well-directed labor, was displayed. And, still further off, were numerous extensive buildings for the several "serie," whose only contribution to the community was labor. These operatives lived in common, and united with the capitalists only at festivals, and on festive occasions. As we have seen, some were admitted to the concerts, but not all; for they had their own assembly-rooms, and band, who played for them. Their hours of amusement ended at ten o'clock, when the concert commenced at the palace, and a small portion only of the working classes were each evening allowed to be present. Indeed, a system of military discipline was exercised in all the palace and its departments, as they discovered during their stay. The capitalists were the overseers, in fact; and they acted under direction of a council of ten, called the Arcopagi, of whom the count and Consuelo were chiefs.

The count joined our pilgrims during their walk, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them out so early. "We have," he said, "sought to form a Phalanstery upon the plan of Fourier. It is not so large as the largest of his plans, but our palace enables us to accommodate five hundred with ample halls, parlors, gymnasiums, studios, and a concert-room. We have a church and opera-house," pointing to a beautiful classic building standing between the pleasure-grounds and the industrial mansions. At the count's request they entered this building, and found it a spacious opera-house, and nothing like a church, though the count had for some reason seen fit to call it so.

The count continued: "We have a school of art, and another for the education of girls, which is under the immediate control

and direction of Consuelo. We take only those girls into this school who have completed their studies elsewhere; and Consuelo teaches them, what is little known in city schools, the æsthetics of society, as well as the higher departments of the fine arts. The cost of a pupil is about two thousand a year; of course," said the count, with a smile, "we have only the *élite* of society. Indeed, we wish to receive only orphans, because we do not want the intermeddling of anxious parents. Guardians who want to be relieved of the care of their wards send them here, and such we are alone willing to receive."

"And have you a college for the young gentlemen we saw here last night?" asked Annie.

"No! the young men you speak of are here as members, or are our invited guests, who spend half of the year with us," replied the count.

"And have they free access to your scholars?" asked Annie.

"Certainly; why not?" asked the count; and Annie found herself quite at a loss to answer. "We hold," continued the count, "there's nothing sinful in humanity, but what has been wrought into the soul by a degraded social system. It is restraint that provokes the passions. I believe one who is held as high authority has said, somewhere, 'I had not known sin, but by the law.' It is society-made law that is the cause of all the sins of society."

"Pardon me, count; but, if you quote Paul, in our hearing, for authority, you will please complete the citation," said Frank.

The count laughed at this, and replied: "Paul is, indeed, rather doubtful authority here. It is a vicious habit of some of our Bostonia friends, which I have in this instance unwittingly

adopted, to cite a passage because it sounds to the ear clever and pertinent, without any regard as to what it is designed to teach in the text out of which it is taken.”

“Is not that ‘stealing the livery of Heaven’?” asked Annie, archly.

“I see I cannot keep up a contest of this sort,” said the count. “I know too little of the literature of which you speak. But, let me say this: I hope your stay here will be pleasant to you, as it certainly will be to us; and, while here, I say, once for all, use the largest liberty, at all times and in all places.” And, with a bow, the count left them.

CHAPTER LV.

THE EMPLOYMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS AT A PHALANSTERY.

At eight o'clock a bell rang, and Theresa came out to them as they were returning, and informed them that they would barely have time to prepare for breakfast, which took place at half-past eight. They hastened to their rooms accordingly, and were dressed, as Theresa thought proper, in purest white, with a pale-blue silk scarf around the neck.

Lord and Lady Dielincœur were ready, and waited for them in their parlor; and at half-past eight the count and lady, and Lord D. and his party, descended to the breakfast-room. It was

a grand and lofty saloon; the walls were filled with mirrors, and the compartments of the ceilings were painted with wonderful beauty. The tables were set for four hundred or more, and ran parallel with each other. The end table stood on a dais reached by two steps; and at this were the seats of the count and the Areopagi, and of Lord D. and his party, facing the company. The tables were covered with beautiful china and plate, and vases filled with flowers, which shed their sweet perfume upon the air. The ventilation was perfect; for a steam-engine wrought a change in the air of the apartment every instant. This the count spoke of as one of his grandest improvements, that, by the mighty energy of this steam giant, the atmosphere was constantly changing over the whole building. We regret the working plans of this part of the machinery of the Phalanstery are not at hand for the benefit of all builders of hotels and other great edifices in our land.

The breakfast saloon was already partially filled by the Phalanx when the count entered; and, immediately after, all the inmates came in, when the company took their seats. Our ladies were surprised to see the variety of costumes worn. Some were in Swiss dresses, others in classic robes of Greece, and, indeed, any dress that chanced to please the fancy. The scholars were all dressed in white, with blue silk aprons. They sat mixed up among the communists and young gentlemen as it pleased them, and the utmost familiarity consistent with high-bred courtesy prevailed at the breakfast-table.

This company, Consuelo informed Frank, who sat near her, consisted of the several *serie* of a Phalanstery. "The youngest of these young ladies," said Consuelo, "wearing white flowers in

their hair, bear the sweet title of *vestals*; those who wear roses in their hair have entered the class of *damoisellate*, implying that they have ceased to be *vestals*, and have entered the higher walks of life; and those more mature are known to be the *feates*, *faquirates*, and *pivotals*, the last of whom have obtained what is regarded among us as a rarity — ‘the composite of constancy.’” Frank listened attentively, but comprehended very little of all this.*

After breakfast the company thronged about the portico, and in the walks, amid flowers and statues, under the shadow of the projecting wings of the palace, till the bell struck ten, when the groups separated. The scholars and teachers went to the academy, a building in the rear of the palace; and young ladies with large plaited straw hats, and gloves which covered up their arms, accompanied by young gentlemen who bore portfolios, accoutred for a tramp in the woods, started with their teachers in drawing, botany, and mineralogy. Others repaired to their several duties, for everybody must do something. Work was honorable in the Phalanstery; and everybody was expected to labor in some department of art or science. There were many who were occupied in the arts of design; and the studios of sculpture and painting were both extensive. To these our friends went, by invitation of ladies engaged in these pursuits. They found ladies, whose short tunics and bare arms suited their labor, at work moulding in clay, or working upon busts with the mallet and chisel; and in

* Should our readers share in Frank’s dubiety, they must read “Love in the Phalanstery,” by Victor Hennequin, translated from the French, and published by De Witt and Davenport, Tribune Buildings, New York. They will find in this treatise many things hard to be understood.

the same studio with gentlemen engaged in similar labors, and often working together upon the same statue. These gentlemen wore paper caps and white linen jackets. This building was called the *Atelier de Sculpture*, and professors were present to counsel the scholars. It was attractive labor; and the sight was one of exceeding interest. Our gentlemen wondered that the *ennui* of women in fashionable life was never cured by like devotion to the arts of design, sculpture especially, as it afforded some exercise to the muscles of the chest and arms. In the school of painting they found a larger number of ladies and gentlemen employed at work with the pencil, under direction of professors. Some of the paintings were large historical pieces, designed for the walls of the house, illustrating the happy results of Fourierism; and, if the pencil and the imagination of these artists could be trusted, the way to restore the world to its golden age would be to adopt the philosophy of Fourier, and burn up all the Bibles.

From these "ateliers" of the arts of design, where all seemed so happy, and where literature and labor were so happily united, our party went into the library, another spacious hall, lighted from the roof, having two galleries, and said to contain a hundred thousand volumes of selected works in all languages. But, like books in the famous library of the Vatican, they were all under lock and key; and, when they asked for the keys to some of the cases, the librarian said *those* keys were mislaid; and, as for any use made of the books in both libraries, they might have been long ago reduced to ashes. They found that the inmates of this Phalanstery were monks and nuns in many particulars, and in none more entirely than in the confidence they expressed

in the infallibility of Charles Fourier and Victor Considerant. The only exception to the locked doors were those compartments devoted to literature, the fine arts, and history. It was Annie's opinion that most of the books they got a glimpse of through the latticed cases were to be regarded rather as specimens of the art of design than as leather and prunella books. But Frank said money had been expended so profusely in everything else, he could not believe it was show and parade only in the library; but, inasmuch as the keys were never found during their stay, the doubt was never resolved.

Leaving their wives, Oliver and Frank went into the rear workshops, and also the dairy and stables. In the stables near, one hundred pleasure-horses were kept for the drones of this beehive. There were, too, mills for the manufacture of all kinds of agricultural implements, pails, wooden-ware; and a smith's shop, where all manner of ironwork was done for farmers and for farming. Nor did they forget the gas-works, so needed to gratify the love of light manifested in the palace; and certainly the taste and disposition of this luxury of luxuries became a matter of their increasing admiration.

Mounting saddle-horses provided for them, they rode over the valley, and in every direction they discovered the beautiful results of science and skill subduing nature, and making this a miniature of the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

Dinner was served at five. The schools and *ateliers* of art, and all occupations in the palace, ended with three o'clock, and the studios were deserted for the seclusion of their several rooms, where a grand toilet was the important task of the hour. The bells rang at half-past four, and all assembled in the parlors and

halls, and about the entrances and porticos of the building; and when five o'clock struck, the great doors were thrown open, and the count and Consuelo, and their especial friends, entered first.

The scene was greatly changed from that at the breakfast-table. Not only was the effect of the toilet to be seen and felt, but behind each chair there stood two children,—a girl and a boy,—in a fanciful costume, belonging to the order of Cherubins and Cherubines, and Seraphins and Seraphines, whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen. These served the guests with water, wines, bread, and such-like little offices, and remained the sole attendants after the dessert was placed upon the table.

The dinner was the important event in the day, and was gone through with as dinners deserve to be. At seven the company rose and went into the parlors, where coffee was served by these beautiful girls and boys, whose fairy-like gracefulness and admirable training was not the least charm of the repast. The evening passed as the one before. At one o'clock the music ceased, and the dancing was discontinued. The guests dispersed to walk the halls, the lawns, or to do whatever else they pleased. It was the custom of the count and Consuelo to retire at twelve, an example followed by most of the communists.

If the Arcopagi had much to talk over in secret, so had our pilgrims, who retired to their chambers so soon as dancing commenced.

The costliness of such an establishment was immense, and the luxury of the palace was great. The only expenses, however, outside the valley, were for articles of foreign manufacture.

Everything else — the making of dresses, shoes, gloves — was all done at the Phalanstery, and charged to the consumer at fixed prices. There was on all hands an air of constraint; even those who did nothing useful were required to wear the aspect of labor; they must do something, and never interfere, during labor hours, with those occupied around them. If they could get their hearts into the studies, it was well — such were fortunate. But if this was not so, if it was drudgery to them, drudgery it must be, — labor they must.

Oliver thought this a wise arrangement, and cited Dr. Watts as authority about the “manifest destiny” of idle hands; and our ladies also had some things to say about the freedom of the girls and gentlemen, whether young or old; but they confessed they had seen nothing, only they had intuitions; and, when asked to explain, they kept silent. It was at the close of a long confab, one night, that Annie ventured so far as to say, “All is not gold that glitters.”

“O, Mrs. Sancho Panza!” exclaimed Oliver, whisking Annie out of Gertrude’s room, as he bade Frank and Gertrude “good-night.”

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PHALANSTERY BEGIN TO OPEN.

WE have forgotten to advise our readers that Lord and Lady Dielincœur received dispatches from Count de Ville, which rendered their return to Vanity Fair imperatively necessary. Our pilgrims, at first, resolved to return with them; but this was opposed warmly by the count and Consuelo; by Colonel and Mrs. Courtney, who had now become boarders for the summer; by Aurora de Silva, and a beautiful creature whose name was Armida d'Alembert, who had taken a great fancy to our pilgrims. These all urged them to stay. The count took our gentlemen aside, and said: "It may be you are unwilling to remain here as guests. If so, stay and retain the entire suite of rooms, and pay into our treasury two hundred and fifty dollars a week for the party, servants included, and also for a free use of the horses for yourselves and ladies."

This was the real point of embarrassment; and, at this price, which did not seem exorbitant, they agreed to remain a while longer, well content to be no longer guests, but inmates of the palace for the time being; and they hoped now to find themselves more at home there.

The days passed along in various occupations; for the count and Consuelo tasked themselves and others to diversify their pursuits, and keep them happily occupied. Indeed, there was a reason to win them, for the treasury of the association had need of converts known to possess large wealth. A Phalanstery and a monastery, though very different in their outward aspect, have

many things in common. There is a despotism, unacknowledged, but felt, among their victims. The monk relinquishes all his estates to his monastery; the Fourierist takes stock in the Phalanstery. In the Phalanx, as in monasteries and convents, the rich are always deemed desirable converts. And the plans of the Areopagi of the Phalanx are wisely and warmly promoted by their inmates; though nothing of this was to be seen, to awaken suspicion, or to shock the susceptibilities of our party.

If our pilgrims found the dialect of the Tremont House somewhat difficult to comprehend, they were more puzzled by what they were told at the palace. Frank and Armida d'Alembert were walking one night on the lawn, gazing upwards upon the milky-way, just then above them with its broad belt of star-dust, when Armida, leaning on Frank's arm, discoursed softly and gracefully of the harmony of the universe, one and alike, great in little, and vast in immensity. The *papillon*, forever alternating, interlocking *groups* and *series* of men and worlds in an infinite chain of a *serial unity*, the elements of perpetual circles, multiform and mixed, which nourish all things, forever changing, and in every change hymning

“New songs to their great Maker's still new praise.”

Now, we leave this to our reader to say, if, under like circumstances with Frank, standing in front of a magnificent palace, upon a lawn cropped and swept as Paradise never was, in a star-lit night, with floral temples around, each with its shaded lamp burning, and a beautiful creature of life and beauty saying all this in a voice of sweetest harmony, if his imagination would not have been taken captive;

if he would not have felt, as Frank did on this occasion, that all this was very pious, and Armida one of the angels, whose elevation of soul he admired, though what she said he could not comprehend. But no matter for that. It was sweet, sweetly said by the most beautiful lady in the Phalanx; and, if he did not so perfectly understand all the ideas, he came to some realization of the tones, and of looks more eloquent than words.

One single exhibition of these "arts of design," understood and practised by these fascinating people, is all we purpose to exhibit. They were as various as the gifted gentlemen and ladies by whom they were practised. It was their habit to speak of society as groping along in Egyptian darkness till the sun of *Fourier* arose, when the statue of Memnon gave forth its harmonies. And then there was a great deal said about harmonies, and the musical scale, as typical of the hidden harmony of the passions, and the harmony of the passional tendencies; the perfection of which was to be now made manifest to the world in the workings of this Phalanx, which had been erected to solve the enigma of life. Our pilgrims were certainly wonder-struck at the wonder-working scheme, as it lay in the mind of Fourier. There was far more in it than they at first believed; and they came to a due appreciation of his great intellect and ingenuity. But there was one objection to it all, and that was fatal in their minds. It was this: *The Bible and Fourier were at war*. Nothing could be more directly opposed to each other; and our pilgrims were not ready to relinquish their Guide-book.

The sort of initiation which our gentlemen were put through, under the direction of Armida and Aurora de Silva, was very unlike that to which their ladies were subjected. Henry Vernon,

a young gentleman of the Phalanx, and Colonel Oakley, also a member of the Phalanx, both of them possessed of young and beautiful wives, became, little by little, the companions of Annie and Gertrude. Often in company with their wives — always so at first — but by degrees the wives, if they set out with them on a ride on horseback, rarely kept company long, being led off by their attendants, or leading off their attendants, just as freak or fancy swayed at the instant. These gentlemen had a great deal to say about “the deplorable condition of women, the consequences of isolation and *familism*; how that woman, so long as she was chained by ties which were imposed by law, rather than love, was only a slave, whether consciously or not — nothing but a slave. Her beautiful soul could never become complete in its development; for that, there must be freedom. And, as there is no greater expression of the debasement consequent on a life of slavery than when the slave is in love with his chains, so of woman, happy in ties that debase her.” There had been a sort of spell upon our ladies, and they could not get at the ideas they found suggested, which were withdrawn, modified, changed, renewed, and never came to a tangible embodiment. One day, as they sat together in one of the floral temples, in company with other gentlemen, Colonel Oakley said the words, “So of woman, happy in ties that debase her.”

Annie asked, “What ties do you speak of, colonel? Let us unmask, and, if you have any meaning to your words, speak out, so that your words shall no longer be veils to your thoughts.”

Encouraged by this frankness, Colonel Oakley said, “I refer to the bond of wedlock, wherever and whenever it ceases to be the bond of love.”

"I know nothing of bondage," replied Annie; "and I do know something of love. If you please, we will waive this subject till it shall become as attractive to me as now it is hateful."

The colonel shrugged his shoulders, and at once began to speak of a picture he had just received from Vanity Fair. On retiring to their parlor, Annie told our gentlemen of their colloquy, and her purpose to hear no more of such discussion; as for any reorganization of society, which should destroy the existence of families, and the relations of husbands and wives, she would not listen to it.

It became a habit of our pilgrims to spend much of their time together every day, comparing notes, and learning what they could of this new system of social life.

The communists had many fête-days; and upon such occasions the whole of the *series* were united in festivities. These, during our pilgrims' stay, wore the character of floral processions, in which all the Phalanx united, from the count and Consuelo down to the dirtiest of the "Little Hordes." It was a beautiful sight, and attended with a variety of manœuvres full of grace and beauty. Commencing with a procession of boys and girls of the several *serie*, known as the *Gymnasians* and *Gymnasiennes*, *Lyceans* and *Lyceennes*, *Seraphins* and *Seraphines*, *Cherubins* and *Cherubines*, and the higher orders of *Vestals* and *Damoiselles*, *Angelicates*, *Feates*, *Faquirates*, and last of all those who had reached the transcendental condition of *Pivotates*, or, in common parlance, chastity.*

* The idea of constancy between one woman and one man is so hostile to the system of Fourier, that it is not to be tolerated. And the reason could be easily shown, but it is a delicate subject to handle. Victor

The first they witnessed was led by Consuelo, dressed in robes of silver, drawn in a gilded chariot, by white horses, who were garlanded with flowers, followed by these orders of children, in their gala dresses, and by the higher orders of the palace, and the young gentlemen and scholars; then came the choir and the band, sometimes singing alone, sometimes playing alone, or together; and finally, in the opera-house, and in halls of the working *series*, the entire Phalanx were occupied with what was called the *Cherographic Intervention* of all sexes and ages, combining singing, instrumental music, poetical recitations, pantomime, dancing, and gymnastics. These ended in a feast, served first to the working classes, next to the children, and last of all to the capitalists in the palace. Sometimes a lecture was delivered by the count or Consuelo, in the opera-house; when any amount of "darkness visible" was to be realized while the count or Consuelo discoursed upon Fourierism, showing that *Attractions* are proportional to *Destinies*, and the method in which the *Series* distribute the *Harmonies* of the Universe. Developing the law of life, and the laws regulating life; and, having laid down and explained these grand pivotal axioms, thence going on to the consideration of pivotal or collective attraction, or the love of universal harmony and unity, of the distributive affections, and

Hennequin, whose tract, entitled "Love in the Phalanstery," is published by De Witt & Davenport, says, page 22:

"The series of the *Pivotate* combines, with a durable sentiment, some caprices and fantasies. . . . The *Pivotate* has an analogy in music to those sustained chords which prolong themselves, by becoming married to transient modulations." Fourier has made an analysis of this special series, or rather of its germ.

of the composite love of accords ; of contrasted and identical elements ; of the combinations of two or more functions or pleasures as a source of joy ; of the attraction of industry, and the love of divine order ; of *serfhood* or bondage ; of *simplism* and of *seriesteries*, and the like.

Those of our readers who have seen the love of regalia, such as worked aprons, gilt rods, and gilt rams' horns, in the streets of our cities, worn by hard-working men, all bedizened with fringes of gold and scarlet sashes, will not wonder at the success with which powerful minds controlled the working classes of a Phalanx.

Was it a happy community ? Was it prosperous ? These were queries to be solved. Frank held that, as water will rise to a level with its source, so will principles find expression in appropriate actions. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

"It is my belief," said Frank, one day, to Oliver, "that we are not at what old Bunyan would have called 'the Palace Beautiful,' but rather in the 'Castle of Despair.'"

But Oliver hoped for better things ; for there was certainly a very great degree of refinement and propriety in all that was to be seen ; and "why should we not hope," asked Oliver, "that the source is as pure as its expression ?"

"My dear Oliver," said Frank, "have you listened to all the witchery of these women, unconscious of their aims ? Wake up, Oliver ! wake up !" slapping him on the shoulder. And Oliver did wake up to recollections he had never before fairly looked in the face. So easily are *strong-minded* men hoodwinked.

Once awake, Oliver did not go to sleep ; and Aurora de Silva,

if she found him as docile as before, found him no longer a simple-minded dupe. If she was magnificent in her dress and impressive in her manner, all her arts, every gaze, and every soft pressure of the hand, now wore quite a new aspect.

"Such stupid, unimpressible men," said Armida to the count, "I never met with before! I have done my best with that handsome fool of a husband, and Aurora tells me she has had no success. They are really enamored of their wives, and will be to the end of their lives."

"Never despair!" said the count. "How do Oakley and Vernon get on with the wives?"

"Not at all," replied Armida.

"Ah, well!" he replied, "they must wait for your success. A woman wronged will do in her rage what she would never dream of in calmer moods."

"*Prenez garde, Monsieur le Count!*" cried Armida; and, touching the count's arm with her finger significantly, she left him suddenly.

CHAPTER LVII.

OF THE "LITTLE HORDES."

ONE morning, as the day was just breaking, Oliver, started, with his mallet and leathern pouch, on a mineralogical excursion, was passing along before one of the dormitories of the operatives, when he met a man who stood blowing a horn before an open door.

"Who are you rousing up so early?" asked Oliver.

"The little hordes," was the man's reply.

"And who are these, and what do they do at this early hour?"

"The little hordes are children of poor people, who have, or ought to have, a love of filth. They rise, sir, at this hour, for cleaning out the kitchen-sewer, which might as well be kept clean by the waste water of the house as by these children, but that would not be according to the theory; and, sir," said the man, with a sneering laugh, "there's nothing like working out a system in a Phalanstery."

As he spoke, as many as fifty children came tumbling down the stairs, boys and girls, half naked, crying and whimpering at being rudely waked up and driven down stairs by the watch of the ward, whose duty it was to see the horn promptly answered.

"Come on, you rascals!" said the man, cracking his whip over their heads; "show yourselves active, and let this gentleman see your zeal for the true theory of society."

The children gathered around Oliver, as if he could interpose in some way to save them from the man and the whip.

"My children," said Oliver, "do you love this work?"

"O, no, no! we hate it!" said the boys.

"O, it is dreadful!" said the girls; "we don't want to belong to the 'little hordes;' we want to be Incense-bearers, or Florists, or Cherubines; but the overseers say somebody must love dirt, and, because we are not pretty, we must be scavengers."

"Can it be so?" asked Oliver of the man.

"We never think here, sir. That has been done for us.

What we operatives do is to obey orders, and work out the system ; and my business is to clean out the sewers, and I shall do it ! Go ahead !” and, cracking his whip fiercely, the children ran on toward the palace kitchens.

Oliver followed to see how this work was done. When the children were passing an outbuilding, they all ran in, and each brought out a little hoe about two feet long ; and when they all stood around the mouth of the sewer, they waited crouching and horrified at what was to be done. “ John Armsley, it is your turn to go in first. Sally Jenkins, follow ; ” — and so it was, as their names were called, these poor little wretches crawled in, and soon the result of their labor was seen. And, at the end of an hour, when the sun was rising, these poor children emerged once more to breathe the air of heaven, covered all over with filth ; and then the wheelbarrows were brought forth from the barn, and these, when filled, were trundled to a heap of compost ; and when this was done, the wheelbarrows, shovels, and hoes, were restored to their places. The man then marched them to a shed, in which was a vast tub, into which all their clothes were thrown, and washed by the action of a huge revolving wheel ; and then boys and girls all jumped into a tank of water, after which they put on a nice clean dress, for it was to be a festive day. And these self-same children, with garlands and banners full of glee, were seen in the procession of the day without one trace of sorrow upon their glad faces. So happy is childhood ! *

* Brisbane has translated from Fourier, in his work on Association, a chapter entitled “ *The Little Hordes*, ” in which we are told by this great man that “ repugnant, disgusting and degrading occupations, which in civilization are overcome by pay, are surmounted in the social mechan-

CHAPTER LVIII.

LIFE AT THE PHALANSTERY.

OUR ladies were not so unconscious of the atmosphere into which they had entered as they were willing their husbands should believe them to be. It is hardly possible for a woman to be hoodwinked when those she loves are the objects of seductive arts. Among the first observations they made were these: How few were married in comparison with the number of the Associationists, and how few children there were in the palace, and how little interest the parents manifested for their children. But to these young wives nothing was half so wonderful as what became of the babies. They saw, in the saloons, or on the porch, the *bonnins* all so nicely dressed, bringing the infants and older children to their parents, who fondled them a while, but, when dinner was announced, gave up their babies

ism by attraction." And he says: "The whole system of Attractive Industry would fall prostrate if means were not found to effect this." And he goes on to say, in the course of that chapter, what is doubtless true, "This enigma cannot be solved in civilization; Association explains it. *The taste for dirt* is to enlist children in the corporation of *Little Hordes*, to induce them to undergo gayly the disgust connected with dirty work, and to open for themselves in filthy functions a vast career of industrial glory and unitary philanthropy."

We have sought to present a picture naturally arising out of a system likely to spread in some shape and to some extent over our land. And we now ask the question, If the system of Fourierism rests upon the love of dirt in children, is Fourierism true or not?

and little ones to their attendants, and saw them no more for that day.

Among these mothers there was one exception, and that was Mrs. Courtney, to whom they had been introduced at Lady Di.'s May party. It was then the colonel met Aurora for the first time ; and, from that hour, she had exerted over him the witchery of a Circe ; yet she treated him with no peculiar regard in public. In the saloons she rather sought to avoid his attentions ; sheltering herself under the care of Oliver and Annie, to whom she paid great court. And so this lady was well thought of by Annie and Gertrude, and by Oliver in particular, as we have already intimated. Why this was, we may discover hereafter. There are ladies now, as in the days of Pope, who "never drink a cup of tea without a stratagem."

Colonel Courtney had come out with his lady and child to the Association, ostensibly on account of the health of the child. It was truly so with the sweet mother ; and the colonel had hardly analyzed his motives at that time. His child was sickly. Consuelo was sure the air of the mountains would restore him ; and Aurora, at the close of a long evening spent with the colonel, had gained his promise to come out to the Phalanstery. He was a young man, rich and alone in the world ; and his lovely, gentle wife was an only daughter. Mrs. Courtney had a father and mother, who loved her devotedly. Indeed, it was to get rid of a feeling of restraint induced by their forever supervising his family affairs, that led Colonel Courtney to think of leaving Vanity Fair, on a foreign tour. Consuelo and Aurora, unitedly acting in the same line and direction, changed his plans for the

summer, at least, and he returned with them in the month of May to the mountains.

Mrs. Courtney was the only mother who eagerly ran with passionate love to her child, and would not give it up till compelled to do so, and often would not dine, so she might be with her bright boy, who was now daily growing more and more healthy and beautiful.

“And why do you not always have your boy with you?” asked Gertrude, of this dejected-looking lady; a young wife and mother, not yet twenty years of age.

Mrs. Courtney made her no reply, seemed not to hear her; but, holding up her baby in the air, ran sportively to the far-off end of the portico, upon which they were standing, leaving the *bonne* at the other end.

Gertrude ran after her; and Mrs. Courtney, holding up her boy, said to her, “Are you ignorant? Hush! don’t reply! There is one looking intently upon us.” It was the *bonne*; and, while Mrs. Courtney seemed speaking of the boy, she said to Gertrude, “My dear lady, if I come to your room at nine o’clock, shall I find you alone?” Gertrude nodded yes.

And the mother ran again with her boy towards the nurse, who came forward with a severe expression upon her face as she took away the child, saying, “Madam, by waiting so long, I lose my dinner;” and bore the boy into the palace.

At nine o’clock Mrs. Courtney came into the parlor where our pilgrims were assembled, amusing themselves with singing some new quartets, just received; for it was among their accomplishments to read music with the same ease they read a newspaper. Mrs. Courtney sat listening a while to their singing,

when Gertrude, excusing herself to her companions, led Mrs. Courtney into her own chamber.

Mrs. Courtney began, with great emotion, to speak: "I have come, Mrs. Trueman, to ask your sympathy. I cannot live any longer without telling my griefs; and your face tells me I may confide in you. You asked me to-day of my child. O, my sad heart has but one unchanging theme! My husband, my loving and loved husband, has been seduced from me by that brilliant, bad woman, Aurora de Silva! She has entranced him, and we are here. He has already invested his fortune in this Company of Associationists; and my sole treasure, my boy-baby, the only tie which binds my husband to me, is taken from me. On the life of my boy hangs my last hope of his love. I know Ralph once loved me, though he has almost deserted me now. But there is some love left, for he is jealous of the attentions paid me by the bad men by whom we are here surrounded."

"Mrs. Courtney, I pledge you my sympathy," replied Gertrude; "and I beg you will tell me all you know of these people. I have undefined doubts and impressions which haunt me, and I fear to have them confirmed; but I want the truth, and to know all, that I may have reasons to give for leaving this palace at once."

"Ah! would I could go home to my parents with you, and carry my child with me!" said Mrs. Courtney. "Do you ask what is the character of the inmates of this house? Walk these passages at all hours of midnight, as I have done, in going to and from the nursery, to see my sweet boy, and you will need no further knowledge of what is enacted here."

“And does not your baby sleep with you?” asked Gertrude, with painful surprise.

“Alas, no! The despotism of this Phalanstery forbids it; and I have given all my jewels to the *bonnins* for the indulgence I have had. They are all gone now, and I am forced to give up my child from night to noon; but my heart wakes and weeps. I steal along these halls to the nursery, and sit upon the steps, not daring to go in, for they are rude to me now my money and jewels are all gone; and it is the last mercy of my life to see my child sleeping in his little crib.” And then, lowering her voice, and placing her mouth close to Gertrude’s ear, she whispered, “O, Mrs. Trueman, I fear for his life!”

The soul of this poor distracted mother was in this low whisper; and the tone and look froze the heart’s blood of Gertrude.

“Fear for the safety of your baby?”

“Hush! not so loud. Yes! yes! The last link which binds my husband to me is not yet broken. This child is that last link, and it will be broken. Aurora de Silva affects to be in love with Mr. Outright. She retreats from my husband’s attentions in public, though she never declines them in private; and why? Do you ask why? I will answer; her conquest is as yet a divided heart. She is imperious, and insists on all. She would have me go home, and take this boy with me; but he will not consent. And I see it in her eye, that she will extinguish my life and the life of my child, as she would gnats which annoy her.”

“O, no! no! Your love creates terrors, my dear lady. Tell me, do you pray for the safety of your child?” asked Gertrude.

“Pray in a Phalanstery!” exclaimed the mother. “Alas,

I have not dared to pray to a holy God from such a place as this !”

“God is our only hope !” replied Gertrude. “Let us pray together, and pray now.”

Mrs. Courtney was confused, but knelt beside Gertrude, whose low, earnest tones, supplicating the mercy and protection of God, subdued her to tears, which flowed freely, relieving her surcharged soul of sorrow. She felt there was yet hope ; for God could save !

“God bless you !” whispered Mrs. Courtney, as she kissed Gertrude, and retired to her own apartments. Gertrude, on her return, finding herself alone in her parlor, went out upon the balcony, and sat looking up into heaven. The stars shone bright and clear, and the sweetness and serenity of night came down to quiet the tumult of her breast.

While Gertrude was so occupied, Frank had gone with Oliver and Annie to the music-saloon and listened a while. Armida, seeing him alone, tapped his shoulder, and beckoned him out. They walked upon the lawn, meeting many couples walking and chatting around and about the fountains and floral temples (for rarely did these Associationists form themselves into groups after night-fall), until they reached a temple, whose door was open ; the well-known indication of its being unoccupied. To this Armida led the way ; and, entering, closed the latticed door. Vases of flowers freshly culled, and other expressions of design, told Frank it was no accident that this temple was found vacant by them on this evening.

Armida seated herself gracefully, and with an air of *abandon* very attractive. Frank complimented her upon her picturesque

appearance in a calm, quiet tone, which at once roused her to a great height of passion. It told Armida that her arts were all seen through, and contemned.

“Frank Trueman!” said Armida, rising to her feet, and putting her hand upon his shoulder, “do you know what love is?”

Frank, calm as a summer’s morning, replied, in a cheerful tone, “Yes! Gertrude has found me a docile pupil.”

“And does Gertrude fill up the measure of all you can see in woman to love? I know you will say yes! but it is false. You are a man, and must be subject to like passions for change. You must, you shall love me! It is not rational to be constant; it is absurd, it is false, and you know it to be so. Dare you despise me? I will drive this dagger into your heart!” and Armida drew a glittering dagger from its sheath in her bosom, which shone in her hand, while a gleam of fury flashed out of her dark eyes.

Frank caught the arm, and wrested the dagger from her hand. “Armida, listen to me! Sit down here beside me, and listen to all I have to say.” In an instant, Armida, weak and powerless as an infant, lay upon his breast dissolved in tears. “I am despised! yes, I know it—I know it!” and she wept. Frank did nothing to attract her attention to himself. She sobbed a while, and continued: “O, that I was a child once more—a little child! I might be happy—happy as a loved wife. But I have been duped, and now I seek to dupe you; and you see it all, and despise me. O! is it so?” And her energies were once more awakening, when Frank quietly replaced her head upon his shoulder, and said, “Armida, you are young, beautiful, and gifted; return with us. I have the means to replace you in the

circles you have graced ; and go with us, — we will do you good. Gertrude has no sister ; be a sister to Gertrude, and find a brother in me.”

Armida lifted her head and gazed into Frank's face with intense earnestness. It was an eagle's glance, and it satisfied her whole heart. Again she became nerveless, and laid her head upon his breast, with child-like innocence, and wept. Frank waited for her movement. Armida rose to her feet, and was herself again. “ Frank Trueman, I thank you ! from the depths of my soul, I thank you ! but it is too late. There is no return for me. I must follow destiny. And, now, I will repay you as best I may. Listen to me ! Hasten away from this place ; — but how are you to go ? That, time and chance will show, and I may be able to aid you. Keep this purpose in your heart of hearts. Let it not be guessed at. Thus do I repay you your strange sympathy, the last that ever will be mine. Yes ! it is destiny — my destiny ! and I meet it.”

So saying, she rose and led the way towards the palace, wearing so gay an air that her friends deemed her star had reached its zenith.

CHAPTER LIX.

OF "LITTLE COMMENCERS," BONNES, AND BABIES, IN THE PHALANSTERY.

THE next day our ladies accompanied Mrs. Courtney to the nursery. It contained but twenty children ranging from infancy to two years of age, and forty children from two to five, who, in the language of the Phalanx, were called "Little Commencers." The little children were in a nice, lofty room, each in his little crib, or in the arms of the *bonnes*, who were walking with them. Everything was neat and nice, and a chief *bonne* sat sewing at a table covered over with work, which she was preparing for other *bonnes* to make up. Little Hartley Courtney was sucking his thumb in sweet sleep when they entered; and the *bonnes*, all smiles on the entrance of our ladies, permitted them to take him up, and give him into the arms of his poor mother. This they did as if a matter of merest accident, but it was all designed and done as requested by Mrs. Courtney, who did not venture to do so herself. Annie, that she might take little Hartley along with them, which Mrs. C. feared to do, took the boy out of his mother's arms, and said, "Come, let us see the other children. Will a *bonne* please lead the way?" A nurse, indicated by the superior *bonne*, led the way through a dormitory of some extent, nicely kept, containing fifty little cot-bedsteads and beds, into the workshop of the Little Commencers. There were about forty boys and girls, from two to five years old, sitting around a table twenty inches high, which had a groove around the edges, per-

forated with little holes of different sizes, down which the little children put the peas; classifying the peas, — putting the little peas down into the little holes and the big peas into the big ones.

Inasmuch as the season of green peas was not yet, our ladies were astonished to see so many peas full grown, for there were baskets full in the pod ready to be opened. They picked up some of these unopened pods, and discovered that they were not peas at all, but ingenious contrivances made of India-rubber, resembling a pod precisely, containing little wooden balls, the size of the genuine pea, painted green as *verdigris* could make them. It was amusing to see the boys, who sat on the upper side (for the table had a slight inclination), open these pods and roll the peas down to the little ones, who caught them and put them into their appropriate holes.*

Consuelo came in while Gertrude and Annie were laughing with delight at the way these little operatives were working. She was much gratified with the pleasure they expressed.

“We thus avoid,” said Consuelo, “all the disagreeables of infancy and childhood. ‘Here, mothers experience none of the torments and inquietudes of maternity.’† ‘Our *bonnes* are selected from women in whose hearts the love of children is strongly

* In all books yet written, there is nothing spoken of but *shelling peas* for “Little Commencers.” This work-table is thus described by FOURIER, in his chapter “On the Education of the First Order of Children.” The *Germ* are the *sucklings* and *weaned*. The first age, being the *transition* state, consists of two *orders*, the “*Little Commencers* and the *Initiated*.” — BRISBANE, p. 408.

† Cantagrel, p. 11.

fixed, and who passionately acquit themselves of the task for which they have a partiality.* ‘It is here only that *bonnes* are found who give themselves up to their passion for children,† and in the palace we have only ‘impassioned *bonnes*.’‡ ‘They are all talented; and, under their care, the senses of these little ones are cultivated and refined, by hearing the sweetest music.’§ ‘It is very rare to hear any crying in this department. I never visit this interesting and most important section of our Phalanstery, but I feel pity for poor children of rich parents — nursed to death! Poor children! they are falsified from their mothers’ breasts.’”||

“And do they never quarrel?” asked Annie, in a tone of delighted amazement.

“Never,” replied Consuelo; “everything here is made attractive; the passional harmonies have no notes of dissonance.” So saying, Consuelo took leave, and passed into another section of the palace. She was hardly out of hearing, when one little boy snatched at a handful of rubber peas his next neighbor had picked up out of the basket and laid on the table. This was resented by a slap in the face, and the little boy made a grab at the boy’s hair; and he, on his part, thumped the little fellow with his fists, and the blood flowed from his nose, and cries of terror at the sight of the blood rose all round the table. The *bonnes*, just as nurses out of a Phalanx would do, took up the pugnacious boys and trounced them on the instant, and then sat one down on a bench, roaring at the top of his voice, — and a very fine pair of lungs his were, — while another *bonne* came with a basin of water

* Cantagrel, p. 13. † p. 18. ‡ p. 18. § p. 19. || p. 21

and a sponge, and helped to stop the bleeding nose. This was all done up in a business-like manner, and showed that such outbreaks were neither unexpected nor unprovided for.

Order being restored, the work of shelling peas went on as before, when a little girl, the very youngest at the table, hardly able to use her tiny hands, put one of these verdigris balls into her mouth. A *bonne*, seeing this, sprang toward the child; and our ladies screamed with terror at the sight, when the poor little one, frightened at seeing the *bonne* run to her with a face full of wrath, swallowed the pea. Instantly, as a matter of routine, this *bonne* carried her to a cupboard in which stood a bottle, which she shook up, and, holding the child in her lap, and compressing its nose, she poured the contents of the bottle into its throat. It was a mixture of sweet oil and *hiera picra*.* The child gasped and gasped, and our ladies and Mrs. Courtney were in agonies of terror, while the *bonne*, calm and serene, laid the child down upon the floor, to roll and gasp, saying, “Don’t meddle with the child! keep your hands off! She won’t swallow another pea in a hurry. They all swallow one — and but one —”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, “is this the way my child is to be treated?” and, taking her own baby from Annie’s arms, she ran out of the room. Our ladies followed her to her chamber, and found her in a severe fit of hysterics. Hardly had

* We are indebted to Galen for this hot compound, of which he says (Salmon, p. 666), “It is a good thing to loosen the body and evacuate cholera.” This medicine was greatly in request some fifty years since, but, with many other “sov’reign’s things,” has fallen into disrepute and disuse.

they reached the room before the nurse came for the baby-boy, to the great grief of the mother. For hours they sought to soothe her, but for hours her grief and terror seemed uncontrollable. Annie hit upon the best plan when she promised to tell Col. Courtney of all she had witnessed, and get him to interpose for the restoration of her child to her arms.

“Do! do! dearest Mrs. Outright, plead with him; go upon your knees to him! He won’t refuse you; God make you eloquent!”

Annie and Gertrude both assured her of their confident belief in the success of the appeal, and this new hope acted like a charm upon the poor suffering lady. Gertrude remained with her, while Annie, with a warmth of zeal which heightened her beauty, left the room, going from parlor to parlor, and from hall to hall, seeking for Col. Courtney. She passed a group of girls and gentlemen upon the lawn, without a single look of recognition of Oliver, who was standing with them. The young girls shouted after her, and she turned back, when Oliver addressed his wife — “Here I am, Annie!” “I was looking for Colonel Courtney,” replied Annie, and turned, wending her way with the air of one completely preoccupied. Oliver stood amazed; and his surprise became a matter of mirth to the company. Anxious to know what was the matter, he left them to form their own conclusions, seeking for Annie, and found her returning. Oliver asked what was the matter. She briefly told him why she wanted to see Colonel Courtney; and, as she was now weary and exhausted, proposed remaining in a summer-house near by while he found the colonel and brought him to her. It was well she did so, for the time which elapsed before Oliver and the

colonel came enabled her to collect herself, and to consider how best to tell the tale of all she had witnessed. Oliver found the colonel and Aurora sitting together in one of the arbors in the garden. When Oliver told him Annie wished to see him, they followed him to the temple in which his wife was waiting for them; and, knowing that Annie would be glad to see Colonel Courtney alone, Oliver asked Aurora to accompany him in a walk. It was now near sunset, under a beautiful sky, and the invitation was accepted at once, with a smile of satisfaction. Aurora, with great tact and playfulness, teased Oliver about the secret between his wife and the colonel; and, as he knew nothing of what had been revealed by Mrs. Courtney to Gertrude, nor had he any inkling that there was any reason why this lady should not know, he told her all he knew of the matter.

The interview of Annie was entirely satisfactory. Colonel C. said he would have the child restored to his wife, or, if the rules of the Phalanstery were imperative, he would send them back to her father's house. He said, "The count is now riding out; his order to the *bonnes* shall be obtained on his return. Hartley shall be restored to-night perhaps, to-morrow beyond all doubt." He requested Annie to express his sympathy to his wife; to say to her he would see her himself so soon as he could bring her the order which would replace their boy in her arms. He swore vehemently that such cruelty was a disgrace to humanity and the Phalanx. And, though Annie did n't approve of swearing, she never heard oaths which sounded so very like pathos and eloquence, and it really did her heart good to hear them.

Aurora entered with Oliver, and broke up the interview. Aurora was too astute to require any explanations. Annie's

looks and the colonel's manner showed the success of Annie's appeal on behalf of the young boy and his mother.

Oliver and Annie now hastened to Mrs. Courtney's room, and told her, as she sat in the arms of Gertrude, of the result of Annie's interview. The joy was too great for tears. Such a flood of blessing overpowered her to agony, and not a tear could she shed. Gertrude ran and brought her boy from the nursery; and, as Mrs. Courtney clasped him to her heart, the deluge came, and all fears, for the present, passed away.

Oliver found Frank in his parlor, wondering what had become of Gertrude. Annie told Frank of the *bonnes* and babies, which raised new expressions of horror and disgust at this grandest of all modern monstrosities.

CHAPTER LX.

THE MURDER OF MRS. COURTNEY'S CHILD.

It was a little past midnight when Gertrude was wakened by a tap at her door; it was soft, but quick, and often repeated. Supposing it must be Theresa, she slipped on her *robe de chambre* and opened the door, when in rushed Mrs. Courtney. "He's gone — he's gone! gone — gone — gone!" she cried.

"Who's gone?" asked Frank, rousing himself.

"My baby! my boy! I knew it would be so when they tore him from my arms this night. Yes, he's gone!"

Gertrude led Mrs. Courtney into the parlor, and Frank roused Oliver and Amie; and in the shortest space possible they were all dressed, ready to accompany Mrs. Courtney.

Oliver was hopeful. He said: "Perhaps the colonel had taken it, and the first thing was to find him. Now, then, where was he to be found?"

"Come with me," said Mrs. Courtney; and she led Frank and Oliver, their wives hurrying after, afraid to be left behind, till they came to the passage leading to the nursery. "Here," she said to the ladies, "we will stay; in the last room in this passage, on the right, you, gentlemen, will find my husband."

Oliver and Frank went to the door and knocked. It opened, and Aurora de Silva appeared, dressed in a robe.

Oliver, in a loud tone, spoke: "Say to Colonel Courtney I have tidings to tell him: let him hasten!"

Aurora shut the door, and locked it. They heard the colonel contending with her; she entreating him not to appear, and he evidently struggling to get free, while her tones became more and more violent. Suddenly the door opened, and he leaped forth.

"What means this?" cried the colonel.

Frank, calm and fearless, said: "Your boy is gone!"

For an instant the colonel seemed like one bewildered, but, running, he cried, "To the nursery! to the nursery!" At the head of the passage stood his wife and our ladies. "Dear Emily, don't be alarmed; they shall produce my boy!" But his tones told his terror.

What we have described was not done without noise. They

ran into the nursery ; all was silent there. They hurried on to the sleeping apartment of the children, and Colonel and Mrs. Courtney rushed to their child's crib. Putting his hands inside of the clothes, the colonel exclaimed, "See ! his bed is warm ; the little fellow has been just taken out ! "

It was so ; they all felt inside of the bed-clothes. Col. Courtney became wild ; and, as he reached the passage, his cries alarmed the sleepers in that part of the building, resulting in developments in the wing which they traversed, inhabited by *vestals* and *demoiselles*, equally unexpected and surprising.

Not a *bonne* belonging to the infant's ward could be found. Courtney and Frank ran in various directions to rouse up the members of the Areopagi. The cry of fire, fire, had gone through the palace ; and in all entries and halls the same recklessness of appearances and anxiety for personal safety were exhibited.

Col. Courtney thus exhausted his physical energies. His poor wife had been carried by Oliver to Annie's room, fainting, attended by the wives. Colonel Courtney, meeting Frank on his way to his apartment, came to a pause. He at once guessed this whole matter. " Mr. Trueman, follow me to my room."

Entering his wife's chamber, he unlocked a wardrobe and produced two pairs of pistols ; having examined them, he put on fresh caps. One pair he put into his own pockets, and gave the other to Frank, saying, " These are loaded ; will you stand by me ? "

" I will, to the death ! " said Frank.

They went first to the count's parlor and knocked fiercely. Consuelo, who had been roused by the cry of fire, and had par-

tially dressed herself, opened the door, and the count came into his private parlor, also partially dressed, wrapped in his robe.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the count.

Col. Courtney, in a tone of intense but restrained feeling, said: "Count, my child is missing; let him be produced here, and at once!"

"Certainly!" said the count, proudly, and in a tone of anger. He rang his bell. "Excuse me one moment," and he soon returned, perfectly dressed.

The bell was replied to by the coming in of one of the *Areopagi* and two of the guards. The count said: "Bring me the *bonnes*—all of them, instantly! And tell them to bring with them the boy of Colonel Courtney.—Go! I wait for them."

It was a brief period; but it seemed long even to Frank, and to Colonel Courtney all but unbearable, when one of the *bonnes* came.

"Tell me," said the count, "where is Colonel Courtney's boy?"

The *bonne* replied: "My watch ended at twelve; the children were all sleeping then. I was relieved by Matilde Sancy."

"Where is she?" asked the count.

"Indeed, I do not know. She and the baby are both missing," replied the *bonne*.

"Mark me," said the count, "and tell every *bonne* I will punish them with death if that child be not produced forthwith. Go! rouse the *bonnes* and the guard, and bring the child here."

The *bonne* left the room to obey the mandates of the count.

Consuelo asked Colonel Courtney if he knew where Aurora de Silva was.

The colonel rose to his feet, as if he had at that instant seized the clue to unravel the mystery. Without a single word of reply to the inquiry of Consuelo, he left the room, followed by Frank, who ran at the top of his speed to overtake the colonel. The room of Aurora they found wide open; but she was gone. Her bureau-drawers stood open, and rich dresses lay about the room. A casket containing her jewels was also missing.

A search was ordered to be made by the count; but, whether made or not, it resulted in no discovery of Aurora or Matilde.

About mid-day the body of the little boy was found covered up in a heap of compost. It was washed and brought into the colonel's apartment; and when it was dressed and laid upon the bed, he was told of its discovery.

The colonel asked Oliver to come with him and see the body of his boy. There lay the child, as if still sleeping; nor could Oliver discover in what way the death had been accomplished. The colonel asked Oliver if it was possible to discover in what way his child came to his death.

Oliver said, "It might be, by an examination in Vanity Fair; but he could not attempt it."

The colonel, who seemed to have a strange morbid feeling as to this question, said, "I will take the body of my boy to Vanity Fair."

Oliver undertook to make all the arrangements necessary.

"I will leave my wife here. Poor girl! I will not kill her by taking her with me. I confide her to your care, Outright, to bring with you. May I do so?"

Oliver gave him every assurance, and said, "I will have everything ready for you two hours hence."

The colonel went to Frank's room, and asked him to follow him. "I leave as soon as the carriage I have ordered can be got ready and brought to the door. I will carry my poor dead boy to Vanity Fair, if, perhaps, I can discover in what way he was killed; for I will repay the deed that has been done four-fold. Now, I want you to stand by me. I am going to the office of the cashier, who holds certificates of stock transferred by me, to take effect from and after the first of January next, till which time they are mine. These certificates I must recover. It is the first blow I can inflict upon this pandemonium."

They walked together into the office of the cashier, passing through rooms occupied by clerks, until they reached the *inner sanctum* leading to the vault and treasury. Here sat the cashier, who rose with great politeness, and asked the colonel and Frank to be seated.

"I called to show Mr. Trueman the stocks you hold of mine, that he may see them and the transfer."

The cashier, supposing the colonel was acting as a stool-pigeon for and on behalf of the Phalanstery, went into the vault with his key and produced a packet, which he handed the colonel, who opened it and counted the certificates, one of which he handed Frank to examine. The number was correct. They were all there; and he put the certificate back into the envelope, the cashier standing with his iron door open, expecting to have it handed to him; but the colonel put it into his breast-pocket, and pulled out his pistol.

"Pray, sir, what does this mean?" asked the cashier.

The colonel said : " This, sir, is the beginning of desolations ! I am glad you have saved me the trouble of blowing your brains out in recovering these bonds. I had come prepared to do so, as you see, if necessary ! " So saying, they left the room, leaving the cashier sitting in his chair in speechless amazement.

Aided by Oliver and Frank, all was ready for his departure. The count and Consuelo, humbled by recent events, sent for them all to come into the count's parlor. The wrath of the colonel was deprecated, the friendship and influence of Frank and Oliver most earnestly requested. The innocence of the count and Consuelo was beyond all question, and the injustice of inflicting a calamity upon the guiltless was strongly pressed. Consuelo never was so splendid before ; and Colonel Courtney promised to make no disclosures not necessary to secure the punishment of the guilty.

This being done, one last sad duty remained : it was to take leave of his wife. Happily, she lay unconscious ; and, as he kissed her pale forehead, his heart found utterance in a passion of tears. As he rose to go, he said to Ammie : " Comfort my poor wife as best you may. Tell her I am penitent. Alas ! " he cried, in agony, " was there no way of waking me out of this trance but by the murder of my boy ? " He added : " Say to Emily I am awake to my own misery and to her wrongs. " These words were repeated to the wife at a proper time. Sad as they were, they yet bore a precious balm to her bereaved spirit. At three o'clock the colonel, alone with the corpse of his child, set out on his way home to Vanity Fair.

CHAPTER LXI.

CONSUELO'S JEALOUSY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MRS. COURTNEY was placed in the room between the apartments of Oliver and Frank and their wives, where they all devoted themselves to her. Time, the balm for wounded hearts, aided by the sympathy and tender attentions of our pilgrims, gradually restored Mrs. Courtney to herself. For a long time she was very feeble, exceedingly nervous; and all the science of Oliver and the nursing of the ladies, at times, were tasked to keep her alive.

A fortnight had elapsed since the murder. All this while the inmates of the Phalanstery met our pilgrims with reserve; all faces wore a darkened aspect towards our friends. The Areopagi, even, were not at ease in their presence. This was caused, not only by the horrible murder committed, but by uneasy apprehensions in the minds of many, consequent on the misadventures of that night. Of the true cause of estrangement at the time our gentlemen and wives had been too much absorbed to take cognizance; but the maxim, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," had not become entirely inappropriate to the Phalanstery, — doubtless a necessary result, they would say, of a false religious education.

Armida alone remained gay, and delighted to meet Frank and his friends. Frank asked her to account for this sad event. Armida was of opinion that Aurora found herself in a false position. She had given all for love, and all love was not hers in exchange. She was not supreme. Indeed, Armida herself

had heard her say to Colonel Courtney on the portico, as they were walking, in a passionate tone, and with a gesture full of fire, "Love and empire will no partners bear!" In reply to the inquiry why Aurora seemed so much interested in Oliver, Armida replied, "Aurora had mixed motives, very likely; and, by her refusing to receive Colonel Courtney's attentions, and seeking the society of Mr. Outright, she hoped to strengthen, and did, no doubt, greatly increase, her hold of Courtney. O, my friend, Frank! you know too much of us women to need my telling you that, when we have the consciousness of power, we love to use it, and become exacting as our power increases, and as it is resisted. Nor do we women need any devil to aid us in reaching our ends."

"I am fearful," said Frank, "this is a most miserable apology for paradise. Don't you think so, Armida?"

"Frank, when do you return?" inquired Armida, declining to keep up the ball of conversation any longer. "I am anxious for you to leave. I wish you well, and want you to be gone!"

"We shall leave, Armida, when the health of Mrs. Courtney admits of our travelling. We cannot leave her, and she recovers slowly. But why, Armida, are you so very anxious I should go?"

Armida stopped, turned round, and, looking Frank in the face with passionate earnestness, her eyes filled with tears, and sadness took the place of pride as, in low tones, she said, "I fear a relapse!" So saying, she ran into the music-hall, where new dances were being taught. Frank followed her into the saloon, and saw her on the floor dancing with the lightness and grace of a fawn. "Poor Armida!" sighed Frank, who, unconsciously to himself, was deeply interested in the future of this beautiful girl,

of whose former history he could gain nothing from herself, and of which no one knew anything, or, if they knew, would tell.

One morning, after the hour of labor had begun, when the palace was almost solitary, being relinquished to the servants who during these hours discharged the duties of cleaning and arranging the rooms, Oliver was walking up and down the hall before his suite of apartments, "whistling as he went," as the wisest of men sometimes do, if not "for want of thought," for want of occupation, when a servant-woman hurried past, and entered Consuelo's room. Instantly Consuelo appeared, with a drawn dagger. She flew past, her face lit up with anger. Oliver followed her along the hall, up the grand staircase, to the story above, and along the hall into one of the wings, where he saw her enter the furthest room. He heard a shriek, and a young girl came running out into the passage with the blood streaming from her bosom. She ran past Oliver, crying, "I'm killed! — I'm killed!" And, as Oliver stood amazed, the count came fleeing along the passage, pursued by Consuelo, with her dagger red with blood. It was a strange sight.

The girl ran down the grand staircase, where, in a swoon, she fell upon the floor, as Frank and Gertrude were coming up. Frank ran, and, taking her up, bore her into their room. Placing her upon a sofa, he left her with Gertrude, and came out, calling for Oliver. Consuelo, all on fire with rage, now rushed past into her room, closing the door with violence. Oliver, hearing Frank calling for him, as he, too, was pursuing after Consuelo, at once answered to his name. Shortly the saloons and passages became thronged with inquirers, and no one could tell what new and astonishing event had happened; for all but the servants had

been occupied in their several ateliers and studios. The count had left the palace, attended by a single servant, on horseback, after the briefest interview with the Arcopagi in the cashier's room.

While all these events were transpiring, Oliver, with his coat off, aided by his wife, was occupied in stanching the blood flowing from the breast of this beautiful girl, who lay swooning upon a lounge in their private parlor. With a zest he could not have believed he possessed, almost amounting to pleasure, he was enabled, in the presence of his wife, to show off his professional skill. His travelling pocket-book of instruments was supplied with a probe, a needle, and sewing-silk; but, though a great parade was made of these, there was no occasion for them. No one knew this better than Oliver, only it created a shuddering sensation in the ladies to see them all spread out ready for use. It was nothing but a flesh-wound, and, happily, not very deep; and, when the lips of the wound were closed, some lint, kept in place by a piece of sticking-plaster, was put upon it; and Sir Charles Bell could have done nothing more, had he been aided by the celebrated Mr. Brodie.

The *vestal*, as she came to her senses, found herself, divested of all her bloody clothing, lying upon a nice couch, dressed very becomingly, and two ladies only in the room with her, — Frank and Oliver's services having been dispensed with when that remarkable operation of putting on the cataplasm had been accomplished.

On going down, these gentlemen found the bee-hive in commotion. Happily, the queen-bee remained; and so the hive soon recovered from the surprise, and matters went on as before. It was an event to be thought of, but never to be mentioned.

As the Arcopagi were in nightly council with Consuelo, the concerts and dancing were not graced with their presence: this was all.

The story of Miss Adelaide Stewart, as told by herself to our ladies, was briefly this: She had been inveigled by the count and Consuelo, during their brief visit in May, to unite herself with the Phalanx. Her fancy had been addressed; and, as she would soon be of age, every attention was paid her, during their stay, to induce her to come with them. Her guardian had refused his consent; but, like a girl, as she was, whose parents were dead, and whose fortune was within a few months to be in her own control, she had mysteriously disappeared, and, with the connivance of the count, was brought out to the Phalanstery. After her coming, every inducement was offered to allure her to enter the Phalanx; and she had at last assumed the costume of the Vestals, but rather because it was becoming than for any other reason. And, then, the name was pretty. All this while the count had been particularly attentive to her; yet such was her veneration for his character that she never dreamed of any purpose unworthy her high idea of his exalted worth. Nor had he inspired her with any thought of his having any other purpose than to make her stay pleasant, so that, if she so pleased, she could become a capitalist. On the morning in question, the count, by appointment playfully made with her the evening before, came to her room to teach her the science of chiromancy, which he had been telling her was a true science; and at the instant Consuelo entered he was holding her hand and telling her fortune. "*Il traditor!*" cried Consuelo, and ran in upon them, striking at her with the dagger. The count caught her hand, holding the dagger and Consuelo while she fled.

The poor girl shuddered at the thought of returning to her own apartment. She was afraid of Consuelo, nor would she admit a single visitor. It was deemed safest to have her trunks brought into their apartments, and Adelaide had a pallet made up for her in Mrs. Courtney's room. Her recovery was rapid; yet she could not be persuaded to leave her room unless in company with some one of Mr. Trueman's party, as it was called here. Though there was every effort made by the nicest young men to enlist her to join their parties and sociables, all was in vain. She was so terrified by the murder of Mrs. Courtney's child, and the attempt on her life by Consuelo, that all she thought of now was to return to her guardian, and old uncle, in Vanity Fair.

The recovery of Mrs. Courtney was now such as to induce our friends to talk of a return as an event near at hand. But how was it to be effected? There were no stage-lines to the palace. The mountain barrier was never passed but by those who came to the Phalanstery; and only those came who, like themselves, came by invitation — and these were very few. One day, a carriage came, and Oliver asked the driver if he would take a load of passengers returning to Vanity Fair. The driver asked him if he and his party had a permit. When asked to explain what he meant, the man replied, "You must have a permit, sir, from the count. I do not dare take you without his consent."

"We are not ready," said Oliver, "and shall wait for the count's return. Indeed, we have a lady too sick to be moved for the present." And so ended the talk.

Frank was surprised when Oliver told him of this conversation; but replied, "When we get ready we shall leave this

place. Of that I have no doubt. In the mean time, make no inquiries ; show no inquietude ; but let us make the best use we can of all that is passing."

Ten days had elapsed since the departure of the count, and Consuelo, all this while, never left her rooms. The various orders saw her only on business ; and a most uncomfortable condition of affairs pervaded the happy valley, as it was sometimes called. Our pilgrims were regarded with suspicion, — Vestals even shunned Oliver and Frank ; and the Arcopagi and the Pivotates were decorously cold and distant.

On a warm and starlit night, Gertrude and Annie, who had been nursing Mrs. Courtney till it was near midnight, went out of the hall-window upon the balcony at the end of the east front. There they sat down to breathe the soft air of midnight, and to look upon the stars shining through the foliage which embosomed their balcony. As they sat silent and alone, they heard a stealthy step along the pavement below, and a voice sang, in low tones, to a guitar, beneath the windows of Consuelo's sleeping apartment, which, like that of Gertrude, fronted the east. They knew it to be Anzoletto. His *re*, which Consuelo had expressed such hatred of, and which an ear of rarest cultivation would feel was a little flat, revealed him to our ladies. Certain it was that Anzoletto was a fine singer, and greatly admired by the ladies generally ; even by those who held the highest rank, as Aurora, Armida, and others. But he was utterly regardless of them all, and only seemed anxious to recover his position with Consuelo. She, however, regarded him with aversion, and would never sing even a *duo* with him. Yet he was ever sighing for the "Star of

the Palace," and again for "a ray from the Sun of his Destiny;" compliments which, when repeated to Consuelo, always called forth new expressions of aversion, until one half of the ladies in the Phalanstery began to take sides with Anzoletto. Now, if any of our lady readers should think this preposterous, let them remember we speak of ladies of the Phalanx only.

After singing a while, our ladies heard Consuelo's window raised a little; and, as Anzoletto, encouraged by this recognition, elevated his voice, they heard every word of his song, which ran thus :

" Give all to love,
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse, —
Nothing refuse.

" 'T is a brave master ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope :
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent ;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

' It was not for the mean ;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,

Valor unbending ;
Still 't will reward, —
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

“ Leave all for love ;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved ;
One pulse more of firm endeavor, —
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved,

“ Cling with life to the maid ;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free ;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

“ Then thou loved her as thyself !
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive ;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.”

At the singing of this, Consuelo's casement was thrown to its

height, and she appeared in a white dress, with a shawl about her. Anzoletto then sang as follows :

“ Dream no more. Heaven’s not to be, —
It is within, around you ;
Wake from a selfish lethargy,
Where misty visions bound you.

“ Cease resting on a joy, to start
When the first groan shall press you ;
The throbbing, living, longing heart,
Is full of joys to bless you.

“ O, dream no more ! Hell’s not to be, —
It is around, within you ;
What are the groans of imagery
To those from earth that din you ?

“ Awake, and live ! ’t is dawn at last ;
Hark ! how your brothers call you !
Awake, and love ! let go the past ;
Shake off the hate that thralls you !

“ O, dream no more ! awake, and be, —
Let Love and Beauty bound you !
And so, at last, Humanity
Shall grow a heaven around you.”

Consuelo spoke in low tones, too low to be understood, when Anzoletto threw up a ball, which Consuelo caught, and drew up a rope-ladder, which she hooked over the iron frame-work of a small balcony before the window at which she stood. This being done, Anzoletto, with the agility of an expert, ascended, and entered the apartment.

“Dear Gertrude,” said Annie, “let us go in; the dew is falling, — and I think we may say, with old Doctor Isaac Watts,

‘We’ve seen an end of what they call
Perfection here below.’”

And they kept this in the depths of their own heart; for Consuelo had been believed by them all “a bright particular star,” shining in the cold depths of her own heaven, unclouded, unsullied, and alone; nor could they deprive their husbands of such confidence, — for it was precious to them, a part of themselves, that they should have faith in woman.*

* Doctors of Divinity, and divines of the Cambridge school, are accustomed to use texts “by way of accommodation.” The song “Give all to Love” was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and first appeared in *The Harbinger*, vol. iv., No. 5, for Saturday, January 9, 1847, for which it was written. *The Harbinger* was established to promote Fourierism in this country. “Dream no More” is taken from *The Harbinger*, vol. iv., No. 3, December 26, 1846, over the signature E. Y. T. Our readers will judge as to the fairness of the use made of them, and their fitness in the narrative.

“Liberty, according to Fourier,” says Godwin, in his book entitled “*Doctrines of Fourier*,” page 89, “would destroy falsehood, and truth would preside over all the relations of love.” Page 71. — “There will be absolute liberty for all, even for children.”

CHAPTER LXII.

OUR PILGRIMS, MRS. COURTNEY, AND ADELAIDE, RETURN TO VANITY FAIR.

MRS. COURTNEY'S health was now deemed by Oliver equal to the fatigue of travelling; and Adelaide entreated them not to leave her behind. So they had a carriage-load of passengers; and how were they to be transported? Frank said, "Never fear! we shall go when we are ready."

The next day brought up a party in a stage-coach from Vanity Fair,—a rare event, full of interest to all, and to Frank especially. Frank went round to the stables, and, as the horses were being unharnessed, he said to the driver, "I would like to get such a team and coach for my own use; what will you sell them for?"

The man said: "I don't care much to sell 'em, sir. The coach, you see, is bran-new, and the horses can't be beat."

"That's the reason I took a fancy to them," said Frank.

"Well, sir, I don't care to sell, any how; but I might do so for three thousand, cash on the nail; and I think that's cheap."

"So do I," said Frank; "and here's a dollar to close the bargain."

"Yes, sir," said the man; "but I want the money paid me at Vanity Fair, and not here."

"So let it be," said Frank. "This coach is mine, and I am to pay three thousand to you at Vanity Fair. Now, you will go with me as a passenger outside, for I shall drive myself."

“Done,” said the driver. “Now, sir, what are your wishes respecting *your* coach and four,” — greatly pleased with his bargain.

“To-morrow, at six o’clock, you will bring the carriage round to the east front, and see my baggage carefully placed upon it. See my horses are well cared for.”

That night our pilgrims packed their trunks, and made all ready to move.

In the morning, soon after six, the coach was at the door, the baggage upon it, and the ladies and servants in it. Theresa and Theodore were the only ones who held back; but they found they must go, or be left behind. They pleaded the loss of clothing belonging to them and the ladies; but this consideration had no weight with Frank. The coachman sat alongside of Frank, who gathered up the reins, and, with a grand flourish of skill, came round to the front portico, where many of the inmates of the palace were promenading. “Going! are you going!” were the exclamations, as they saw who were in the stage.

“Yes,” cried Frank, “we are off.”

“By whose authority, sir, do you take this stage-coach?” asked an Arcopagite, rushing forward from the palace.

“This coach and team, sir, belong to me. I purchased them of this man, after he came here, for three thousand dollars, payable in Vanity Fair. I have left several trunks belonging to these ladies, which I shall send for; you will see them delivered to my order. And I now hand you a letter to the count, whose drafts for the expenses of myself and friends will be honored on presentation.” So saying, he took from his pocket a letter he had prepared for the count.

The man of authority took the letter from one of the servants who picked it up ; for Frank had thrown it upon the portico. He then pointed his finger to the stage-driver, and said, " Beware, sir, how you ever show yourself at this place hereafter." And then to Frank, " I think, sir, you are leaving us by stealth, as though you were among thieves and robbers."

" Our method," replied Frank, " may not be precisely what would be pleasing to ourselves under other circumstances ; but, as to thieves and robbers, though we may seem such to you, I believe, sir, we do not, in going, leave the number less."

Consuelo appeared at a window, and manifested her surprise. Our ladies bowed, and our gentlemen took off their hats to her ; when Frank gave a most artistic crack to his whip, which caused his team to spring, and, in a grand style of horsemanship, they set off down the lawn, out the gates, and upon the road leading over the mountains, and away.

As they passed out through the gates, Annie put out her head, and cried to Frank, " Free ! free !"

" Safe !" responded Frank. " Safe from the snares of Circe !"

" O, that I, too, could be glad !" said poor Mrs. Courtney ; while Adelaide sat quiet and very grave. She was returning to society ; and what could she say for herself ? It was evident that there was a cloud over her soul, and it was long before it was dispelled.

The fourth day's journey was nearly completed ; they were within ten miles' travel of Vanity Fair, when, on the slope of a long hill, they met the count, and a party of six gentlemen, on horseback, who drew up on both sides of the road to allow the heavy coach to rush onward unimpeded. He gave one stare of

astonishment at Frank, who was sitting beside the driver. The look of his party — men of the Phalanstery, who had gone as a deputation to bring the count back — was observed by our travellers. It was alike on all faces — a stare of blank astonishment.

The sun had set before the city was reached. Adelaide spent the night at the pilgrims'. Oliver accompanied Mrs. Courtney to her father's house, where she was received with groans and tears. Happily her husband was absent in the country.

The next day Lord Dielineœur called, and was received. He made inquiries of a general character, and was answered with all frankness. He complimented our ladies upon their complexions, and said something about the roses of paradise, which Annie really did not hear, though addressed to her. They, on their part, asked after Lady Di., Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, Lord Shallbeso, and other friends, and were glad to receive good accounts of them all.

Lady Di. called, and Lord Shallbeso ; and, as was natural, the Phalanstery was talked of; its scenery, the magnificence of the palace, the studios, the advantages of such studies, their fitness for the development of the soul. All such topics were discussed; but our ladies never let it run on to persons or manners. The result of all this scrutiny was this: That our pilgrims were the most ignorant, amiable, unsuspecting, stupid, lovely, ridiculous people the world contained. When this conviction was fully adopted and rested in, our pilgrims became more interesting than ever to these very dear friends of theirs.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A VISIT TO THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

LORD and Lady Dielineœur renewed their invitation, made in the early spring, for our pilgrims to be one of their guests at their country-seat, near the Delectable Mountains, only a day's journey from the city.

They had made up a party, consisting of Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, Mrs. Bates, Miss Euphenia T'nipnose, Mrs. Henry Gibbs, and some young gentlemen, whose names are not worth enumerating. Tom T'nipnose, however, we except; for he had just returned from a foreign tour, highly accomplished, as most young men are, now-a-days, who have spent two or three years abroad.

It was the last week in July; they set out in their own coach and team, which Frank had retained for his own use during the summer, and reached Bellevue after dark. The house was spacious, surrounded with noble shade-trees. Upon the veranda they found Lord D. and his gentlemen guests, in the luxury of linen jackets, smoking cigars; while ladies, in Swiss muslin dresses, smoked their cigarettes; one of the fashions introduced by Mr. Tom T'nipnose, who assured the ladies that *Mesdames* Dudevant, Rachel, Grisi, and all the ladies of highest fashion, did so, and it would be "decidedly the rage." These ladies were taking their first lessons in the art.

The coming of Frank Trueman and his party gave great joy; to none more so than to Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, and Lord and

Lady D. After they had been refreshed by ablutions of cold water and a change of dresses, they reappeared, and tea was served upon the veranda. While sipping tea they had the first exhibition of Mr. Tom's skill in relating his travels.

The seat of Lord Dielincoeur was on the rise of a spur of the Delectable Hills, which reached their apex at some ten miles' distance. The scenery was charming on all sides, and the atmosphere health-inspiring. For Lord D.'s guests every species of amusement was provided; nine-pin alleys, five's court, swings, a pistol-gallery, and a billiard-room; also horses to ride, and dogs and guns for hunting; and Tom Tuipnose for a *raconteur* at dinner, and upon the veranda after supper. Tom was a favorite of Mrs. Proudfit, who had great pleasure in drawing him out, and showing him up. With all Tom's pains-taking, he was nothing but a new illustration of the old fable of the travelled monkey. At last he came to dread her ridicule, nor would his imagination play at ease in her presence.

One evening he had been telling of his life among the great men of family and fortune, and that *Grisi* had noticed him, and sent her card to him in the opera-house by her page, inviting him behind the scenes to her *boudoir*, where he received most flattering attentions from that eminent lady. Tom, seeing a polite aspect of incredulity on the faces of Gertrude and others present, lifted up his hand, and exclaimed, "Upon my life, 't is true!"

Mrs. Proudfit came out of the door of the house on tip-toe, and, tapping him on his shoulder, whispered, a stage-whisper, "What will you lay it's a lie?" using Major Longbow's famous phrase.

Lord D. was never so amiable and attentive as now ; and, if his guests were not happy, it was no fault of his. Now, to keep twenty idle people happy was no ordinary task — especially young persons, who had nothing to do but to kill time. Of all pursuits that is the most wearisome ; for it has nothing of joy in rest — like a painting which has no background, and where every form is draped in light. Tom T'nipnose said it might be described as “a dinner where all was dessert,” — a saying which gained him much applause for its novelty.

To help the party to a pleasant day, it was determined the next day should be spent in ascending the Nebo Mountain ; and Lord and Lady D. gave orders for inviting their neighbors and their guests, making ample preparations necessary for the journey and picnic.

The Delectable Mountains were a serrated range, sweeping the horizon on the north, and rising about four thousand feet. The highest of all was called Nebo, from which, under favorable conditions of the atmosphere, the Celestial City could be seen.

The day was fine, and the ascent had been pleasantly made. On the other side of the Nebo, high in air, the party were led to a sheltered cave, to which the servants had brought up the baskets from the point where the horses were left, and at which climbing commenced. The dinner was carefully spread, and nothing was wanting but water. That was usually supplied by tanks formed by nature in the rocks ; but, as there had been a long drought, not a drop of water could be found. This great want was, however, amply supplied by the wines brought up ; and Lord D. recommended to our ladies a light wine, very deli-

cious, and, as he said, not more exciting than coffee. As most of the party had made a tour on the continent, they drank this wine as if it were water. It was regarded so very light that most preferred champagne, which they drank in goblets. Tom, holding up his goblet, begged to be heard, for the gayety of the cavern was getting to be noisy. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Tom, "we don't often get so high as this so early in the day, and I propose we make a day of it."

This explosion of Tom's wit was ample apology for a general emptying of the goblets. Our ladies and gentlemen confined themselves to the light wine recommended by Lord D., which was regarded as so very innocent. The cigar-cases, being produced by the young gentlemen, were handed round to the ladies, when Annie and Gertrude rose, followed by their husbands, who, by a sort of marriage-vow, had pledged their sacred honor never to do anything they were unwilling should be done by their wives, — a most admirable compact, and worthy of all imitation.

They left the cavern when the cigars were lit, followed by some of the ladies, who declared against the perfumery of cigar-smoke being hid away in their clothes and curls. These ladies called to a servant to bring them up their optic-glasses, and led the way to the summit of the Nebo, whence the Celestial City was sometimes to be seen. The point they reached was made up of high masses of stone, rising from the point of verdure hundreds of feet below. These masses of rock lay in long lines of ledges. It was wild and fearful to stand and gaze below. And, now, what was to be seen? This was an inquiry made at once by our pilgrims. To their eyes, the mountain on the north side sunk down abruptly to the plain, showing a wide morass to the

verge of the horizon, along which were seen mountains of a like configuration as that on which they stood, running like waves as far as the eye could reach.

"There is nothing to be seen!" exclaimed Annie.

"You did n't expect to see anything with your naked eye, did you?" asked Miss Gulphin. "That would be bringing the Celestial City a little too near."

"I think it would, indeed!" replied Miss Euphemia.

"Wait until our glasses arrive, and perhaps they may suit your eyes," said another young lady; for this party was increased by the guests of the country-seats of Mr. Wells and Mr. Varick, making the number in all from thirty to forty persons.

The servant brought a basket of optic-glasses, carefully packed in cotton layers, and each lady selected her own glass. These, to look at, were nothing different from opera-glasses. They all had an adjusting screw, but were entirely different in their manufacture as to size and power. While the young ladies were adjusting their glasses, Frank and his party were trying one glass after another, at every conceivable angle of vision and point of adjustment, and yet saw nothing but sky, blue sky, and nothing else. At no focus could they distinguish anything; and it was with surprise they saw these young ladies gazing intently upon the distant mountains. Several of these young ladies had two glasses, and would look a while through one, and then use the other; but, when our pilgrims asked to look through them, they could see nothing.

"Why didn't you get glasses to suit your eyes in Vanity Fair?" asked Miss Euphemia T'nipnose.

"We were not told that glasses were necessary," replied An-

nie; "but, shall I look through yours? — perhaps I may see something."

"Not if you hold it in your hands," said Euphemia; "but, if I hold it with my right hand, and you with your left, and then I hold your hand in mine, or I put my hand round your waist and yours round mine, so as to form a *baquet*, or chain of animal magnetism, then you will see just as clearly as myself."

"Indeed! and is that it?" were the exclamations of surprise at this new wonder in optical science.

"Ah!" said Euphemia, "this is an age of wonders; and seeing at second-sight is nothing new, after all."

Gertrude and Euphemia formed a chain; and at once it was obvious that Gertrude was no longer seeing nothing but the sky. She showed herself absorbed and surprised.

"What do you see, Gertrude?" asked Frank.

"I see," said Gertrude, "a beautiful palace, surrounded with pleasure-grounds and lawns, dressed in the brightest sunshine; there are little shrines, with crucifixes, on artificial mounds, which are ascended by marble steps. Ah! now there comes out of the palace a procession, led by a bishop in his canonicals, and he is followed by a train of young priests. And now a like train of the most beautiful girls, with veils hanging down from their heads to their feet; and they seem to be chanting out of books they hold in their hands. The bishop now mounts the steps of the shrine, and prostrates himself before it, and crosses himself, while the young priests and the young nun-like girls kneel promiscuously around the little mound upon the green grass. O, it is very pretty, and looks so very pious! And —" Here Gertrude held her breath in astonishment; then, taking the glass from her

face, she looked at Euphemia with surprise. Euphemia having held the glass to her eye, "O, that's nothing!" she cried.

Frank and Oliver and Annie were now eager to form chains with the young ladies, and were all wonderfully interested in what they witnessed. This was evinced by their exclamations, and irrepressible laughter at the odd sights which, by some strange hocus-pocus, they were made to see. The young girls were never weary of holding their glasses up for Frank and Oliver; nor were our gentlemen weary of sight-seeing.

Lord and Lady Dielineœur, and Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, coming up with their optic-glasses, and seeing how much our friends were delighted with this sort of second-sight, politely invited, and even urged, them to look through their glasses, which were, they said, very large and splendid. Annie at once consented, as did Oliver and Frank. Lady Di. and Oliver, Frank and Mrs. Proudfit, having paired off, Lord D. invited Annie to form a chain with him, thus leaving Gertrude to Col. Proudfit. They were led by Lady Di. to a point far away from the groups of the picnic party; it being, as she said, better sheltered from the breeze, which at that height was clear and cold. Coming to seats nature had formed, they sat down apart as these could be found.

Lady Di. held her glass with her right hand to Oliver's eyes, while her left hand came caressingly under his cheek, and her head drooped upon his shoulder. The propinquity of Frank and Mrs. Proudfit would have astonished Gertrude had she not been too much occupied with sight-seeing to observe anything so near to her as her husband. Nor was Lord D. less favorably disposed of. And, inasmuch as it was necessary to make the chain in order to see, all the accessories were overlooked and unnoticed in

the wonders revealed. And what did they see? They saw, first, a vapor, which, when it cleared up, revealed them, paired as they all were, walking in a garden which realized to their vision paradise. Various groups and many lovely scenes passed before them; or, rather, they were transported into the midst of beauty. But it was no more Frank and Gertrude, but Frank and Mrs. Proudfit, Oliver and Lady Di., Lord D. and Annie, Gertrude and Colonel Proudfit. Gertrude's heart rebelled. She pushed the glass from her, and, rubbing her forehead and eyes, she slowly recovered her consciousness. When she came to full possession of herself, she saw Lady Di. with her arms around Oliver, looking with intense fondness into his face. From Oliver she looked to Frank, and the eyes of Mrs. Proudfit rested upon him with the power of a basilisk. Annie, too, sat eagerly gazing through the glass, while Lord D.'s eyes were fastened upon her with a concentration of soul that filled Gertrude with alarm. It was demoniacal. Roused at once to her feet, Gertrude ran to Frank and shook him. "Have you not seen enough of this?" Her tones were thrilling, and recalled Frank from the world of visions to the world of realities. Annie and Oliver, too, were recalled; but they did not recover from their entire abnegation, as did Lord D., Lady Di., and Mrs. Proudfit, who instantly resumed their natural positions and speech, as if nothing had happened. Not so the subjects of their spells. They came out of a trance-like state of mind strangely confused and excited. Could it be the wine or the sight-seeing? They could not begin to analyze their states of feeling at that time, nor could they for some days; indeed, not for a long time afterwards did they suspect that they were spell-bound, the subjects of malign influences.

CHAPTER LXIV.

COGITATIONS OF OUR PILGRIMS AS TO THE SIGHTS SEEN ON THE
DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

Mrs. OUTRIGHT and Mrs. Trueman, one hot summer's day, had been sitting silent some time, busily engaged with their sewing, while Frank and Oliver were sitting at the windows reading to themselves. Mrs. Outright broke her needle and her silence at the same time; and, to bring the circle into sympathy, she addressed herself to Frank.

"I want you to tell me, Frank, what you saw through Miss T'nipnose's opera-glass that amused you so much."

This arrested the attention of both Frank and Gertrude. He replied, in an amused, cheerful tone,

"It was so queer to look first through one opera-glass, and then the other! In the opera-glass which had the Oxford grind and manufacture, there were groups of young nuns and Jesuits, all so pious, at one instant praying before a cross; — and then up with the opera-glass that bore the old Swede's stamp, and these same nuns and Jesuits, arrayed in gay robes, with flowers and garlands, were dancing and making love to each other. Then, again, up with the Oxford opera-glass, and these same pious nuns and young Jesuits were doing the same thing; and so it went on, either praying, or singing, or dancing, or making love, was the order of the day. Kneeling at the shrine of the Cross, or before a young girl, seemed to be the business of the world of phantasms which I saw apparently beyond the Jordan."

"Which did you like best?" asked Oliver.

Frank replied: "O, I think the view in Swedenborg's optic-

glass was most like scenes which swarm into the imaginations of the young. It was always one thing. All I saw were brides and grooms, attended by angels, who acted as bridesmaids and groomsmen ; and then the feasting and frolics after the weddings were just what we of earth would like to share in."

"But what did you think of Lady Di.'s glass, Oliver?" asked Annie.

He answered: "The palace, the garden, and scenery, in Lady Di.'s glass, seemed very like all that I had looked through. I was most interested in the pursuits and relationships existing on the other side of Jordan. Now, while I looked through Lady Di.'s glass, there were groups of enamored people, all in pairs, gracefully and beautifully expressing their love for each other. I never conceived before the power of the eye, the grace of a smile, as in looking through her opera-glass. But, then, I was there the enamored of Lady Di., Proudfit was the enamored of Gertrude, Frank of Mrs. Proudfit, and you, Annie, of Lord Declincœur ; and in all the scenes which passed over the screen of my optic nerve I was loving and loved of Lady Di."

"How can you speak so pleasantly of this strange, hateful *diablerie*?" said Gertrude. "I believe it was very wicked in us all, and most of all wicked in me."

"Dear wife, why you more than me?" asked Frank.

"Because I had already had a look through Miss T'nipnose's optic-glass, and that should have satisfied me."

"Oliver, is there no explanation of this?" asked Frank, anxious to relieve Gertrude from that feeling of wounded delicacy she evidently experienced, like a blister upon her skin.

"I have my suspicions, but I hate to express them, replied Oliver. "I think the holding of the hand had something to do

with it; and that, in some way, ideas in the brains of those whose hands we each held were transfused, by some power not known to us, and painted, so to speak, upon our optic nerves. We saw their ideas, as we see the pictures on a glass slide of a magic lantern cast upon a white wall."

"You are very astute, Oliver; but you seem to have forgotten one thing which may explain it all without any philosophy," said Annie. "The wine! the wine! remember the sweet wine we drank for want of water!"

"The wine — yes," replied Frank; "it may have had something to do with it; but I rather go for Oliver's explanation than yours."

"No doubt," said Annie; "and, indeed, so do I, for both Gertrude and myself have thought of one very odd and constant manifestation in all this sight-seeing. I refer to this new matching of us, and pairing us off. Has not this occurred to you?"

The idea now reached both husbands for the first time as something strange, very strange. "What could it mean?"

"My dear gentlemen," said Annie; "and if it is so, can't you help us?" The eyes of the ladies met with a glance of recognition of each other's thoughts, at the instant, and both blushed.

"You, Oliver, are not as wise as Solomon, though a great philosopher," said Annie; "and Frank, though he is our Selden, is, after all, no Solomon. And even Solomon, the Preacher, confesses himself ignorant and mystified about some things." And here the matter rested.

CHAPTER LXV.

THEY GO TO THE CAMP-GROUND WHERE THE FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES IS BEING HELD.

THE days were long, and time hung heavily upon the inmates of Bellevue, and especially upon our pilgrims. The other guests contrived to amuse themselves in playing cards, learning new dances, with more and more of *abandon* in their gyrations. Some would get into the arbors and smoke cigarettes; indeed, there was nothing fashionable, or likely to become so, but what these young folks willingly adopted. There was only one question asked: "Are you sure this will be fashionable next winter?"

Fred. Graham, one of the "men about town," and the lover of Euphemia T'nipnose, came up from town and told of a "camp-meeting just commencing operations in a beautiful grove, about eight miles off." He was full of enthusiasm at what he had seen while there. He said: "So many pretty girls he never saw collected before; and young gentlemen, too, in any number, with a fair sprinkling of mammas and papas, and preachers. All the preaching was done in the open air in the grove, and all the sleeping under tents and covered-wagons; and he hoped Lady Di. would make up a party and join them."

"O, it is the very thing!" said the girls and their young gentlemen friends.

"Sleeping under tents — won't that be fine fun!" said Tom. And it was agreed on all hands that if a tent could be had large enough to cover them, it would be charming, indeed. And, as is always the case where an idea is started among idle people, the suggestion was pursued with zeal. Lord and Lady D. were appealed to, and asked if it were possible to accomplish such a delightful project.

My lord at first thought it impracticable. Miss Gulphin suggested to send for a mainsail of one of her father's vessels, and, by putting a long pole in the crotch of two trees, it could be stretched over as carpets are to be dusted. Lady Di. preferred carpets, of which she had a plenty; and said that then, instead of one tent, they could have six, if they pleased.

Col. and Mrs. Proudfit were in favor of six tents instead of one; and Lady Di. took her husband aside and had a confab, when he came back to the veranda, where this project was being discussed, and said: "Ladies, your wishes shall be complied with. Lady Di.'s plan I am satisfied is best, — as is always the case," he added, with a bow, which his lady gracefully acknowledged.

The next day and the day following were occupied by the household and guests in getting ready for the camp-ground. The servants had been sent forward on Saturday morning with carpets, and all the requisite camp-equipage of cots, camp-bedsteads, mattresses, tables, and the like; and after dinner the household set off, with the selected servants, for the camp-ground. They found their tents scattered around on the outskirts of the camp

proper, wherever the trees for supporting the cross-pole which held up the carpet could best be found. Everything was done up nicely. One tent was devoted to the kitchen; one was called the parlor-tent; one assigned to Lord D., Col. P., and our gentlemen; one to the ladies; another to the gentlemen; and one to Lady Di., Mrs. Proudfit, and our lady-pilgrims. Their servants made their homes in the covered-wagons. The young people declared their pallets of straw were delightful, and the scenery delightful, and the camp delightful; in a word, everything, in the judgment of the party, was delightful, and all were delighted. What a pretty word it is! No wonder it is in such repute.

The camp was formed upon and around a natural hollow, level at the bottom for three hundred feet in diameter. This was open. A slope, reaching a quarter of a mile on all sides, was covered over with shade-trees and undergrowth. The brushwood around the inner circle had been carefully grubbed out, and the thickets and trees closed in the amphitheatre on all sides. Nothing could be better adapted for a camp-ground. A well of pure water was dug in the centre of the hollow, which proved to be never-failing. It was this hollow that had given to this picturesque spot the name of the "Devil's Punch-bowl;" but, when its facilities for a camp-ground became known, the religionists of Vanity Fair, who regarded it a first duty to hold an annual "Feast of Tabernacles" in the open air, purchased this land, and it was consecrated by them to this use.

The seats were of oaken planks, made smooth, and rose on all sides, with aisles leading to the minister's stand. On the eastern side of the hollow was "The Preacher's Stand," and in front of this an enclosure for converts, known as "The Pen." This

had benches on the sides, and a plank floor, which was covered with clean straw. The preacher's stand would hold fifty persons, if necessary; and two thousand could be comfortably seated in the amphitheatre. All around, under the shade-trees, and next the open space, were tents spacious enough for one or more families. These rose three deep, leaving ample space between the circles; beside these, the covered-wagons (each a temporary home) were sprinkled far and wide to the summit-level of the land.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE REVEREND BROTHER SOFTANDSWEET.

THE number of persons present on Saturday evening, at six o'clock, was in all about three thousand, men, women, and children. This number was greatly increased on the next day, Sunday, which was appropriately called "The Great Day of the Feast."

Between the hours of six and seven, the multitude supped; and the younger members of the camp, girls with and without bonnets, and young gentlemen in frock-coats and straw hats, were seen climbing the sides of the amphitheatre, from whence a beautiful prospect of the land and a lake was to be seen. The loveliness of this scenery had attracted the attention of Lord D. and his party as they approached the Devil's Punch-bowl; for so it was still familiarly called.

The fathers and mothers, in sober dresses of extreme simplicity, at sunset made their appearance, and busied themselves in lighting rows of lamps; which, when lit, were hoisted up into the trees, and formed festoons of light on all sides. As darkness grew on, these lamps, and the mass of light in and about the ministers' stand, gave new interest to the place. A signal-horn, for the evening service, was now sounded, which rang around the hills, recalling the wanderers. A great tent disgorged the preachers, who had been holding a meeting of conference, who took their places in the minister's stand; and the seats began to fill up rapidly. At this moment, our pilgrims were requested by Lady Di.'s maid to come to their parlor-tent to tea; and our gentlemen proposed to go, but their ladies preferred to attend divine service. As the gentlemen would have their tea, and the ladies would hear the sermon, a separation was unavoidable.

"While we are here, we ladies ask of you, our protectors, not to be separated from us. Do you promise?" said Annie. To which Frank responded affirmatively; but Oliver seemed doubtful as to making any such pledge. "Why do you hesitate, Oliver?" asked his wife.

"I don't see why you should tie us with an extra knot to your apron-string! Among these pious, godly people you can be in no danger of being run away with, unless it be by some of the preachers."

"Seriously, Oliver," said Annie, "though you are in no danger, your wife may be. We are to sleep in a tent with Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit. Do you see us there at night, and be there to meet us at sunrise in the morning; — that is the protection I ask for myself and Gertrude."

"I really can't divine what danger you dread," said Oliver.

"No matter, Oliver," said Frank; "if our wives want protection here, there are none we can trust so confidently as ourselves."

"But what will Lord and Lady D. say to this?" said Oliver.

"Ah! very true," said his wife, with some severity of tone. "I, too, have had them in mind. Should Lady Di. make any remark, please refer her to me."

Oliver may have been used to such speeches, for it made no impression upon him, nor did it seem to rouse him from his pre-occupied condition of mind. But Frank observed it, for he saw in Gertrude's face a look of anxiety; so he asked of Annie, "May I ask, what do you mean?"

Colonel Proudfit came up at the instant, and Annie looked a reply — "Not now, but hereafter." The colonel asked our ladies if it was not tea-time, saying he was just on his way to their parlor-tent; but the ladies said they did not want tea — that they preferred going to meeting. As they separated, "Don't forget, Frank!" said Gertrude. Frank bowed his reply, and our gentlemen walked away with Colonel Proudfit to tea, while their ladies descended into the camp for the sermon.

The best of the seats were already taken; so Annie and Gertrude went down to the spring, and then mounted toward the preacher's stand. Finding the benches there occupied, and seeing vacant seats in the pen, they went in, and there they sat themselves down, to the surprise of all the congregation. Their fashionable air and dress at once assured the assembly of their being entire strangers. A lovely girl came and took a seat beside them, whispering to them, "Ladies, you have seated yourselves in the pen."

“Do we intrude upon any one?” asked Annie.

“O, no! only this pen will be wanted by and by for mourners, but not until after sermon. You can sit here, if you please; and it is a better seat than any one to be had now, and I will sit by you,” said the girl.

“Thank you, my dear,” said Gertrude. “Who is to preach this evening?” she asked.

“O! we are to have Brother Softandsweet, the most eloquent man in all our church — and he’s such a favorite!” said the girl, with greatest enthusiasm of manner. “He has only returned from a long absence a few weeks since.”

That our readers may be prepared for the treat awaiting them, and which filled the crowded assembly with delightful anticipation, we will give some account of this popular divine.

Brother Softandsweet was a small, graceful person, whose beautiful complexion, black hair, and brilliant eyes, would have won for him the admiration of ladies, without the advantage of being seen in the pulpit; which, at least, was a feather in his cap. But his beauty of face, graceful manners, and speaking brilliancy of eyes, were all forgotten in the melody of his voice. This was enchanting — nothing could be more perfect; nor was it unaided and alone. He had a vivid fancy, and a great command of words. His thoughts were not strong presentation of solemn truths with the unction of piety, so much as solemn truths clothed in fine language, and presented in a graceful manner. Was hell opened for the inspection of his auditors, — they were delighted with the splendors of the conflagration. Did he open the gates of paradise, — he knew all about the place. Had he been one of

those men whom Captain Gulliver describes as *strulbrugs*, in his celebrated voyages, or, as the daily journals would say, "one of the oldest inhabitants," who had come down, rejuvenated, he could not have been more familiar with the place, its inhabitants, and their occupations. It would, in his case, have been of no avail to have reminded him of the authority of one Paul in such matters; indeed, Paul was regarded as belonging to the "old side" party, and portions of his epistles Brother Softandsweet ignored entirely. But, of all things, Brother Softandsweet was great upon the ladies. These he described as "angels wanting only in wings to soar away to their *native* skies." This phrase was a favorite of his, and was made to tell upon all extraordinary occasions.

It was no wonder he stirred up their susceptible souls, when he spoke of women—"last at the cross, and first at the tomb"—as "weeping Marys," "devoted Salomes," "benevolent Dorecases," "anxious Marthas." No one could, at such a time, believe any beings other than saints and angels belonged to womanhood. The mind was not able, under the spell of his eloquence, to believe, under any transformation, such beings of beauty, of sensibility, of fond affection, of untiring devotion (gasping and catching his breath at every epithet, in a way wonderful to witness, and peculiar to the school of eloquence to which Brother Softandsweet belonged), could supply so many ensamples of the cream of tartars and the flowers of brimstone.

There was another reason why this gentleman was so successful in winning the hearts of ladies. He believed in falling from grace, and had had several slides in company with young ladies, just as he was about reaching the pinnacle of perfectibility.

These inadvertencies were usually rubbed out by a rustication in the provinces, where the black art of printing was little known. Here, he would turn up in coarse clothing at a feast of tabernacles, where his humility was extremely winning. It was not without difficulty the stranger-brother, who had first made himself known in the prayer-meeting or conference-tent, could be prevailed upon to mount the stand. And, at first, he only ventured upon a brief exhortation. It was enough. "Who is this brother?" was then the inquiry of all who heard him. With great reluctance he preached a sermon, and then another, and another, until he felt himself fairly mounted and in the saddle. Once there, he rode the ministry after the manner of the Old Man of the Mountain the unfortunate Sinbad the Sailor. They had insisted on his getting into the saddle, and then the spurs were in their flanks in an instant.

He made the old fathers feel they were not only outshone, but that they had changed places entirely with the people whom they came to exhort and denounce for their short-comings. It was they themselves who were being done for. Brother Softandsweet did not scruple to call them "dead weights;" and if they held back in doing his bidding, he lighted down from the pulpit, before all the congregation, his denunciations. "Curse ye Meroz! Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." He had, too, a famous sermon from the text "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," which left no one at loss how it was applied, nor as to those who being weighed were found wanting. Sober-minded brethren were astounded. And, when the feast was over, he never failed to have secured an invitation

from some weak brother, or strong-minded sister, to make a visit to the principal village, town, or city, where he never failed at once to "get up a revival." The minister of the church might be ever so averse, ever so clear-sighted as to consequences; he was compelled to turn volunteer; and if there were deacons and others who were not to be dragooned, he raised a hornet's nest about their ears. From the very pulpits they had erected, in churches they had built, in presence of people who had been accustomed to recognize them as "members of standing and influence," they heard themselves published the "Achans in the camp," "dumb dogs loving to slumber." They were usually compelled to silence by the wonderful conversions that followed Brother Softandsweet's labors; and comforted themselves with the good done, though the hundreds now slain, as of old, were slain by the jaw-bone of an ass. But it was hard, very hard, for such men to find themselves no longer in advanced position and place, but so many ciphers all in a row by themselves. To the young converts—and these were counted by fifties and hundreds—all this was delightful. They were carried by the preacher's eloquence up to the heights of Zion, and called to look down upon the Valley of Dry Bones. Without being able to put their thoughts into expression, Shakespeare has fittingly described their feelings when Hamlet says,

"Let it work :

For 't is the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard."

After enduring this buffeting a while, the brethren would seek to know the antecedents of this ministering brother; and, at no great length of time, letters full of details, and fearful reasons for his sudden appearance among them without creden-

tials of any sort, would be received. Now, for this Brother Softandsweet was well prepared. He knew the sequences likely to happen. And when the "brethren" began to be seen whispering to each other about the meeting-house steps, or Sister Lovemind wore a dejected air, and wept during sermon-time, and such-like infallible signs were visible, then Brother Softandsweet felt it was time to unmask his batteries. This he did the next time he ascended the pulpit, and his usual text upon such occasions was this: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, and I am ready to be offered up." He then bravely told the story they had gone so far to get; and it was never stinted in the narration, but heightened and exaggerated in all its details. And then the way he prayed for his persecutors, the delicate allusions he made to Paul, showed to all present that he, too, was not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles.

Then came the tears of sorrow to leave those for whom he was ready to die. In all this the tones were rich with heavenly unction; and tones and tears were there which required not only great dramatic skill, but a brow of brass and a heart of adamant. In all these this brother was perfect. The heads of the meeting found themselves tasked on all hands as calumniators, the cambrics of the young ladies were wet to saturation; and, had Brother Softandsweet taken to the stage instead of the pulpit, such success would have been described in the morning papers as "deluging the theatre, filling the pit with tears, and compelling the musicians to climb upon the stage to escape being drowned."

It was a never-failing triumph to the "ministering brother," who agreed to capitulate, and was bought off by letters of some sort to a distant conference, where new triumphs awaited him.

At the time of the visit of our party, he had risen on the crest of a wave of triumph, which bore him back once more upon the city of Vanity Fair. He had reappeared not as a penitent, but as an overruling elder, ready to compel submission from all who had once denounced him, and who now feared being extinguished in the glories of his superior light.

Are any of our readers weary of this long digression? Let them be glad they have had it to read, rather than to hear the sermon preached on this evening; for it was so ordered our pilgrims and everybody were doomed to be disappointed. Brother Softandsweet did n't preach!

No! he did not preach. The congregation had been very piously inclined, the hymns had been sung with a glorious power of song, old Brother Crusty's prayer had been responded to by any amount of interpolations, and emendations, and amens; and all because Brother Softandsweet was to preach!

But when the sermon was to be delivered, the orator came forward, and in tones of touching tenderness announced to them the pleasure which the arrival of dear Brother Sliceum gave him, inasmuch as it afforded him the opportunity of showing to him and to them his high appreciation of the "*Old War-horse*." This sobriquet was worn by the reverend gentleman as a peculiar title of honor. Having been thus introduced, the "*Old War-horse*" came forward to the pulpit and opened the Bible. His figure was full, shoulders square; a broad chest, and a face flushed, like a gladiator's just come from the slaughter of victims in a Roman amphitheatre. He presented the strongest possible contrast to the finical, *petit-maitre* grace of Brother Softandsweet, whose voice was more than usually feminine and refined on this occasion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE CAMP BY MOONLIGHT.

THE sermon being over, singing and exhortations now commenced, and the mourners began to be led up into the pen. Our ladies rose and walked up to seats vacated, where their husbands came to them, and were gladly welcomed. After sitting a while, and seeing the way the religious sentiment was developed, until they were well satisfied that the longer they remained the less of pleasure and edification they would gain, they rose and went to their tent. A very nice tent it was, with a carpet spread over the grass, two comfortable beds in it, chairs, a table, washstands, and the candles burning. The servant in charge, having received permission of our ladies, retired; and, as neither Lady Di. nor Mrs. Proudfit were yet come to the tent, our gentlemen entered with their ladies, and they talked over the sermon and the scenes of the camp-ground.

Frank said: "It is all idle to limit the expression of religious sentiment; that depends on culture. What offends one mind delights another, in religion, as in all things else. How can we say that the Rev. Mr. Sliceum's sermon and sayings this night may not have been, all things considered, the best that could have been delivered! To us, he was sometimes vulgar, sometimes irreverent, and little likely to do us good; but it may be the very means to do good to others."

"Well, Frank, I am not particularly bright just now," said Annie, "inasmuch as I want to lay head upon my pillow; but

I will say this: if Brother Sliceum was in his proper place, *we* were not in ours."

Wishing their wives sweet sleep, they left the tent. It was now near eleven o'clock. The moon was riding high in the heavens, careering through waves of little clouds, which hardly dimmed its beauty and brightness. The gentle breeze was delicious. As they passed along, they saw the congregation had dispersed, though some hundreds were still gathered around the minister's stand and pen, singing in chorus most animating hymns. They went to their general tent, and found Lord D. and lady, Col. P. and lady, and some younger members of their company, eating a cold supper. They declined partaking; would neither eat nor drink, though kindly urged. Lady Di. and Mrs P. proposed a stroll by moonlight, and all rose to go, when Lord D. and Col. P. said: "Our company is not needed. Ladies, as you are very well paired, we will remain and smoke a cigar."

To this there was no objection made by their wives; and, of course, none could be suggested by any one else. Tom Tnipnose and Harry Gulphin, and other beaux and their young-lady friends, set out to reach the open ground on the summit, where the scenery could be viewed to the best advantage. The few glimmering lamps hanging in the trees showed the hour for retiring had come. At the minister's stand lights had been renewed, and all was life and enthusiasm.

After lingering around the camp, listening to the choruses, Lady Di. led the way higher up, saying, "We shall be able to look down upon the camp, and sweep the horizon over the trees."

When the summit was reached the party had been scattered,

and only Lady Di. and Mrs. P. and our gentlemen remained together. There was a ledge of rocks which made a nice seat in the moonlight, and a little thicket of bushes grew behind them. They could just hear the choruses, when, hushed to silence, they sat listening. Lady Di. leaned her head on Oliver's shoulder, "to help herself to listen," so she said; and Mrs. Proudfit took off a veil from her head and let down her hair, which was exceedingly luxuriant, to replace it more conveniently Frank ran his fingers through it, "it was so beautiful," and she was pleased that her feint had been successful. She knew Frank admired her hair. As all this was being done, they heard a female voice cry, "Henrietta! Hen-ri-etta! Brother Soft-and-sweet!" Soon, steps were heard, and the advancing persons stopped on the other side of the thicket. A male voice was heard remonstrating with the female, and they came to the very point behind which Lady D. and her party were sitting, screened from view.

"Wife," said the man, "you are mad! You are jeopardizing the reputation of your daughter and a minister."

"I don't care," said the wife; "he shan't ruin my daughter! Henrietta! Hen-ri-etta!"

"Be silent, wife!" and instantly they heard Tom T'nipnose and Harry Gulphin mimicking her voice in the distance. "Hen-ri-etta! Brother Soft-and-sweet!" Then in their natural voice they heard them cry, "Come out of your hiding-place, you old fox! Bring out the girl!"

"Heavens!" cried the mother; "what can that mean?" and then Tom's voice, imitating, again was heard. "Hen-ri-etta! Brother Soft-and-sweet!" and then an explosive laugh

of girls in their company came up, doubtless to the infinite relief of the parents of the child. Sobered and sad, these parents returned towards the camp.

Scarcely had they gone, when other steps were heard, and a girl, sobbing, said : " I will go back ! O, it is very wicked in you ! You told me mother consented to my walking out with you ! I shall be ruined and disgraced ! "

Brother Softandsweet's voice was heard soothing her, and saying, " Don't cry, Henrietta ; your mother shall suffer for this ! She shan't raise a hue and cry at my expense with impunity ! " and they heard the girl break away and run down the hill in pursuit of her parents, while Brother Softandsweet reascended the hill alone, to make good an alibi of which he well knew the advantages.

This dialogue had its effect upon Oliver and Frank. They had some reflections of their own, and they proposed to return, and rose to do so. Lady Di. asked Oliver to go up to a rock just beyond, with her and Mrs. Proudfit said, " Yes, you go ; I have not yet put up my hair." When they were gone, she said, as if playfully, " Let's leave them to find their way home alone."

Not a step would Frank take, and Mrs. Proudfit became imperious in her tone. Frank said : " I do not leave Lady Di. and my friend in this way but with their consent, madam ; " and he called out " Oliver ! Oliver ! " till Oliver came down from the rock with Lady Di., and said : " Ah ! it is well worth the toil of going up, the scenery is so beautiful."

" I think it wisest for us all to go back to camp," said Frank ; and they turned their steps downward.

Mrs. Proudfit was in a very bad humor, and spitefully declined Frank's aid and hand in going through the dark shady path they now descended; so that Frank went on alone, while Lady Di., on the contrary, could not move a step but as she was upheld by Oliver. Frank was a little way ahead, when a hand was placed on his shoulder, and he heard a whisper, full of earnestness and warning, "Your wife is in danger! Hasten to her!" The voice seemed that of old Mr. Conscience; but no sooner had he made his whisper than he was gone. Frank cried out to Oliver, "Hasten to your wife, Oliver! I leave to your care these ladies; I go on ahead" and he hastened down the hill, toward their wives' tent. Oliver, leaving Lady Di. and Mrs. P. at the parlor-tent, ran on to join Frank; for the tones of Frank's voice had alarmed him.

The entrance to the tent occupied by Annie and Gertrude they found carefully closed. They called to their wives, and, finding no answer, they lifted the canvas and entered. The candles were burning, and their wives lay asleep. Gertrude's golden hair lay in tangled tresses and in beautiful disorder, while Annie lay with her face buried in her pillow.

Gertrude awoke so soon as her husband knelt at the bedside and pronounced her name. "Frank! is it you? O, I've had so sweet a vision! We were at the Jordan; and it was a silver stream, and you insisted on bearing me over it in your arms; and I thought your arms were around me when I awoke!"

While Gertrude was speaking, Oliver was shaking his wife, and failed to awaken her. What could be the matter? There was a smell of ether. What had she been doing with ether? Her pillow was wet with it. And this pillow was taken away, and

another put in its place. Slowly Annie came out of the stupor, and complained of coldness in her limbs; she said she had had a nightmare, a horrid spell upon her. She knew it, but could not rouse herself. Some giant or fiend was breathing upon her. She continued breathing heavily for a long time before restored to consciousness.

Frank said, "*I shall stay here till Lady Di. comes. I shall not leave my wife to the security of a pin again.*" He had misgivings he did not care to speak. Oliver, however, seemed oblivious. They lay down on the bed of Lady Di., nor did they awake till the sounding of the horn calling to prayer was heard. Lady Di. sent servants to render them any services, with a message that Mrs. P. and herself had shared the tents assigned to their husbands, and, if agreeable, they would, each and all, retain their last night's arrangement. These servants brought them their carpet-bags, and in exchange transferred Lady Di.'s and Mrs. Proudfit's dressing-cases and hand-boxes to Lord D.'s tent. A very satisfactory arrangement it was, and one which relieved Frank of many unpleasing thoughts, and anticipated his purposes and plans.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE SABBATH. — SERMONS BY BROTHER ROUSEALL AND BROTHER
SOFTANDSWEET.

ON going to the "parlor-tent," as it was called by the ladies, Lady Di. received them at the door with many kind inquiries after their comfort, and received the thanks of Frank for the exchange they had made of tents. While they are at breakfast we have a few words to say of these gatherings.

The Feast of Tabernacles had its origin in early days, when the country was sparsely settled; and at this season of the year the inhabitants of various settlements met at a common centre to worship God and to renew old friendships, to rejoice in the advance of religion, and thus to enlarge the circle of their sympathies and friendships. Nothing could be better conceived nor more wisely executed. But these were early days, before cities and towns became great and numerous. Perpetuating these feasts in the near neighborhood of great cities, results inevitably in the desecration of the Sabbath. Nor is this all. Poor horses are deprived of their day of rest, and, instead of the day being to them a mercy, it becomes a curse; for they are often overburdened and rode out to the camp, there to suffer thirst and the want of food in the hot sunshine. The cries of these wretched animals for water ascend up to heaven along with songs of religious fervor from the camp below. Nor is this all. If many go to worship, more go for the pleasure which may chance to offer. Certain it is, the outskirts of such camp-grounds exhibit the aspects of a saturnalia rather than of a holy Sabbath.

The crowds of travellers in gigs, wagons, coaches, and on horse-back, about nine o'clock began to pour in from Vanity Fair, powdered over with dust; and arrivals continued during the day till nightfall, when a return home to the city commenced. The crowd was at its height from noon to four o'clock, when it was estimated there were upwards of six thousand present. Of these, more than half came pleasure-seeking; and this pursuit was continued by many into the silence of night. But we will now speak of what came under the cognizance of our pilgrims.

By going early they secured seats favorable for witnessing the circle of faces in the congregation, as well as of the minister's stand. At ten o'clock the regular services began by singing a familiar hymn to a familiar tune, in which all voices united. The prayer was earnest, eloquent, and full of heaven-enkindling appeals, which were responded to on all hands, and in every variety of manifestation. It was offered by the presiding elder, Brother Rouseall, an old man of seventy, whose stature and frame showed him to be possessed of all the vigor of manhood; and his clear, bell-like, ringing voice, might have been heard a mile off in a still night. He had labored long among these people, and was regarded as a pillar of fire to the Israel of God. His popularity had been richly earned, and was worn with dignity. It was a frank consciousness of his integrity, and claims to the position he held. While the hymn was being sung, Brother Sliceum, Brother Crusty, Brother Shovelandtongs, and Brother Rouseall, had their heads together for a while; and so earnest were they that the singing was over before their confabulation ended. A feeling of dread expectancy sat upon the faces of all this multitude; and our pilgrims, even, became anxiously impa-

tient to see Brother Softandsweet rise and open the Bible. But not a movement did he make. He sat where all could see him, wearing the most benignant and beautiful expression of face. He knew the entire audience were waiting, hushed and anxious, for his rising; and no one sat with an air of more pleased courtesy, waiting for the ending of the confab of elders, than himself. He well knew the hearts of hundreds were beating lest, after all, "the Old War-horse," or Brother Shovelandtongs, should supplant him. He had seen a shadow pass over their faces as Brother Sliceum read the lesson for the day out of the Scriptures, and he was calmly and serenely watching the effect of coming events. Brother Rouseall (his name was called for shortness Rossell) came forward himself and took the stand, and cleared his throat with the roar of an old lion, glancing his eye—flaming in its expression of daring, and challenging rebuke—around the amphitheatre. If our readers have ever witnessed a sudden blast driven over the surface of a sylvan lake, and seen how soon all that was bright becomes dark and rough, they will have pictured to their minds' eye the change our pilgrims witnessed over that sea of upturned faces.

Any one but Brother Rouseall would have been daunted; but he was not to be frightened upon his own stand. He was not beyond the reach of admiration; and for long years, at such times as this, his coming had been welcomed with lighted faces, full of joy at seeing him standing up in that place; and, now that he was old and gray-headed, he could not endure being supplanted by a sleek, smooth-spoken dandy, who had become the idol of this people.

Brother Rouseall had nothing at hand like tables of stone to

throw down upon the people in his just anger; but he was sorely tempted to cast down upon their heads an old English heavy quarto Bible, as the next best thing within his reach. He contented himself, however, with an extra clearing of his lion-like throat; and any one with half an eye could see by that what was likely to follow.

“Try the spirits! Try the spirits! Beloved, believe not every spirit, but *try* the spirits whether they be of God; because *many false* prophets are gone out into the world.” The tones in which these words were uttered were ominous indeed. He commenced as one who had matter in hand which required to be handled without gloves. He made some severe cuts with the sword of the spirit, which were aimed at the itching ears of some people; and, doubtless, every blow told upon the Malchuses in the crowd. Then he came down upon the women,—their vanity of mind manifested in their love of novelty and fashion, whether it expressed itself in new gowns or new preachers; and here glances were exchanged on all sides, and the only person whose serenity was undisturbed was Brother Softandsweet. Nothing could reach the soul’s calm sunshine which beamed in radiance from his face.

Brother Rouseall, having poured out the vials of his wrath, now began to preach the Gospel with earnestness, eloquence, and power. His voice now thundered forth those stirring appeals which were wont to secure the responsive groans of the people. But, except on the preacher’s stand, and among some old “*brethren*,” not a whimper did he get; not a girl started up to clap her hands; all sat cold as marble, as impalpable to his blows as the thin air, until his ability was about being exhausted, when he

made one last grand charge. This he did by hallooing at the top of his voice, with its greatest exertion of power, catching his breath at every other word, for five minutes on a stretch, when he gave in, and gasped out, "I have done! I see plainly I can say nothing that will move you! Never mind! The *yallar* fever is coming up the river. It will soon be here, and then you'll *hol-lar*." So saying, he sat down, and Brother Sliceum dismissed the meeting.

While they stood witnessing the breaking up of this multitude, a sweet girl addressed our ladies, and said: "I see you are strangers, and I am authorized by my parents to invite four guests to dine with us. Will you not come with me? we have made ample preparation in our tent." Frank thanked the young lady, and was saying, "We have a tent here," when Annie, fearing he would decline, interposed and said, "No, Frank! we have no tent of our own here; and, if we dine with Lord Dielinccœur, we shall not be in good time for the afternoon service; and I, for one, accept this very kind invitation. Let us all spend this day as it ought to be spent." And Annie's wishes, as usual, prevailed.

A very highly respectable gentleman came up, and was presented by his daughter as her father, Mr. Thomas Harper, who was introduced to each of the pilgrims by name, and then he presented his daughter, Ellen Harper. All this took a little time, and when over, the father led the way to his tent. Here they were welcomed by a nice, matronly lady, who presented to them her daughter Henrietta, a lovely girl of seventeen. Soon the tent, which was spacious, was entered by Brother Rouseall, Brother Sliceum, and Brother Crusty. Brother Rouseall

was utterly exhausted, and the other brethren were evidently depressed, and sympathized with him in his labors, and their untoward results. Brother Rouseall drank goblet after goblet of ice-water, and pressed his hand upon his temples, as if in pain.

The dinner was served, and, a blessing being asked by Brother Crusty, they sat down to a cold dinner, with a cup of hot coffee. "A very good Sunday dinner!" said Brother Rouseall, and this led to talking about matters innocent in themselves, but not within a stone's throw of what was in all hearts, the base ingratitude of the people to their presiding elder.

After the table was cleared away, Oliver and Frank walked out, leaving their wives with Mrs. Harper and her daughters, in one end of the tent, where the pallets lay. These Mrs. Harper proposed should now be used in place of divans; accordingly the daughters and Annie and Gertrude did so use them, and, reclining, they talked with these young ladies, while the ministers and sister Harper sat in a circle close together, talking confidentially, at the other end of the tent. The question under discussion among them was, who should preach in the evening. Brother Sliccum said he must be excused; Brother Crusty said he did n't believe it would be safe to disappoint the people; they had come out to hear Brother Softandsweet, and if he did not preach he feared a disturbance. Mrs. Harper said something not at all pertinent, perhaps, but it came out of the depths of her heart, that she believed some people were "wolves in sheep's clothing." Whether it was to the point or not, it was a remark to which nobody responded. The presiding elder confessed that for the first time in his life he had been forsaken by this people; and it was finally agreed on that Brother Softandsweet should occupy the stand for

the afternoon and evening. It was hard for conscientious men to consent that the work of the Lord should be left in such hands; but, as Brother Crusty observed, they would listen to the Gospel from no one but this stranger, of whom they both knew too little and too much; but, added Brother Crusty, "The diamond is not changed; it loses nothing of its worth and beauty, though brought to us in a brazen casket." How excessively impertinent the most pertinent sayings sometimes are! So too thought old Brother Rouseall.

The mother came up to our ladies and her girls, and said, "Henrietta, Brother Softandsweet is to preach, and we will stay in our tent. I think *we* have heard enough from him." The girl blushed deeply, and made no reply. As our ladies had never heard him, and were anxious to do so, they took Ellen Harper with them, and, on leaving, accepted Mrs. Harper's invitation to take tea with her.

The afternoon was overcast by clouds, and a pure, fresh breeze made the crowded amphitheatre pleasant. Our ladies had regained their seats, and found Oliver and Frank awaiting them. The audience had increased greatly upon the morning, and every spot was occupied long before the service began.

A venerable old man came forward to give out the hymn, and a shadow passed over the faces of the assembly. The "Old Warhorse" and Brother Rouseall sat in their places, looking very solemn. The elder cleared his throat twice in a most portentous manner. As for Brother Softandsweet, he sat meekly in the rear of all, as if it was no concern of his who read the Scriptures, or who preached the sermon. And, though Brother Rouseall made a very powerful prayer, the people maintained a cold and respect-

ful state of sufferance, unchanged throughout the prayer, and the singing of the hymn before the sermon. This, too, was ended; and the stand showed fifty ministers all sitting upon the seats, in evident dubiety as to who was to preach. After a moment's pause, Brother Softandsweet rose, with an air of the deepest humility, bowing lowly and gracefully to all the ministering brethren whom he passed, and with especial lowliness to the seat occupied by the senior brethren. His coming forward with a sweet smile to the stand, and opening the Bible, changed the aspect of the audience from anxiety into joy; all breathed freer and deeper; and it was as if a deep shadow had been suddenly lifted from off a field of golden grain.

The brother began with the most winning tones. "I come," said he, "an humble gleaner where the golden harvest has been gathered;" and so he went on complimenting the brethren who had preached during the Feast, till it became questionable with some whether he was not hiding under all this his stinging satire; but, if this part of his sermon was doubtful, it was the only portion of his discourse which needed any one to solve his meaning. His text was, "'And they all began to make excuse,'—all at once!" said the preacher; "that is to say, so eager to be excused that they all spake at once." It was, indeed, a most ingenious discourse; the pictures were drawn by a master's hand, and his imaginary dialogues were piquant, lively, and sometimes amusing, requiring the sternest looks and the loudest *hems!* from the minister's stand to preserve all due gravity. But there was no wish manifested by the minister to incite mirth; his style was graphic, and his language natural as a child's talk; and there lay "the hidings of his power." There

was one class of excuses which, like the back-handed stroke of a double-edged sword, lighted down upon the brethren behind him, and did fearful execution. It was when the people were making their excuses arising out of the unfitness of ministers; their ignorance, rude vulgarity, leaden-headed dulness, and the dissonance they created when, instead of blowing, full and clear, the soul-stirring trumpet of the Gospel, the blast they designed should strike terror into the hearts of sleeping saints and slumbering sinners roused them, to be sure, but to the belief that they heard nothing else than the braying of an ass. This climax, being carefully conducted, was greatly enhanced by his manner, so that it was hard for his hearers to restrain a smile; indeed, he opened the mouths of one half this multitude, so that every tooth could have been counted, if required. And, having now drawn the sword of the spirit, he threw away the scabbard, and he cut down the old veterans as if they had been so many mullein-stalks. Here he rose to the height of his power, and it was hard for him to get his sword down among his hearers. But he did so with wonderful skill, and, instead of the un pitying sarcasm he had just shown, now came tones of touching pathos. He wept over these Jerusalem sinners; and the fountains which had been frozen while Brother Rouseall was preaching melted, and soon a tempest of passion pervaded the multitude. The anxious began to jump up in ecstasy, and were almost carried down to the pen; and, as he closed, Brother Softandsweet, who, in aid of all his wonderful powers, had a fine voice, began to sing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy;" and the anxious came down, heaps upon heaps, into the pen, and the brethren were invited to see to them, while the assembly, being appropriately dismissed, went

to tea. Brother Softandsweet, before he left the stand, announced that "he should, by urgent request of the presiding elder, preach at candle-lighting."

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.—BROTHER SOFTANDSWEET TRIUMPHANT.

Our pilgrims all returned to the tent of Mr. Harper, with Ellen, to tea. Brethren Rouseall, Sliceum, and Crusty, were sitting in sad silence as they entered. The tea was drank without a word being spoken by either of the preachers. Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Henrietta and Ellen, and our friends, strove to converse, but it was a hopeless effort; and, supper being completed, the pent-up heart of old Brother Rouseall broke forth. Addressing himself to Brother Sliceum, he said, "I don't know what you have to say, brethren; but, for myself, I feel I am an extinct volcano!" They made not a word of reply. "Let us pray!" said the old man, who knelt, and with divine fervor and a burning eloquence he poured out his whole soul, praying for the blessing of God upon the labors of ministers at this Feast of Tabernacles, and for the conversion of souls. "Send by whom thou wilt send, O Lord! but let thy kingdom come, and make us glad by thy stately steppings in our midst." It was the cry of a true heart, and it brought down serenity and submission to all hearts within the tent.

The congregation was, if it were possible, greater in the evening than in the afternoon; and Brother Softandsweet was in full force. He had revenged himself upon his enemies, and now he determined to show them how he could "come it" over sinners. And, indeed, such were the exhibitions of penitence, such the shouts of joy, that it seemed as if he could raise a whirlwind of passion at will. The congregation was moved in all its parts, and confusion ruled supreme.

With hearts beating with fright, our ladies, under the escort of their husbands, hastened up to the summit of the hill, where the songs and cries of the camp were all mingled strangely together. They sat down in the moonlight to enjoy the serenity of the heavens above, in contrast with tumult below. Nor were they alone in seeking these heights. Numbers of promenaders were to be seen in all directions. Our pilgrims would not go to the parlor-tent, because they purposed to fulfil the wish expressed by Annie, "To spend this day as a Sabbath should be spent." Near to midnight they sought their pillows, and soon fell soundly asleep. When the day broke, they heard the horn sounding for morning prayer-meeting. This being the last assembly, they rose and attended it. The last prayer was offered, and the last doxology sung, when all present separated to return to their several homes; some to begin in good earnest a pilgrimage to the Celestial City, and others to go back to Vanity Fair, intending to come out again next year.

At the hour of breakfast, our pilgrims made their appearance at the tent of Lord D. and his party. An air of restraint was visible at first; but when Annie gave the reasons for their absence, saying "they had sought for the opportunity of know-

ing these good people in their own tents," Lady Di., glad to be relieved from her apprehensions, accepted their apology; and, before breakfast was over, Lady Di., Mrs. Proudfit, and their gentlemen, were at their ease, and ready to unite with the younger members of the party in the frolic of packing up for a return to Bellevue.

Three of the young ladies, and Tom T'nipnose, professed to be under a concern of some sort, which justified them in waiting upon Brother Softandsweet. They were greatly surprised to learn, as they did, that Mrs. Proudfit had been before them; for she had made a call upon him before breakfast. They sought to induce her to speak of Brother Softandsweet; but not the slightest indication did she give that she had ever seen him, or had any interest in the man whatever. And Tom told Frank of it. "Ah, she is so clever! but, then, nobody is so clever that they never are found out."*

Tidings of great joy awaited them at the villa. Letters received told them that the French opera would be in Vanity Fair for a week only; and the entire company of guests agreed to go to town for the week. Our pilgrims willingly went back to Vanity Fair, but could not be brought to promise to return to Bellevue. Indeed, since their visit to the camp-ground, they felt desirous once more to set off on their pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

* La Rouchefoucauld says, "We are never so easily deceived as when we think we are deceiving others." — *Maxim* 120.

CHAPTER LXX.

THEY RETURN TO VANITY FAIR.—THE STATE OF PARTIES.

EVERYTHING conspired to make the journey to Vanity Fair pleasant. Delightful rains had settled the dust, and every one of the party was in fine health. Lord Shallbeso was one of the first to call at the residence of our pilgrims to welcome them to town. He inquired of all that had passed with his accustomed scrutiny. Not a single discovery did he make. They told him of their experience upon the Delectable Mountains, as a matter of hallucination, or some singular and inexplicable atmospheric phenomena, and asked him for an explanation. My lord said he could not explain it without the aid of his philosophical apparatus; and regretted he had not known of their going, for he would have himself supplied them with optic-glasses suited to their eyes, far better than any Mr. Burns, or other vendor of like articles, could supply. They then asked him, as to the Feast of Tabernacles, which he said was one of the odd ways some good people had of merry-making. It was nothing but a periodical excitement, for the most part; though it sent annually some hundreds on a wild-goose chase after a city somewhere in the clouds: but, of those who set out, most returned to their old haunts after an excursion of this sort of a few months. He thought it very harmless for the class of people who kept up these feasts, but wondered no little that Lord D. and his guests could be found there upon any plea, even the love of novelty. These feasts, among this class of men and women, very fairly

represented the Springs, the opera, or the fancy-ball, in fashionable circles; they all were manifestations of a love of excitement.

"I don't think so," said Frank. "The aim of one is to create a religious revival, to take us into our hearts; the other, too often, leads us away from ourselves. In other words, one is *objective*, and the other is *subjective*."

Lord Shallbeso lifted up his hands to his ears. "Don't say another word! I can stand a great deal; but I can't be dinned to death by such cant phrases. You have certainly been in very bad company! Pray, have you been reading Hegel, Heine, Marheinecke, Daub, Strauss, Newman, Faxton, or taking lessons from Professor Von Baumgarten?" My lord rose, took up his hat to go; and, when all ready to leave, he walked up to Frank, and concluded his remarks by saying, "Now, sir, if you want to talk to me of the Real as being something other than the Apparent, oblige me, Mr. Trucman, by lifting yourself from the floor by pulling at your waistbands. Then *I* shall have something to stand upon, if *you* have n't." And he was bowing himself out of the room, as old men are apt to do, having exploded a famous remark, when Annie ran between him and the door, and said, "My dear lord, I want to say one word to you, and it is this: You and I agree exactly."

"You're a sensible woman — sensible woman!" said the old man.

"One single inquiry, my lord, and I will let you leave us. What about this opera?" said Annie.

"The opera! the French opera! Why, it is a ragged regiment, formed of all the *troupes* in the country; miserable singers.

and worse women; but just fit for Vanity Fair in the month of September."

"Indeed," said Annie; "and why did Lord and Lady Dielin-cœur come to town expressly to hear them?"

"My dear lady," replied the old gentlemen, with some embarrassment, "I was not aware they had returned for any such purpose."

"Yes, indeed, they did — so far as we know," said Annie.

"Ah, well! then I can only say, like other idle people, they needed a change. This is a nightmare which rides hard and heavily very fine people, who have more money and more time than they know what to do with. But I don't know anything about it, and really ought not to interpret their actions. This is a task I do not even assume for my own."

When Lord S. was gone, they all tried to guess if there was any ground for his remarks; and they came to the conclusion that the party had grown too wearisome for Lord and Lady D. to endure any longer; and this was the more probable, as the French opera had not yet come to town — so that the opera was only an excuse for clearing the house. And they one and all held the host and hostess justified in doing so; at least, so far as they were concerned.

But, then, they were well assured they had no reason to believe either Lord D. or Colonel P., or their ladies, were weary of their society. On the contrary, they were sought for more constantly by them than before; and this became more obvious to our party when they seriously talked of setting out once more on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City. To be sure, it was only talking; for they were already embarrassed by their baggage, which

they could not take with them, nor could they think of leaving it behind. The new habits of the gentlemen, and elegant costumes of the ladies, were so many, that they had already become a burden fit only for horses. It was soon decided that, as these were too heavy to be borne by themselves, they must be transported.

"I have it!" exclaimed Frank. "Let us pack up all we value most, and take my coach and team. How admirably it works into our plans! Then, too, we can take our valet and maid with us."

Now, such an idea would have been scouted by them before entering into Vanity Fair. But they had altered their opinions about some things. Besides, they saw every week better people than they were, more soundly orthodox, and to all appearance more pious than themselves, not going in the railroad-cars, to be sure, nor in the various lines of stages, but in their own carriages; and these persons made the journey perfectly well, and, as they were told, as certainly and safely in this way as on foot. In fact, this saying was of universal acceptance among the higher circles of pietists and pilgrims.

This restlessness of spirit in our pilgrims induced Lord D. and his lady to be special and earnest to divert their attention from such a purpose. Nor was Mrs. Proudfit any longer uninterested in their doings. She found herself unoccupied. Sir Henry Fox, who had succeeded Sir John Villiers, had left the country, and she was now herself at leisure to admire Frank Trueman. With her usual decision of character, no sooner was this state of mind made conscious to herself, than she found fitting methods to manifest it to him; who remained as unim

pressed as if no such distinguished expression of her regard had been shown him. Her imperiousness had been accustomed to look down opposition; and instant submission was to her but a natural and necessary acknowledgment of her beauty, grace, and inimitable tact. But now all these were powerless. Mr. Trueman was preoccupied; and preoccupied by a pretty, gentle, loving creature, for whom Mrs. Proudfit felt unutterable contempt. How else could she shield her heart from the consciousness of the unlikeness between Mrs. Trueman and herself?

Lady Di.'s admiration of Oliver we have seen already indicated in a very different manner. She was all languor, incapable of being interested by anybody or anything but Oliver only. Did Oliver propose to walk in her sweet garden, — Lady Di. was equal to any task. Did Oliver speak of a new book, — he must bring it to her, and then he must point out the passages he thought admirable. She became very much interested in geology, and bought a cabinet of minerals and fossils, which afforded Oliver and herself any amount of delightful occupation to put in perfect order. In a word, the coincidence of their tastes was really wonderful.

It may be asked, What were our ladies doing all this while? O! well, it was the fashion in Vanity Fair to make this sort of exchange; they were considered "fair business transactions," — to use a phrase familiar in Babylon and elsewhere, when speaking of very dubious matters in trade. Lord Dielineœur had many ways of winning golden opinions from Annie. It was obvious to Annie that he was greatly sought for by ladies, and yet he devoted himself to her; not so obviously to others, perhaps, as to her own consciousness. In Annie's presence his

proud bearing was laid aside, and he was the graceful gentleman, pleased with any expression of courtesy she conferred. Colonel Proudfit, as in duty bound, sought to make himself useful to Gertrude; but she met his courtesies with a proud humility. This best describes that air of reserve, combined with the retiring modesty of demeanor, which at no time was ever less or ever more than she had determined it should forever be. It was not possible for him to get a single expression of her preference; and in this he shared in the experience of his lady.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THEY VISIT A "CATHOLIC REPOSITORY" OF RELICS.

TAKING up a morning paper, Frank read aloud to Annie and Gertrude, who were sitting at the breakfast-table gossiping a while after breakfast, the following advertisement:

"CATHOLIC REPOSITORY.

"17 *Portman-street, Portman Square.*



"Mr. Burns begs to intimate that he has opened a warehouse for all descriptions of furniture for churches and altars: crosses, candlesticks, ciboriums, chalices, pyxes, monstrances, chrismatories, thurbles, sacrying bells, altar-cards, &c. &c.; and having entered into an arrange-

ment with Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham, he will be enabled to supply every article the same as at his warehouse.

“Also silks and stuffs; laces of various widths and patterns for vestments; apparels for albs; embroidery for chasubles, hoods, orphreys of copes, and frontals of altars. The whole designed by Mr. Pugin, and executed under his superintendence.

“Sold in sheets, from drawings by the same, full-sized patterns for all kinds of church embroidery, such as stoles, maniples crosses, orphreys, apparels, borders, and centres of frontals, banners, &c. Price 1s. 6d. a sheet. Nos. 1 to 3 are ready, and can be sent by post.

“* * * Vestments, &c., made up to order with expedition, and on the most reasonable terms. A supply of cassocks, surplices, caps, collars, &c., constantly kept, or made to order at the shortest notice.

“Mr. B. is also agent for one of the first makers of altar candles, and can supply them of all sizes, at 2s. to 2s. 4d. per lb.

“Good incense at 2s. per lb., in packets of three pounds; ditto, superior quality, at 5s. and 6s.; very fine at 12s.”*

“Do let us go and see them,” said Annie. “We may perhaps find some opera-glasses that will suit our vision, should we ever ascend the Delectable Mountains again.” And it was agreed on at once to go, and to go then.

This is one of the advantages of idleness, that, when a novelty comes up, it can be pursued without delay. Oliver was sent for

* The above advertisement is taken from the *London Times*.

to "come down from his laboratory in the attic, for he was wanted without delay;" a message rendered necessary from the entire oblivion he sometimes fell into when at his studies. They found the shop of Mr. Burns very remarkable for its outward symbols, and they entered it with some of the feelings of awe with which they would enter a sepulchre, so impressive was the getting up of the outside decorations. As it was early in the day, the salesmen and Mr. Burns had little to do but to attend to their new customers, who wanted nothing he could show them.

Frank took Mr. Burns aside, and whispered into his ear, "Have you no relics, or compasses, or optic-glasses, you could show us?" Mr. Burns looked at Frank and his party inquiringly. His eyes rested on the saint-like beauty and serenity of Gertrude, who was leaning on Frank's arm, and whose air would at that instant have been a capital study for a madonna. With this scrutiny Mr. Burns was satisfied. "Come in, ladies and gentlemen," said he, leading them into an inner room. "This I call my sanctuary. It is not usual for me to exhibit the articles you call for publicly, but to those only of whose piety and devotion to the church I am well assured; and I read this now in the features of your lovely ladies." Here Mr. Burns made a low bow, which was replied to by curtsies on the part of the ladies, and by low bows from their husbands. With such a hint, it was very natural for our pilgrims to wear a pious demeanor befitting a sanctuary; and they did so to a charm. "Here," said Mr. Burns, "are some Roman and Oxford compasses. They are sold for the same sum, and the price is moderate. Nobody thinks of going to the Celestial City now-a-days without one; and many ladies prefer to have one of each. These articles are very deli-

cate, and need to be handled with care. They are usually worn by ladies as a locket in the bosom."

"Will you please explain to us the difference?" asked Gertrude, who, as she had been the passport into the sanctuary, was put forward to do the talking.

"With great pleasure, madam. These are manufactured at Rome, and these at Oxford. The zenith is, as you see, represented upon the dial by the name of the city. Now, you see on this Roman compass Augsburg; Geneva and Oxford are placed as the *nadir*. Rome here stands alone, without associates; but in this Oxford compass, as you see, while Oxford stands at the zenith, Rome is on the right, Constantinople on the left, while Geneva and Augsburg are at the nadir. This compass allows the traverser to *roam*,"—he smiled at his neat little pun,—“when its equilibrium is disturbed, between these three centres, the deflection tends to Rome, very rarely to Constantinople; but, in doing so, it shows the scope of its charity. But the Roman compass is not affected by any disturbing influences; it always points to its zenith; and, I think, for this reason, it is coming to be preferred to the Oxford compass, even by Oxonians themselves."

"We are exceedingly obliged to you," said Gertrude; "but I don't think we are in want of compasses. Have you nothing in the way of optic-glasses?"

"Certainly, madam," said Mr. Burns, putting up his compasses, and opening a box of opera-glasses, which he laid before them.

Our ladies and gentlemen took them up, and Mr. Burns opened one of his leaden panes, which turned on a hinge, and

gave them the sight of a gilded cross on one of the high church-steeple near by. He requested them to bring the glass to bear upon that object. They all did so, but in vain.

"I am sorry I cannot suit you," said Mr. Burns. "But you see, ladies, these are for short-sighted persons, and for those who have bat's eyes: to such they are invaluable. To those who have been accustomed to the 'dim religious light' of cells and cloisters, or who have been brought up in Jesuit colleges and in convents, they are extremely useful. But you, ladies, are entirely too long-sighted, — they are not at all suited to you."

Frank now spoke up, and asked "if he had not relics for sale which he could recommend as the genuine article." Mr. Burns again looked inquiringly into the face of Gertrude, who was innocent as a dove of all guile; and then Frank's manner was so hearty, he must be sincere, thought Mr. Burns.

A robe of velvet, which hung down as drapery, was now drawn aside, and an article of furniture resembling an old-fashioned chest of drawers, surmounted with a Christ on the cross, elegantly sculptured, was disclosed. These drawers revealed crucifixes, statuettes of saints and magdalens; and, after these were exhibited, he said, solemnly, "I have a few relics which I know are genuine, and I can obtain for you any that you may order; but I can't afford to keep any but the cheapest on hand, they are so very costly." So saying, he opened a drawer which he placed on a table before our pilgrims. It was full of little caskets made of gold and crystal, containing a tooth, or a finger, or a great toe, or a lock of hair, with the name of the saint and his era engraved on the gold rim. These opened like a snuff-box, and were very pretty to look at. They ranged from ten

to one hundred and fifty ducats. "The prices," said Mr. Burns, "are always left in the currency of Rome, because those who purchase relics prefer to pay the price in pistolas and zecchinos, rather than in dollars."

"But where do they get pistolas?" asked Oliver.

"Ah! I take bills of safety-fund banks at their par value; but, then, you know they pay in pistolas, nevertheless. For, I can tell you, a *relic* in dollars would lose the odor of sanctity at once, and therefore it is I always charge in pistolas and zecchinos."

This being satisfactorily settled, to his own mind certainly, Mr. Burns handed these boxes to Oliver and Frank, saying, "Won't you buy a relic?"

"May I ask Mr. Burns which bones are most valuable?" inquired Oliver.

"Perfect skulls," replied the vendor of relics, "are most in request. Next to these are thigh-bones. A perfect set consists of a skull and thigh-bones complete; of the two, skulls bring the highest price."

"Is it because of their setting?" asked Oliver.

"O, no, sir!" replied Mr. Burns. "In a perfect skull there is only a golden wire needed to hinge the jaw; and the gold plate for the saint's name and era is always put on the base, here, sir," putting his finger on the organ of philoprogenitiveness.

"A very small plate is found to answer!" said Frank, significantly.

"Very small, indeed, sir," said Mr. Burns. "The value lies entirely in the relic itself."

"Do any bones come into market other than the skull and thigh-bones?"

"Such as — Eh?" said Mr. Burns, inquiringly.

Oliver replied, "The *ulna*, *femur*, *tibia*, *fibula*, and *pelvis*?"

"We have the bones of the arm, and the hands, and the thighs, and the feet; but I never, in all my life, heard of a *pelvis* being a relic; and I doubt if such a bone was ever inquired for before, — never, sir!" Poor Mr. Burns seemed greatly disturbed by the question.

Gertrude saw it, and at once poured oil upon the troubled surface of his soul, by asking him if he would not be pleased to show her the relic which he deemed of all most precious.

With a face instantly restored to its benignity of expression, and with a look of delightful certainty that he was about to confer a pleasure where it would be appreciated, he opened another drawer, and placed upon the table a heavy-mounted rosewood box, inlaid with brass, on the top plate of which was engraved a long inscription as to the place in the catacombs out of which these relics were taken, and other particulars deemed important.

Before opening the box, he addressed his audience with something of that solemnity adopted by the late eminent Mr. Christy when about to put up at auction a work of art, a picture by an old master, or a vase sculptured by Cellini. The effect was all that Mr. Burns could have desired.

"I am about to open to your view the casket containing relics of St. Thecla, of whom Cyprrian, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Austin, Gregory Nazianzen, Chrysostom, and Severus Sulpitius, all bear testimony. Her life was one of miracle and romance. She was the companion in travel of Paul the apostle. Her beauty was angelic, and brought the great apostle into trouble many times;

and, indeed, he was complained of by some for having St. Thecla for a travelling companion, though we may infer women were quite as necessary to the ministry of apostles as to the ministry in our own day. You will all recollect that St. Paul met this carping of evil-minded persons by saying, ‘ Mine answer to them that examine me is this : Have we not power to eat and drink ? Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles ? ’* I think, ladies,” said Mr. Burns, looking sweetly upon Gertrude, “ you will see in this a compliment paid by the great apostle to the fair sex. You see he classes their company along with the first of necessities, such as eating and drinking. It has always struck me to be very strong evidence of the necessity of wives for priests, and for the consequent superior purity of the Greek† and our own church, in this particular, over the Romish church. Pardon my digression. And, to conclude : at last St. Thecla assumed and wore the garb of a boy, to escape being persecuted on account of her beauty. Now, there’s not a question that all I have told you is true *to the letter.*” ‡

* 1st Corinthians 9 : 5.

† The Emperor Nicholas, the head of the Russian branch of the Greek church, allows no *priest* to be without a wife, and no bishop to have one. Alas for the poor bishops !

‡ In an old quarto volume of “ Lives of Saints,” which I possess, bearing date 1615, describing Paul, the author says : “ He was a man litle of body, and had a hooked nose, and faire in the face like an angel.” Thecla is described : “ A damosel very beautiful, who desired rather to lose her life than her virginity !” Pope Gelasius suppressed the “ Acts of Paul and Thecla.” He “ confessed that he did it out of respect to Paul.” Thecla’s day on the Roman calendar is the 23d September.

"I have n't a doubt of it!" said Annie.

Mr. Burns was delighted with the prompt endorsement of his advertisement. "I have procured these, at a heavy expense, for Mrs. Henry Gibbs." And, so saying, he opened the lid, and there lay the thigh-bones of this beautiful saint, reversed, after the manner of duelling-pistols.

Oliver's love of science, and of *osteology* in particular, was at once excited, and he put forth his hand to take out the bones and examine them. Mr. Burns gave a cry of horror, shut down the lid of the box with a slam, and hurried it back to its sacred repository; and, when he had done so, locked it up, and put the key in his pocket. He was sadly ruffled, and his face was red as crimson.

Gertrude, like an angel of peace and gladness, came down with an olive-branch, while Oliver turned his back upon all the trumpery laid on the table with a feeling of "virtuous indignation." Gertrude held her place with Frank, examining the relics most respectfully, and as though, by her daintiness of touch, she was turning over lizards and toads, — which was in itself a peace-offering to the offended Mr. Burns.

She inquired, "There is one question, Mr. Burns, — if you will forgive me for tasking you so far, — I would be pleased to have answered, and it is this: How are these relics authenticated?"

Mr. Burns was tasked to reply with politeness. He feared he had been showing his precious pearls to a herd of swine; but, when Gertrude spoke, those gentle tones, soothing and persuasive, restored him to himself. He was able to say, "I have no relic not duly authenticated."

"Doubtless," replied Gertrude. "I am sure your love of

truth, and your confidence in the virtues residing in the smallest of these fragments of what was once the living shrine of the holy one, would induce you to be thoroughly assured of the verification of these relics. My question is, By whom are they attested, and in what manner?"

"Certainly, madam," replied Mr. Burns, now again restored to self-possession. "I deal in relics direct from the catacombs, and they are authenticated by officials, thereunto appointed by the Pope. Their fees cost more than the gold you see in the settings and mountings. There are seven seals to the parchment authenticating a skull, while but one signature and seal is required for the lesser relics. Shall I not supply you with a single joint this morning?"—handing Gertrude a pretty box.

Gertrude handed it to her husband, and, by her look, said "Buy it."

"That is a little finger of St. Omnia," said Mr. Burns. "You will see her name and date on the rim. Ah, yes! it is A. D. 170."

"May I rely on the solidity and purity of the gold?" asked Frank.

"It is pure, veritable gold, as can be manufactured, and every way worthy of the verity of the relic. See, sir! — there is the bullion stamp, and here is the authentication!"—handing him a parchment with a seal, and signed by some unreadable, undecipherable name, "*Commissarius Generalis*."

Frank, to make some recompense for the courtesy of Mr. Burns, and to mollify his pain at the strange irreverence of Oliver, determined to buy the relic. "What is the cost?" asked Frank.

"Three pistolas," replied Mr. Burns.

Frank put down — ignorant entirely of what a pistola was — a gold eagle.

"Just the money!" said Mr. Burns.*

With many acknowledgments on the part of Mr. Burns, and many thanks by Gertrude and Annie for his kindness, they all took leave together.

"What could induce you to buy a relic?" asked Oliver.

"I did n't buy the relic; I bought a gold and crystal box," said Frank, opening the lid, and letting the finger of St. Omnia fall into the gutter.

"O, yes!" said Oliver, looking at the box, "if all is gold that glitters!"

"You don't say it is pinchbeck? Whether the bone belongs to a saint or not, the church can only tell; but selling pinchbeck for gold is to say to all buyers, The church is not only fallible, but fallen!"

Oliver scraped it with the point of his penknife as he walked along, and pronounced it plated copper. "My dear Frank," said Oliver, "when you buy relics, buy them separate from the boxes: never buy golden boxes from the manufactory of holy relics!"

And this became a sort of proverb with our pilgrims, often repeated at the expense of Frank, who was actuated by the very best of motives. This is the way of the world.

* A pistola is three dollars and twenty-five cents; and a zecchino is two dollars and eighteen cents.

NOTE.

WE have sacrificed many illustrative notes to these volumes, but we cannot consent to deny to our readers the pleasure of the following curious sermon of a Hardshell minister, which appeared in the *Brandon Mississippi Register*, preached July, 1855, at a town not far from Brandon.

“I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edecated man, an’ I am not one o’ them as bleeves that edecation is necessary fur a Gospel minister ; fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants ’em to be edecated ; an’, although I say it that ought n’t to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar ’s no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

“Thar may be some here to-day, my breethering, as don’t know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethering, that I ’m a Hardshell Baptist. Thar ’s some folks as don’t like the Hardshell Baptists, but I ’d ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethering, drest up in fine close ; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering ; and, although I ’ve bin a preacher uv the Gospel fur twenty years, and, although I ’m capting of that flat-boat that lies at yure landing, I ’m not proud, my breethering.

“I ’m not a gwine to tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found ; suffice it tu say it ’s in the leds of the Bible, and you ’ll find it somewhar ’tween the first chapter of the Book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions ; an’ ef you ’ll go an’ sarch the Scripturs, as I have sarched the Scripturs, you ’ll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will du you good tu read ; an’ my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus :

‘An’ he played on a harp uv a thousand strings — sperits of just men made perfect.’

“My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperit. Now, thar ’s a great many kinds of sperits in the world. In the fust place, thar ’s the sperits as sun folks call ghosts, and then thar ’s the sperits of turpentine, and then thar ’s the sperits as some folks call liquor — an’ I ’ve got as good an artikel of them kind uv spirits on *my* flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river ; but thar ’s a great many other kind of sperits,

for the tex sez, 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex. — It's *fire*! That's the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethering. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a cigar or pipe with; and then thar's cam-fire, fire before yure reddy and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire; for the tex sez, 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men make perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethering. — It's *hell fire*! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you hev bin doin'; for, 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have the Piscapalians; an' they are a high-sailin' and a hi-falutin set; and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road; and 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then thar's the Methedis; and they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree: for the Methedis believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls and down he cums kerflummux; and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace — ah! And — 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, my breethering, thar's the Baptist — ah — and they hev been likened unto a possum on a 'simion tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still — ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar; and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the lim' and he clings furever; for — 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'"



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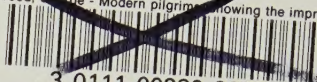
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